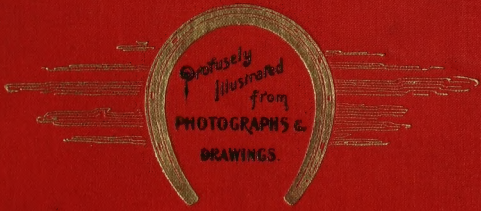
THE "HOUSE" ON SPORT

BY MEMBERS OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

Edited by W. A. MORGAN.



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BY MEMBERS OF THE

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

W. A. MORGAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.

London:
GALE & POLDEN, LTD.,
7, AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1898.

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THIS WORK

Is Dedicated to

THE MEMBERS OF

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

IN APPRECIATION OF

THE SUPPORT GIVEN BY THEM

TO

"THE REFEREE" CHILDREN'S DINNER FUND

BY

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE COMPILER.

W. A. MORGAN.

LONDON, *December, 1898.*

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ALDERSHOT.

PREFACE.

THE profit derived from the Sale of this Book will be in Aid of *The Referee* Children's Dinner Fund.

I think I may take it for granted that nearly everyone is conversant with the aims and object of the Fund, which was practically started in 1876. The funds of the charity (which is non-sectarian) go to provide dinners and breakfasts for the starving children of the poor throughout the whole winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive the misery and hardship these little ones go through—hungry and wretched, ill-clad and cold, compelled to learn lessons with the pangs of hunger gnawing at their very vitals. One can endure the ordinary ills of life with a certain amount of equanimity, always providing that one has a moderate sufficiency of food and drink; but the condition of these wretched, unhappy children is sad indeed, turned out, as they are, of their comfortless homes, where poverty and starvation are the only visitors, where a fire, or indeed warmth of any kind, is conspicuous by its absence, their hollow cheeks and thinly-covered bones telling a tale that one does not care to think about.

The members of the Committee are :—

Sir HENRY IRVING,
GEORGE R. SIMS, Esq.,
RICHARD BUTLER, Esq.,
R. K. CAUSTON, Esq., M.P.,
H. J. HOMER, Esq.,
W. A. MORGAN, Esq.,
and
Mrs. E. M. BURGWIN,
Hon. Treasurer and Secretary,
21, Clayland's Road,
Clapham.

Two years ago the sum of about £60 was collected on the floor of the House in silver and copper, while last year the support generously accorded to "THE 'HOUSE' DON'T!" amounted to about £600, which was sent to the Fund and duly acknowledged in the columns of *The Referee*. A reference to the columns of *The Referee* of November 17th, 1898, will best show the wide area of the charity's grants.

With regard to this Book, when it was first thought of, I began by wondering "what should be put in." Thanks to the ready help which has been received from all the present writers, my trouble has been, "what shall I omit?" Whether a fairly representative collection has been made or not I must leave readers to judge. I feel that I must apologise to those gentlemen whom I have *not* asked to write; my lamentable ignorance of their qualifications and capabilities must be my excuse. THE "HOUSE" ON SPORT is not meant to embody a series of great literary achievements, but what I do venture to claim for it is that the writers on and about the various sports thoroughly know their subject, and the greatest testimony that can be adduced to the value of each article on the several sports treated of, is that each contributor discourses *con amore*, and advises his own sport as the "hobbiest" of hobbies. It is, indeed, delightful to find such unanimity amongst sporting men in sticking to their sporting lasts.

My most grateful thanks are due to the writers of the articles, and to the many gentlemen who have assisted me with their advice and assistance.

That the House should write on sport is perfectly natural, for ever since its inception, the old English sport of Bull and Bear baiting has been carried on right up to the present time, and even now it bids fair to last as long as any of the sports treated of in this volume.

Written by sportsmen for sportsmen, I have headed the book with portraits of a good sportsman and a gallant horse.

W. A. MORGAN.

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THE

"HOUSE" ON SPORT.

ARCHERY.

HERE are so few supporters of this old sport in the Stock Exchange that it seems almost necessary to begin an article on the subject with an apology for its insertion. Perhaps a short account may induce some of its readers to make further enquiries and even try their hand ; if so, they will get gentle exercise, possibly the great pleasure of successful marksmanship, and pleasant company among the archers. Archery is no longer the rage as during the 'sixties ; the scores are no longer followed with general interest in the papers, and possibly many readers of the *Field* during the summer months wonder why a page or more should be devoted to accounts of the public competitions and club meetings. There are, however, scattered through the country a good many fairly healthy Archery Societies, some strong and robust, showing no signs of decadence, but rather of growth.

The public meetings attract about a hundred competitors, and the championship meeting nearly twice that number.

Among the Clubs there are some, notably the Royal Toxophilite Society, the Woodmen of Arden, and the Royal Scottish Archers, which have long and interesting histories, and are the guardians of old trophies, such as the Silver Shield, now held by the Toxophilite Society, which was presented by Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles II., to the Finsbury Archers, and the Antient Scorton Arrow belonging to the Woodmen of Arden, besides much old silver of less distant times, but reminiscent of pleasant contests and long-past worthies of the bow. Old time customs and terms are treasured by such societies, and the technical words are still used, which may be

Ladies' Day of the Royal Toxophilite Society. July 12, 1808.

read in Roger Ascham's Toxophilus, written in 1547; indeed, the tall boxes in which archers keep their tackle are to this day called Aschams, and there is one country society whose conservatism is such that at their bow meetings the men still shoot in tall hats, and Lincoln green is the general uniform of all archers.

The motto of the Toxophilite Society has the same old world flavour: "Stout arm, strong bow, union, true heart and courtesie." There is much then that is very attractive in the surroundings of Archery, and it has an exceedingly interesting bibliography if the archer cares to follow his interest in the

sport beyond his scores and tackle. But here it is, of course, and not in archæology that Archery must live, if it can. The great hindrance to inducing young men to take it up is, that it does not offer strong physical exercise, but after the time is past when it is a pleasure to run, Archery will amply repay the efforts of those who essay its difficulties. Although not violent, the exercise of pulling a bow of 50 lbs. weight 144 times in the York Round is not to be despised, and is admirable for developing the shoulders and arms, opening the chest and teaching the shooter a good erect position ; and for professional men who have not much time out of doors after the day's work

Ladies' Day of the Royal Toxophilite Society, July 12, 1898.

is over, the interest in shooting is a good incentive to exercise. Moreover it is not always possible to get a partner for lawn tennis or golf in the summer evenings, but no partner is needed for Archery. The shooting of each arrow, if it hits the target, is rewarded with a definite score, and every archer finds, however long he has shot, that his score is always a matter of great interest to him ; besides there are so many gradations in the actual shooting of each arrow, that before long the learner will not be content with the hit alone if he has shot his shaft in a way that is below his ideal.

It is said that there are thirty-nine separate faults, all of which may be committed at one and the same time in rowing, and it is very much more true of shooting with the bow. There is the same exquisite pleasure in shooting a smoothly loosed arrow as there is in making a delicate cast with a trout rod, and, unless there is a very strong wind, the shooter does not depend on the caprice of anything external for his reward. In the hands of the archers of the present day the bow cannot indeed be called a weapon of precision. If the shooter can put into the four-foot target fifty out of seventy-two arrows at a hundred yards, forty out of eighty yards, forty-eight at and the whole twenty-four at sixty yards, making a hun- dred and four- teen hits out of the hundred and fourty-four shots of the York Round, he will prob- ably be first among his com- petitors, and, even if shooting by himself, he will feel a glow of satisfaction which will re- pay him for many struggles which he must undergo before he attains this pleasant result. Earlier in the century, when Archery was a fashionable pursuit and there were more shooters, there were two or three men who obtained a command over the bow which this genera- tion of archers has not seen. There was one, Mr. Ford, who made higher scores than anyone has made since, and of whom it is reported that he once put 143 out of the 144 arrows in the target, only dropping one at 100 yards. Even this is put into the shade by the traditional performances of Robin Hood and his contemporaries, but the envy or incompetence of modern archers simply disbelieves the traditions.

F. A. Govett.

Bows and arrows are still used occasionally for sport; there were some interesting accounts given not long ago in some American magazine of a sporting trip taken recently by two brothers in the Southern States, who killed wild turkeys, herons, ducks and deer with arrows, and there is at the Toxophilite Society a magnificent silver-mounted Indian buffalo's horn, which was presented by a member who went to India and shot birds with a bow and arrow, but the buffalo is believed to have been the victim of the more ordinary but deadly bullet.

If any of the confraternity are persuaded by the varied attractions here set forth to try to learn how to shoot, they will probably also wish to know how they shall set about it. It is said that skill cannot be acquired at any game by reading a book, but notwithstanding this the beginner would do well to read the Badminton Book on Archery, which embraces the teaching of that great champion of the sport, Mr. Ford, and then, if possible, see some actual shooting. He will probably see several examples of how not to do it, but with the book ideal in his mind he will be able to refuse to be influenced by the individual faults of the shooters, for he will probably have much to do in checking his own. Indeed his living models should also act as warnings to him. He will see how ungraceful it is not to stand upright in shooting, and to jerk about the body, or arms, after the release of the arrow, how the flight is spoiled by "creeping," or allowing the hand to go forward before loosing, how erratically the arrow flies if the hand is snatched off the string; and he will also see how, with some glaring faults, some strong steady shooter will plant arrow after arrow in the target, and will go home comforted, and not without hope, that he will gain the success and avoid the faults he has seen. He should buy inexpensive bows at first. When he begins to know the niceties of the art he will find yew bows sweeter than piece bows, and dearer, and above all he should buy a weak bow for his first; more faults are acquired by struggling with a strong bow when the muscles have not learned the pull, than in any other

way. A good second-hand bow, which has run down with use, can often be bought very cheaply, and is pleasanter than a cheap one, which may jar in the hand. Good arrows are a necessity. It is maddening to shoot the arrow well, and see it flirt, or dip, or rise, because it is weak or ill-balanced. The learner should begin at sixty yards at most, because, though it is wise at first to attend solely to the shooting of the arrow, and disregard the hitting, it is disheartening never to hit, and that might be his experience if he began at a hundred yards. With these few general words of advice, and a study of Badminton, the "Witchery of Archery" is commended to those who have time and inclination, and the prediction is hazarded that those who attain even the moderate success which can be reached by all, will never regret their efforts.

A SNAP-SHOT OF THE RELEASE OF THE ARROW.

F. L. Govett.

REMINISCENCES OF

ATHLETIC SPORTS & ATHLETES.

HAVING been asked to give some recollections of my pedestrian career, which terminated in 1871, I comply to the best of my ability. My earliest experience of an Athletic Meeting was in 1860. In those days there was a cricket ground charmingly situated amongst market gardens and occupying the ground, now Courtfield Gardens or thereabouts, south of the present Cromwell Road. This cricket ground was then used by a flourishing club composed of men from the Civil Service, the Legal and other professions. Originally the Bolton's Cricket Club, it was amalgamated with the Grasshoppers' Cricket Club about 1858, and in 1860 held a small Athletic Meeting. Here I first met Guy Pym, now M.P. for Bedford. He was a fine high jumper and a splendid sprinter and quarter-mile runner. He came to meet me in a mile race, but the distance was too far for him.

I suppose the greatest contrast to the well arranged meetings of the present time would be found in one of the pedestrian contests held at Hackney Wick in 1862, for prizes advertised for competition amongst gentlemen amateurs by W. Price, who for some years presided over this ground, where some of the best long-distance races amongst professionals were run. Those were the days of Teddy Mills, White (of Gateshead), Lang (of Middlesboro'), McKinstray, and a number of good runners, who

were constantly competing against each other. In fact at this time there were several splendid professional runners on the path, and their races, and the wonderful times accomplished, excited great public interest. At Hackney Wick, in 1862, I first met C. M. Callow, of the Civil Service, who, wonderful to relate, is still competing in walking races. He appeared on this occasion as "Martin" in a sprint race. I ran at two of Price's meetings in half-mile and three-quarter mile handicaps, and was on each occasion beaten by Spicer of the Hon. Artillery Company. I intended to run in a pair of side-spring patent leather boots, but Teddy Mills, the celebrated long-distance runner, who was acting as attendant to one of the competitors, took compassion on my ignorance, and lent me a pair of running shoes, but though I made a creditable show, I was not good enough, untrained as I was, against Spicer. The times, however, were slow, 2 min. 8 sec. for the half-mile I think. Hackney Wick was a small ground about 260 yards round, and the turns were awkward. The whole place had a melancholy and decayed appearance, and was practically like an untidy tea garden with a running path (as it were by chance) in the midst. In spite of the disadvantages of the ground and its turns some splendid performances were done upon it. I remember a great race which took place in May, 1863.

George Martin used to travel round the country with Deerfoot and several good long-distance runners, and they ran races of four, six or ten miles in each town. Deerfoot was generally allowed to win to keep up the interest in the races. He was a redskinned Indian, well-known before he came here as Bennett, in New York. Price advertised a ten-mile level race to be run at Hackney Wick, and all Martin's troupe, including Deerfoot, Jack White, and Lang, were entered. In the meantime White and Martin quarrelled, and the former determined to show up Deerfoot and beat him. Martin knew White could beat Deerfoot, but thought Lang, who was mile champion, might beat White. It got noised abroad that there had been a split in the camp, and that there would probably be

a fast race run, and consequently a great crowd (and a very rough one) assembled. After a desperate race with Lang for seven miles White came away by himself and won at his leisure. He lapped Deerfoot three times and did the seven miles under thirty-five minutes. At this point Lang had to give up, and White being a long way ahead of the others did not hurry himself, and finished the ten miles in 52·14, leaving little doubt in the minds of the spectators that he could have done ten miles in fifty minutes if he had wished.

Bow Running Ground was used by the Mincing Lane Athletic Club in 1863 and 1864. It was not difficult of access and had a fair path. But its surroundings were of the most depressing description, and the dreadful smells from neighbouring works and manufactories made it a most undesirable place to visit. Several other enthusiastic individuals and I used, in those years, to go to these grounds for practice, in the evening, after business. I have since thought that, most probably, we did ourselves more harm than good. Our diet was meagre, from a feeling that Spartan endurance of deprivation was "good for training." We went to the ground in the dark (generally in the winter months) and ran hard until exhausted, inhaling the cold air filled with noxious vapours. We survived, but none of us improved, which is not surprising when viewed by the experience of later years. We had in those days men who attended us and considered themselves our trainers. They were very ignorant. Their only ideas of training were those gained from knowledge of the practice of some professional friend, who, putting on flesh rapidly (as was usually the case amongst the professional runners and boxers) when *out* of training, went through a severe course of medicine and deprivation when *in* training to reduce the too abundant flesh. Experience has shown me that a young and healthy man wants none of such training, it can but weaken him. Early hours, good plain food and plenty of it, with lots of exercise in the fresh air, are the simple rules which embrace all that is necessary to enable a young man to get "fit." I should

perhaps advise, now and then, when the work has been continuous and somewhat severe, a glass of port wine after dinner as a *useful* restorative. There is little doubt in my mind that more men suffer from doing too much on insufficient sustenance while training than from any other cause. Extra exertion continued daily almost always demands some additional nourishment, and when this is withheld, as it frequently is, the man becomes over-trained and stale.

I always remember, when I think of Bow Running Ground, one of the cautions given to me by my attendant shortly after I first visited the ground. He told me to be careful in going round the far side of the ground the first time, as there was a professional running match about to take place; and, as one of the competitors was supposed to be practising, it was likely his opponent would tie a rope or string across the path to trip him up. It may be imagined that the first round was one of anxiety.

I had some amusing experiences in the early days of athletic sports. I once went to run in a Strangers' Race, 430 yards, at —— School, which had a nice ground in London, long since built over. There were a lot of runners, and owing to square corners they got in each other's way a good deal. I found myself second in the last straight and only just caught my man and took the tape in the last stride. I was much astonished to hear the judge give the result as a dead heat, but still more surprised when he and the other authorities announced that for the deciding heat we were to run 100 yards! In vain I pointed out that I had entered for a race of 430 yards, they refused to listen to me, and as I declined to run 100 yards, they gave the prize to my opponent, an old boy!

I also had somewhat singular treatment at the sports of —— School. They advertised a half-mile level Strangers' Race and accepted the entrance fees. When at the post with about a dozen or fifteen others, the starter (one of the masters) began a speech about one of the competitors being so much better than the others, saying that for them all to start on level terms would be hardly fair. I hesitated at first to take his remarks as referring to

me, as I had then run a very few times and with no great success; but, at last, not wishing to stand longer at the start (it was March, and cold), I told him that if he thought I was better than the others I would stand 50 yards behind scratch, as I only wanted the fun of a race. This proposal was accepted, but I won very easily, as they were a lot of duffers. It would hardly be believed that I never got that prize. After considerable delay I received a letter saying that my prize was so much, naming a sum, the amount of the entrance fees. I wrote and told them that, as I was not a professional runner, I requested they would send the amount named to the British Orphan Asylum. I heard no more, and I fear the B.O.A. did not benefit by my pedestrian success, as a rumour reached me through a friend in the school that the second in the race—an old boy—received the prize.

Owing to business causing me to lead a very sedentary life, I tried to keep fit and well by taking long walks now and then. I often rose on Sunday at 2.30 to 3 a.m. and walked out of London generally to friends living about thirty miles from town. In 1862 I first walked to Brighton. A friend laughed at my doing so and suggested I would take the train at Croydon. So I determined to make the attempt. I left Regent's Park about 3 a.m. and got to the sea in the evening—I think about 5.30 p.m. Of course this is very slow time, but I was very young, and I could find no record of anyone having done the walk by which to be guided. I got very stiff before I finished. In fact, I had to run most of the last 3 miles, as the change of gait was a relief. I had an unpleasant experience in 1864 when I was going to run at Chester. I got into the wrong train, and was taken to Darlington, afterwards being sent to Chester in a luggage train. Arriving there in the small hours of the morning I could not get into the hotel and composed myself to rest as best I could on the table of the waiting room at the railway station. However, all ended well, as my opponents were a moderate lot and I won my race (half-mile) easily.

In 1863 some athletic enthusiasts doing business in and round Mincing Lane, started some meetings for sports, and

shortly after formed a club which was called the Mincing Lane Athletic Club. The ground at Bow was generally used for the sports, but after a time they were held at the Old Brompton ground, where flourished in those days Jones, of Islington, a celebrated four miles runner, Bob Rogers, and Harry Andrews, who used to attend upon the amateurs who came to the ground for practice. They were very decent, well-behaved fellows, as was old Nat Perry, who waited on my brother, H.J., and myself. Towards the end of 1864 I became Hon. Sec. of the M.L.A.C., which in 1865 changed its name to the London Athletic Club. With the friendly co-operation of Lord Jersey (first president of the L.A.C.), Sir R. E. Webster (now Attorney-General), the late J. G. Chambers, Guy Pym, P. M. Thornton and others, the club became most popular and successful. Later on and in my day its prosperous career was greatly assisted by Walter Rye, J. B. Martin, G. P. Rogers, E. J. Colbeck, and others. The races had originally been on level terms, but the number of competitors being but small, each man's form was soon known, and handicaps had to be adopted to induce entries. For several years we had all the celebrities as competitors, and as there were then few athletic meetings, we would get all the best men from the country, the universities, and the Army. Lord Jersey ran on more than one occasion, and Lord Minto (then Lord Melgund), now Governor-General of Canada, ran in a mile race in 1866.

I first met W. G. Grace in 1866, on Cowley Marsh, Oxford, where we both competed in a half-mile Strangers' Race at the Queen's College Sports. E. B. Mitchell, the champion sculler and boxer, also ran in this race. I was fortunate enough to win, Mitchell being second and Grace third, but it was a hard race between us. Grace was a good all-round athlete, but in running he probably excelled most in short races and hurdles. He joined the L.A.C. and won many prizes.

Amongst various celebrities entering at the L.A.C. Sports was one who came with good letters of introduction under the name of the Count de Montaign. He entered for 150 yards handicap in May, 1866, and received 12 yards start, but he was not

good enough and was beaten. He was a little dark man and looked and seemed a Frenchman, but it afterwards transpired that the name he assumed was only one of many aliases, and though a gentleman by birth and education, and very accomplished, he was one of the most clever of swindlers, and under his real name of Benson attained an unenviable notoriety when the Long Firm frauds were discovered.

As in my early days there were very few athletic meetings, I used, when possible, to visit some in the country. It was then a wonderful sight to a Londoner to turn out to compete at such sports as those of the Sheffield Football Club at Bramall Lane. I ran there in a three-mile race in 1868, and, being successful, was cheered by about 10,000 people. My most enjoyable outings were to the Universities, and between 1865 and 1870 I paid many visits to both Oxford and Cambridge, meeting all the celebrities, and being most kindly entertained. Lord Jersey, C. N. Jackson, W. P. Bowman, R. L. N. Michell and his brother (E. B.), R. V. Somers-Smith, J. H. Morgan, of Oxford; R. E. Webster, C. B. Lawes, P. M. Thornton, J. G. Chambers, Hon. F. G. Pelham, Hon. A. L. Pelham, C. E. Green, E. Hawtrey, W. C. Gibbs, A. R. Upcher, of Cambridge—what pleasant memories these names recall. Fine sportsmen, jolly good fellows, trying their best to beat one, but yet generously pleased when victory was gained by the stranger.

Prior to 1868 it was thought almost impossible for an amateur to run a mile under 4 min. 30 sec. This seems surprising *now* when much quicker times are constantly done by so many runners. But before 1868 it was not so, and whether it was from the condition of the tracks, ignorance in training, or what other reason, who can say? Times such as 4.35 to 4.38 were usual as the best efforts of the front rank, and even in 1872 the mile championship was won by C. H. Mason in 4 min. 42¼ sec. I had the good fortune to be the first amateur to beat 4 min. 30 sec. in a mile, which happened at Fenner's Ground, Cambridge, on 10th March, 1868, at the sports of Corpus College. I did 4 min. 29½ sec. The Hon. F. G. Pelham, a

splendid 100 yards and quarter-mile runner, a good cricketer and oarsman, was second, the distance being probably rather too far for him. He is now a much respected dignitary of the Church, and Canon Pelham is a well-known supporter of all good and charitable works. In the same year W. C. Gibbs, of Jesus College, Cambridge, won the Inter-University Mile at Beaufort House in 4 min. 28⅘ sec., on a path which was seldom first-rate. Still, on that path, often trodden down in wet weather by Volunteers (Beaufort House was the Headquarters of the South Middlesex Volunteers, of which the late Lord Ranelagh was Colonel), many splendid performances were done. I saw Guy Pym and P. M. Thornton run a fine quarter-mile, in which the former won after a close race, in only a shade worse than 50 sec. They are now both in Parliament. At old Beaufort House, too, E. J. Colbeck did some of his best performances. The critics ridiculed the idea that he ran a quarter-mile in 50 sec. after colliding with a sheep, but this was a fact. Colbeck was a wonder. He had a very small body on disproportionately long and powerful legs. He was made for running. His stride was enormous. Probably no better runner from 200 to 500 yards ever lived. His true form and real ability were never shown. He was not constitutionally strong, and, unfortunately, was not careful of himself. He died at an early age, poor fellow.

It was in the spring of 1869 that my brother, H. J., and I walked to Brighton against time. Some friends had a difference of opinion as to our being able to walk from Westminster Bridge to St. Peter's, Brighton, in twelve hours. Of course, this seems *now*, as it really is, a very ordinary performance, but 30 years ago before the advent of Weston, O'Leary, and others, it was considered quite extraordinary. My brother and I had been in the habit of walking long distances, and on Sundays we generally did a good many miles, but we had never made any effort or attempted any speed. We had three or four long walks and found we could do five miles an hour comfortably, and go on all day. We walked in the match at five-and-a-half miles an

hour to Crawley, and finding we were winning easily we spent three-quarters of an hour there and continued at an easier rate, finishing up at six miles an hour for the last two miles, taking eleven and a quarter hours over our journey. The Stock Exchange was greatly excited over this match, it being a novelty in those days.

I wish to record my opinion that long-distance walking, regulated according to the natural powers, is greatly conducive to good health and increased strength of frame and constitution. I firmly believe that it is absolutely the best exercise anyone can take. I fear in these days of rapid progression on bicycles few will care to spend many hours in walking when the distance can be accomplished so much quicker on a bicycle, still I feel convinced that although bicycle riding is a good exercise (when not overdone) it is not so beneficial to the human frame as a walk of the same distance.

I remember many championship meetings, but cannot at the moment remember anything of special interest connected with them. I ran in 1866 unsuccessfully, being beaten by C. B. Lawes in the mile, time 4·39. I won in 1868, 1869 and 1871. In the latter year I ran my last race, a match with a man named John Scott. He had won many races and was much fancied. I challenged him to run for the L.A.C. Mile Challenge Cup. I won after a good race. The time was slow, 4.31. There was a gale of wind blowing and we both feared to force the pace, and so waited on each other. There was a numerous and highly enthusiastic crowd largely composed of Stock Exchange men, many no longer young ; several kind old friends of mine amongst them. Hats were thrown up in the excitement of the moment and some were for ever lost. All the daily papers had long accounts of this race, which aroused greater interest than any event of the kind for many years.

I hope any who may read these few recollections of athletic events so long ago will pardon any apparent egotism. My active participation in such pursuits having so long ceased I could but write of things I remembered, and naturally those in which I took

part or in which I had a direct personal interest are those which remain in my memory. It is not altogether unpleasant to recall my athletic past. It is full of so many pleasant memories of many kind friends, of stirring scenes and exciting contests, so that in spite of the regrets natural to advancing years there is also an agreeable remembrance of a happy time "when all the world was young."

W. M. Chinnery

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BOAT SAILING ON THE UPPER THAMES.

Chapter I.—The Clubs.

HEN and wherever half-a-dozen Englishmen are brought together by the pursuit of a favourite pastime, one may be sure it will not be long before the spirit of rivalry possesses their souls, and they are found in keen, though generous, competition ; each one striving to prove his the better horse, or that he is the owner of the faster boat, that he can hold his gun straighter, or run more miles in the hour than his neighbours.

Thus it was that in the late 'sixties, while yet memories of peg-top trousers and Dundreary whiskers, crinolines and pork-pie hats lingered with us, sundry men, resident in Surbiton "and its vicinity," who were the possessors of sailing craft, wonderfully and fearfully made, laid their heads together and sailed races, sometimes for prizes, and sometimes for honour and glory. They were happy days upon the river, those. "Fair quiet and sweet rest" still obtained, and there was little to interfere with our sailor men and their craft.

There were no rating rules then, and traditions are still heard of boats lurking behind barges and other cover, to dart out at the last moment with something surprising in the way of sail area. Topsails were carried, and spinnakers that almost

lifted the boat out of the water, and did sometimes lift the boom out of the boat. It was not long, however, before organisation was found necessary. Consequently there was established the "Thames Sailing Club," in the year 1870. The parent club now looks out from her nest at Surbiton on a flourishing brood of five healthy dab-chicks going strong and well, with one adopted nestling leading a solitary life upon the distant waters of the Trent at Nottingham, so that the object of her origin, "To encourage the sailing of small boats, especially upon the upper waters of the River Thames" has been successfully attained.

These clubs, in the order of their formation, have their style, title, and head-quarters as follows:—"The Thames Sailing Club," at Surbiton; courses from below Ravens eyot to the "Sun," or rather to a buoy opposite the "Sun," Kingston: and up-river from a buoy opposite the Club to one placed just round the bend, half-a-mile up stream. Next comes "The Thames Valley Sailing Club," at Hampton-on-Thames, with a course, ten rounds of which make up four miles, from a buoy opposite the little Club Island—most hospitable of spots—to another up-stream just under the tail of Platts eyot. On some days, with the wind in the right direction, the "long course" from the Club Island round Platts eyot and back is sailed, and on Whit Mondays Walton Reach is made picturesque by the sails engaged in the race for the Clayton Cup belonging to this Club.

Third on the list is "The Tamesis Club," the word "sailing" in this case being omitted from the title. Their Club-house is on the Middlesex shore between Hampton Wick and Teddington, their course is in Teddington Reach, from a buoy near the Half-Mile Tree to one three-quarters of a mile down the Reach. This is one of the best courses on the river. It is broad, and open to nearly all the airs that blow, except when the wind is south-west, and everywhere deep and consequently easy to sail. With a good hard Easter Monday nor'-wester it is astonishing what a sea will knock up on such a little bit of water.

Fourthly comes "The Upper Thames Sailing Club," with a fine Club-house on the Bucks shore of the Bourne End Reach.

Unless the writer is misinformed, there is some doubt whether this Club is not entitled to rank third in order of formation instead of the Tamesis. He believes it was started some time before that Club, but its existence has not been continuous. It is very much in existence now, and has the finest of all the up-river courses for its matches, although even that might be improved by the judicious removal of fifty yards of hedge on the Bucks shore and one or two trees on the opposite or Berks side. Two courses are sailed by this Club, both in the same direction, from a buoy opposite Cock Marsh, up the river, the short course being a mile and the long one a mile-and-a-half per round.

Fifth in order of formation was "The Thames United Sailing Club," which has its Club-house about a third of a mile above the Bell Weir, at Egham. The course is from a buoy opposite the Club to one near the bend up-river and back again past the Club to another buoy about as far below, finishing races at the one opposite the Club. The Reach is narrow and rather cramped, its only salvation being in the fact that the prevailing wind in this part of England is south-west, or it used to be; and this makes a soldier's wind of it for the racing craft. It is shallow in places, notably at the upper end.

"The Trent Valley Sailing Club" is sixth on the list, as before stated, its head-quarters are in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, on the Trent, a river running generally more strongly than the Thames, and consequently more difficult to negotiate. It is affiliated with the other clubs through the medium of the Sailing Boat Association, but the distance and the difficulty of transporting the boats prevents much actual intercourse between its members and those of the Thames Clubs. It generously contributes prizes, however, for the Bourne End Week, although for the last two years its boats have not sailed there.

Last on the list is "The Oxford University Sailing Club," with head-quarters above the University and sailing courses both above and below it. To some extent this Club is handicapped

by the fact that its members are a shifting population, and that consequently its councils are liable to vary in intention ; nevertheless its members are sportsmen to the backbone and always do their utmost for their Club and Flag in the annual contests at Bourne End.

Chapter II.—The Boats.

It will be interesting, especially to those who remember the

"Ruby," Thames Champion Cup Winner, 1887.

craft, to look through the list of the boats that have gone before. Many have they been, and various. As has been said, the earliest of them were rather a scratch lot, though just as much beloved of their owners, and just as keenly sailed, as the modern Bathurst or Burgoine can be.

But, with the organization of the clubs and the adoption of measurement rules, it was not long before science began to have

a word in the argument. As was but natural, when boats first began to be designed and built especially for racing, an attempt was made, and that with no small measure of success, to reproduce on a small scale the sea-going type in hull and rig. The era of the sloops set in. These were what would now be considered very large boats for the work they had to do. There were several on the lists of the earlier clubs for some years, in fact they have not quite disappeared now, the old Alert, built for

"CHARIS."

Mr. W. M. Dunnage, still being afloat. She was about the most famous of them. Besides her there were the Coquette, owned by Mr. W. East; the Pearl, Mr. Davis; the Charis, Mr. Allcard, and several others. They were craft with straight stems, a rather full body and an overhanging counter, deep keeled, and most of them with a centre board in addition; the deadwood aft ran right out to the stern post, while the keel,

weighted with, or made of, lead or iron, was straight, or but slightly rockered. One or two of them were cutter-rigged, and latterly some of them hoisted occasionally a balance, or, as it is sometimes called, a Surbiton lug.

This latter sail came into vogue with the "gigs" which followed, and eventually defeated, the sloops. Being boats of an ordinary type, in most of the clubs they became pretty numerous, though varying in character almost as much as does

"Esperanza," 1884.

the cart horse from the race horse. There were gigs long and gigs short, beamy or narrow, shallow or deep. Nor must it be forgotten that the "Una" boat put in an appearance in one or two places, the most celebrated being the Toro, owned by Mr. Yeves, a Spaniard, some time Commodore of the Thames Valley Sailing Club.

The gigs, however, were for some years after their first success almost the only kind of boat sailed in up-river matches,

and there came to be a pretty crowd of them. Charles Burgoine; the elder of the two brothers Burgoine; generally known as "Charley," was designer and builder of most of them, and of the most famous, such as the Ruby, Esperanza, Wag, Wave, Meteor, Jessie, and many others, always including my own boat, the tiny Pet, which was but a dinghey; although sailed hard, and with a big time allowance, she managed to hold her own against the best.

A radical change in the type was now approaching; a change which has not yet reached its final development.

About 1882 a mysterious craft appeared upon the river, making her *début* in the Upper Thames Sailing Club, where she created quite a sensation. She was built at Reading, for Mr. Messer, and to his design. Somewhat of the coble type in general appearance, she was no beauty to look at, but a remarkably good one to go. The secret of her success was that she had very little in the way of keel and *no* deadwood aft, so that for sailing short tacks in cramped waters she was a marvel, coming about while such boats as the Iris and others of her class were thinking about it. She was called the Mystery and was the progenitor of the "turn about" and really also of the "skimming dish" type. She was followed in a year or two by the Caprice, designed and owned by my brother, F. H. Jackson. This boat retained some of the old deep keel forward, but had no deadwood, and was a better and faster boat for up-river work than Mystery, beating her on several occasions, and also beating the famous Ruby pretty persistently for a year or two until Mr. Allen, very much against the advice and to the disgust of Alfred Burgoine, took the Ruby in hand, had her after-body cut away with the deadwood, shifted her centre plate forward and the mast aft, and so made her what she was for several years, the fastest all-round boat on the Upper Thames.

The accepted model for nearly all boats built for the next few years was pretty much that of Caprice, with variations. Of these the best were Nancy, Ariel, Mizpah, Psyche, Volage, Whitewings, Windflower, &c. Against them all Ruby and

Caprice held their own until the celebrated Mirage appeared, built by Burgoine for Mr. H. Wolton. Not particularly good in a light air, she was invincible in a strong blow. Somewhat like Ruby in sheer plan, she was of much stiffer section and carried a heavy crew admirably. She had, nevertheless, to lower her colours a few years later to the Challenge, a remarkably big looking and very successful ship, built for and designed and sailed by Mr. W. Stewart.

"Caprice," First Thames Champion Cup, 1887.

Yet a greater change was impending. In or about 1892, Mr. De Quincey designed, and Bathurst, of Tewkesbury, built for Mr. Paul Waterlow, the Atalanta. Keel in her had disappeared altogether. The so-called "skimming dish" had arrived.

Well,—as the Americans say—what's the matter with the skimming dish? She is a racing machine. But is not that what

she should be, so long as she races honestly? In their turn Ruby and Caprice, Ariel, and even that remarkable stately vessel Lois, were complained of as being racing machines.

The fact is they are called racing machines by the men whose machines don't race quite so fast. Just as the man who hunts the wily pot and does not find it, is fond of calling the man who does a "pot-hunter."

Let us examine the skimming dish and see what she is like, or what the writer thinks she should be like. Say she shall be 0·85 rating; then she may have a long graceful hull with plenty of overhang fore and aft, a water line of 15ft. 3in., beam about 6ft. 6in. to 7ft., draught with plate housed perhaps at the utmost 4½in.; with the plate right down draught, perhaps 4ft. She should carry about 330 feet of sail, with a sail plan so balanced that about 300 feet of it may be in the mainsail; 30 feet in the jib will be quite enough for the forward hand to play the deuce with. The spars should be bamboo, and on the side of large; in choosing them *do not* select those of very light and even colour. In the writer's experience they are weakly sticks, not nearly so good as those of darker, fuller hue, and they should be kept well varnished, or they are apt to split. It has been suggested as a means of avoiding splitting, that a small gimlet hole should be bored in each joint to allow the air to escape when expanded by heat. The sails should not be of too light material or they will not stand.

The boat should be decked in fore and aft, and have side decks about 15-in. wide, with a low combing running round the well. There will be water-tight compartments at stem and stern, but these need not be of any great capacity, as their only duty is to carry the weight of what little metal may be about the boat in case she is capsized. Water-tight doors or hatches should be fitted to these compartments, not hinged, but fastened with a couple of thumb screws.

The mast will be stepped in a tabernacle just inside the fore part of the well, and so arranged as to lower easily for the purpose of negotiating bridges, &c. And it will be well to

place the eye of the standing tack on the heel of the mast; when the sail is set the strain is then on the mast itself, and is not exerting a tendency to pull the mast through the bottom of the boat. A short bowsprit or bumpkin, of ash for choice, may be required, but this will depend upon the form of the boat and the arrangement of the sail plan.

That will generally be found a well-cut sail which has the dimensions of the head, foot, and the diagonal from the foot of the after leach to the head of the luff nearly the same (somewhat

"Aileen."

as follows, perhaps:—head 16-7, diagonal 16-5, foot 16-3). Such a sail as this would probably have a luff of about 7-0 and an after-leach of about 29-0. Fore-sail and spinnaker must have each the same area, and the spinnaker boom must not exceed in length the foot of the spinnaker.

The steel centre board may be of $\frac{5}{16}$ metal, clean and free from irregularities, and should be pivoted just, or nearly, under the heel of the mast, and raised and lowered with a purchase;

light plates, of the kind described, are apparently quite as effective in these beamy boats as heavier ones.

The simpler the gear is the better. The fore halyard should have a simple purchase. The main halyard should run through a block, not a sheave in the mast, at the masthead, the lower part being spliced on to a block through which runs a whip, one end of which has an eye in it. The whip should be taken through a block at the foot of the mast, leaving the eye just mentioned outside, then through the block which is spliced on to the halyard, and so down to the deck, where it is belayed. To the eye which we have left outside the lower block should be shackled a double purchase, with which, after the sail has been set up as hard as possible with the whip purchase, the final strain that sets "all a-tauto" may be got with one hand.

One other most important item of the gear must not be forgotten. That is the parrel or parral, a contrivance for preventing the head of the sail sagging away from the mast when hoisted. Formerly this was of light rope made fast to a point on the top yard close to where it is slung, led round the mast and through an eye or thimble spliced to the yard by a short lanyard. After the sail was hoisted this rope was hauled taut to confine the yard to the mast and belayed on deck. This parrel has two disadvantages, the first and most important being that it must be cast off before the set of the sail can be altered, the second and slighter one being that it is an extra rope to look after. The better parrel is an iron ring covered with well-greased leather, travelling with the hoisting and lowering of the sail, up and down the mast. On it is forged an eye large enough to let the main halyard play freely in it; the halyard is brought through this eye and then made fast in whatever manner is desired to the yard. If the ring is large enough its action is automatic, and it immediately accommodates itself to any alteration in the set of the sail.

There are many and complicated arrangements for the main sheet now, but there is none better than the old and simple one in which the sheet is led from an eye on the port quarter

through a block on the boom down to another block on the starboard quarter, and from there to a sheave flat on the deck and somewhat forward of the helmsman's seat, so that it leads back naturally to his hand. Granted that a sheet rove in this way takes more holding than one with a complicated purchase upon it, it has the great advantage of trimming instantly to each change of wind, a thing of vital importance in the shifty breezes of the Upper Thames. The fore sheets need be but light, so that they are strong, simply rove from the heel of the jib through an eye on port and starboard. Care must be taken, however, that the strain of the sheet from the eye pulls equally on the after leach and the foot of the sail, otherwise one or other of them will be slack and spoil the set of the sail.

The under water surface of the boat should be worked over with copper bronze powder or black lead. The first, if properly put on, is excellent, as the action of the copper does undoubtedly prevent vegetation to some extent. In the writer's experience, a hull treated in this way was very nearly as good when taken out of the water at the end of the season as when first put in.

The standing gear, that is to say the shrouds and after-runners, should be of wire rope, the first slightly stouter than the second. The running gear should be of good manilla; cheap rope is a curse anywhere; the kinks should be carefully taken out of it, the bristly beard that it has singed off, and a liberal allowance of clean Russian tallow well rubbed into it.

Such, simply described, should be the boat and her gear. Nothing has been said about setting the spinnaker, because, in the writer's opinion, the modern spinnaker is not worth shaking the boat about for. Before the days of the "length and sail area" rule, when the spinnaker contained a hundred or more feet, it was another matter.

Chapter III.—The Sailing Boat Association, Challenge Cups, Etc.

At Bourne End, in the year of Her Majesty's first Jubilee, 1887, was instituted what is now known as "The Bourne End

Week." All the Sailing Clubs meet there, and two, and sometimes three, races a day are sailed. From its start, thanks in no small measure to the hospitality of the Upper Thames Sailing Club and its genial officers, it has been a thorough success. Some inconvenience was felt at the first two meetings, because, as each day's racing was sailed under the flag of a different Club, a different system of measurement was in force for each day, giving much trouble to both officers and owners.

A meeting was called and Mr. T. Rouse Ebbetts, now Commodore of the Thames Valley Sailing Club, laid before it his proposals for the institution of a central body, similar in its character to the Y.R.A., which should legislate for the clubs so far as was necessary for the formation of universal sailing rules, rating rules, etc. The matter was warmly taken up, and the outcome of the meeting was the forming of the Sailing Boat Association. This body has so far done its work excellently well, and the rules first laid down by it have worked so satisfactorily that they have been changed in no material point. To some extent they were based on the Y.R.A. rules, particularly so far as the rating rule was concerned, but with this difference, that instead of the fore triangle being measured for the head sails, the actual sails are measured; this principally to avoid measuring the luff of the almost universal balance lug twice.

The rating rule is as follows:—The length of the boat, with all her gear on board in racing trim, is taken on the water line. The centre of that water line is ascertained, and at that point 4 cwt. of ballast is put in for boats of 0·80 rating and over, and 3 cwts. for boats of 0·75 and under. The length of the loaded water line is then taken. Sails are set as for racing, measured, and their area determined from diagrams laid down to a scale of half an inch to a foot. This area is multiplied by the second, or loaded, water line, and divided by 6000, giving a result in sail tons. Some of the most successful of the modern boats work out from 0·80 to 0·85. The rule is a good one, and any desperate attempt to evade or "cheat" it has usually been found to result in the "cheater" handicapping his own boat.

It may be pointed out that the term "cheater" is meant in no invidious sense, but only that extremes of the type have in a few cases been built by men who wanted to take the utmost advantage of the rules, and they have invariably turned out bad boats.

It says much for the general character of the men sailing in these races, and the organization and management of the various clubs, that the central body has had wonderfully few disputed points to decide. This is as it should be, for the waters sailed are but narrow, and unless there was a good deal of give and take among the contestants, the protest flag would be always flying, and nervous officers of the day in a state of trepidation as to their decision.

It is a very happy little world, take it altogether, that the owners and their boats exist in; nor is it necessary, especially at first, for a man to have a boat of his own before he can enjoy it. There is a plentiful lack of crews, and anyone wishing to learn the art and science of sailing will be gladly received on board one or other of the boats, and nothing asked of him but some little intelligence, pluck, and perseverance.

He may be sure of this, it is an excellent school to learn sailing in. He who can sail his boat well on the Upper Thames can sail it well anywhere.

The foundation of the central body and the various clubs has brought about the presentation of a good many challenge cups which add to the honour and interest of the matches.

The following is a nearly complete list of them:—The Queen's Challenge Cup, presented by Her Gracious Majesty in 1893, to be sailed for annually by the associated clubs. The Connaught Challenge Cup, presented by H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, to be sailed for by the members of the Upper Thames Sailing Club. The Thames Champion Cup, presented by The Thames Sailing Club in honour of Her Majesty's first Jubilee, to be sailed for annually by two representative boats from each club. (This cup is held for the year by the club, not the boat, that wins it. To the owner of the boat the Thames

Photo by] NURSING EACH OTHER. [W. A. Rouch.

W. F. Jackson.

Sailing Club presents in addition a prize of £5 5s.). Then there are the "Clayton Cups"; these are three silver cups, nearly identical in design, presented by Mr. James Western Clayton to the Thames Sailing Club, the Thames Valley Sailing Club, and the Tamesis Club. They were presented to encourage inter-club sailing. Those of the Thames and Tamesis Clubs may be won outright by any boat fortunate enough to win them three years in succession. This was done in the case of the Thames Valley Cup by my brother's first Caprice whereupon Mr. Clayton presented that club with another cup, making it a Challenge Cup for the future. There is also the "Gold Cup," which is a silver one, presented to the Upper Thames Sailing Club by Mr. H. Gold, the Rear Commodore; the Muir Cup, presented by the late Mr. Muir to the second-class boats of the Thames Sailing Club; the Yeves' Plate belonging to the Thames Valley Club, founded in memory of Mr. Yeves, before referred to. This Club has also the "Silver Burgee," a somewhat peculiar form of challenge plate presented by Mr. G. M. Hardingham, and the Hampton Bowl, the gift of Mr. T. Foster Knowles. In addition to these the Trent Valley Sailing Club has two handsome Challenge Cups.

W. F. Jackson

I am desired by Mr. Jackson to say that he is indebted for most of the statistical information to one who all up-river boat-sailers will recognise as "Old Pal."—Ed.

THOMAS JOHNSON & ISAAC PERRINS

Two Pugilistic Champions fought at Banbury 1770 for 50 Gs a piece, half Stakes after a Contest of an Hour & a Quarter the Skill & Activity of Johnson prevailed over the Strength and Bulk of Perrins The Match was for one hundred Guineas.

Pubd. Nov.r 1790 by J. Green, No. Holborn Hill.

From an old Print.

THE NOBLE ART.

NO book dealing with sport would be complete without a chapter on what is known everywhere as the Noble Art. The present day professor, he who gives lessons and instructs the young aspirant in the mysteries of his calling, dubs it, and rightly too, the art of self-defence.

Fifty years ago, or even less than that, it was pugilism pure and simple. The prize ring, however, is dead; it was buried in the summer of 1868, when an Act was run through Parliament making it penal for any company to allow a train to discharge passengers between two stations with a view to commit a breach of the peace. Subsequently, a few minor fights were decided here and there under the original rules, while about a decade back strenuous efforts were made to revive the fortunes of the prize ring. Utter failure was associated with each attempt, and the business proved most conclusively that the prize ring was past resuscitation.

For the simple reason that there are men now living who took part in more than one desperate set-to with nature's weapons, it will be interesting to go back to the time when the old style fights received some patronage. It is not, however, intended to follow to any great extent the beaten track, by falling back on books of reference and writing columns about events which have become matters of history. It has been asserted that the origin of pugilism was coeval with the earliest contests of man;

but however this may be, there is no doubt that the boxers of old, the Greeks and the Romans, used in their pugilistic encounters, weapons of a most deadly character. Describing the cestus, Virgil says :

> "He [Entellus] threw
> Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view;
> Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
> And sheathe his hands within the listed field.
> With fear and wonder seized, the crowd beholds
> The gloves of death, with seven distinguished folds
> Of tough bull's hides; the space within is spread
> With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
> Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
> Renounced his challenge, and refused to fight;
> Astonished at their weight the hero stands
> And poised their ponderous engines in his hands."

Happily these deadly weapons were abolished ages ago; but it is dreadful still to contemplate the havoc a practised pugilist must have wrought, armed with these magnified knuckle-dusters. The days of the cestus are long passed, the prize ring is dead, and the manly and healthy sport of boxing survives and flourishes as it never flourished before.

From an] JOHN C. HEENAN. [Old Print.

And yet at the side of the boxing ring one occasionally comes across a man, who swears by the "merry green sward" and talks with pride of what he has seen "out in the open" and in the "magic circle," fights in which Sayers and Heenan and Mace and King have taken part. Truly there can be little doubt that for interest nothing in the annals of the prize ring has ever approached

the great battle in 1860 between the sturdy little Englishman and the stalwart Benicia Boy. This, however, was the beginning of the end of the great play called pugilism. *Sayers retired, and died five years after his fight with Heenan. In the meantime Sam Hurst received the belt, which he lost in 1881 to Jem Mace. Hurst, a big slow man, was not seen in the ring again, and died on the 22nd of May, 1882. Later, Heenan, who sailed for home in the July following his fight with Sayers, returned to England and met Tom King for £1,000 a side at Cockmount Farm, near Wadhurst. Whether Heenan sold this fight or not has never transpired. That he was drugged or "got at" in some way or other is certain, for long odds were betted on the American just before the finish, while King was given four minutes' rest after one round instead of thirty seconds. Neither King nor Heenan took the ring again. Heenan got badly injured in a railway collision while returning from Ascot races. He received £1,200 compensation, married the actress Ada Menken of Mazeppa fame, and died in the States a few years back. King took to the turf and made money chiefly in executing commissions for stable owners, by whom he was much respected. Being a careful, thrifty man, King soon

*Tom Sayers.

Champion of England 1857 to 1860.

Fighting weight, 10 stone 10 pounds. Height, 5 feet 8½ inches.

Born at Brighton, July 17th, 1826. Died November 8th, 1865. Buried at Highgate.

1848	Beat	Aby Couch	6	Rounds	12m. 28s.
1851	„	Dan Collins	44	„	1h. 24m.
1852	„	Jack Grant	64	„	2h. 30m.
1853	„	Jack Martin	23	„	55m.
1853	Beaten by	Nat Langham	61	„	2h. 2m.
1854	Beat	George Sims	4	„	5m
1856	„	Harry Poulson	109	„	3h. 8m.
1857	„	Aaron Jones	85	„	2h.
1857	„	Bill Perry	10	„	1h. 42m.
1858	„	Bill Benjamin	3	„	6½m.
„	„	Tom Paddock	21	„	1h. 20m.
„	„	Bill Benjamin	11	„	22m.
„	„	Bob Brettle	7	„	15m.
1860	Draw with	John Camel Heenan	37	„	2h. 6m.

amassed money. He lived in a large house in Clapham Park, cultivated roses, for which he gained many prizes, and died a wealthy man. Mace, Wormald, and the burly Baldwin wrangled over the belt; and so late as 1872 the first-named and an American, Joe Coburn, were supposed to have fought for it.

So long as the prize ring flourished, boxing attracted

JEM MACE.

comparatively little attention, but with the decline of the bare knuckle business came the craze for glove contests, and steadily the sport under these new conditions gained favour. Money was forthcoming for the professional, but for a long time the amateur made most headway, and at one period there were men in the

latter class quite capable of holding their own with the professionals. The competitions for the Queensberry Cups brought to light many exceptionally good boxers. H. J. Chinnery, a master of style and a most effective exponent of the noble art, secured five championships, the middle-weight in 1867, '68, and '69, and the heavy-weight in 1870 and 1871, a feat at that time

Tom Sayers.

unrivalled by any amateur, but since then, under the auspices of the Amateur Boxing Association, equalled by that sterling boxer, J. Steers. R. Frost-Smith, Reg. Wakefield, G. H. Vize, D. Gibson, J. H. Douglas, and G. J. Garland were also champions of sterling ability.

About 1880, however, amateur boxing was at a rather low ebb. There was nothing to revive it but a properly organised body, which was speedily constituted. A member of the Stock Exchange, F. M. Hobday, distinguished himself by winning the light-weights at the first Championship Meeting held by the Amateur Boxing Association. A. F. Bettinson, a most resolute and hard-hitting boxer, won the same trophy at the second meeting. His is an example of the brilliant all-round athletic ability of several of the amateur boxing champions. To the Amateur Boxing Association is due the credit of bringing to the front some of the best men who ever put hand inside a boxing glove. A more accomplished feather-weight than Tom Hill, of Birmingham, has seldom been seen inside a ring. Splendidly proportioned, Tom Hill was perhaps the biggest 9-stone man that ever fought at the weight. As regards ability he was head and shoulders above his contemporaries. A fine two-handed boxer, and a splendid judge of distance, he possessed great hitting powers, with which he combined exceptionally good defence; and during his brilliant career he never received a knock-down blow or a black eye. In order to give him a thorough test, Hill was allowed by the Association to engage in a six-round contest with Jim Laxton, who had won a competition open to the United Kingdom, arranged for the purpose of finding the best professional at the weight. Laxton, though a good man, proved no match for the amateur. Hill subsequently retired, and is now a prosperous tradesman in his native town. The Birmingham men about this time carried all before them. Anthony Diamond, like Hill, scored three successive victories by taking the light-weights in 1883, '84 and '85. Diamond was exceptionally quick and clever, and few could get out of the way of his smart left hand, while his quickness of foot and tricky head-work quickly demoralised the majority of his opponents. After winning the light-weight championship as mentioned, Diamond, in 1886, when scaling not more than 10 stone 7, won the heavy-weight championship. Two years later he turned professional, and lost in a twenty-round contest to another ex-

amateur, Ted White, who, however, was a heavier man. Between 1881 and 1890, amateur boxing was at its best as regards form. Harry Dearsley proved a worthy successor to previous notable big men, and three times in succession he carried off the heavy-weight championship. He was a splendidly

From an old Print. TOM KING

built young fellow standing over 6ft., possessed of great reach and a fine straight left hand, scaled about 13 stone, and was the eldest of a family of boxers. Good middle-weights were as plentiful at this time as they are scarce at present. Perhaps one of the most capable was Robert Hair. Twice he won the

middle-weights; then all too soon this brilliant boxer retired from the pastime. It was Robert Hair who defeated Peter Maher, the amateur, a man who, as a professional, has since been twice considered good enough to be put up against the redoubtable Fitzsimmons. Maher took part in the amateur championships the year the meeting was held at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster. All natural advantages rested with the Irishman, but Hair beat him fairly and squarely; and without doubt the Belsize boxer was, amongst amateurs, one of the smartest men that ever entered a ring.

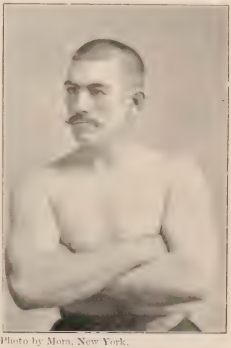


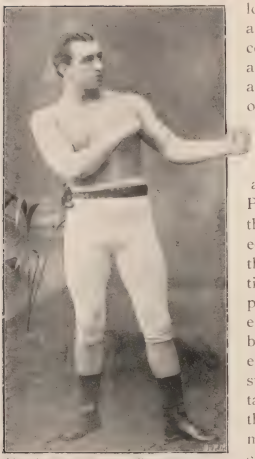
Photo by Mora, New York.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

For the first ten years of the Association, amateur boxing was at a high standard. Then in the early 'nineties the form began to deteriorate. There was no falling off in the number of entries; but in place of the clean straight hitting there arose the swinging style and the craze for the knock-out blow. How this came about is difficult to understand; but the fact remains that, generally speaking, the amateur of the present day is, so far as concerns style, not to be compared with his predecessor of a dozen years back.

As regards professionals, nearly every man from the time of Figg and Broughton has had his own peculiar style; but the plea of individuality cannot with fairness be urged as an excuse for the startling incorrectness of form and reckless want of caution which is far too common at the present time.

In what was known as the palmy days of the prize ring the knock-out blow was very rarely seen. Old time fighters fought on entirely different lines, the left being used almost exclusively for offence, and the right seldom brought into play, excepting as a finishing stroke or at close quarters. If we are to believe what is written in "Boxiana," such men as Humphries, Mendoza, Johnson, Slack, and Molineaux seldom adopted defensive tactics. As the sport flourished, so did the form improve. Mace, still living, was accounted the most skilled tactician that ever stood in a ring. He, in his prime, either with or without the gloves, would have made a terrible show of some of the professional champions of to-day. Just about the time the Amateur Boxing Association was formed in England the boxing boom broke out in the States. It was John L. Sullivan who opened up a business that has put thousands of pounds in the pockets of men who would not in the days of the prize ring have earned as many shillings. At his best Sullivan had few equals as a big-glove fighter. Under prize-ring rules he was somewhat at sea, and though he was allowed much latitude when meeting men of moderate ability in the States, there is no doubt his doings in the ring gave much impetus to boxing, and caused additional interest to be taken in glove contests. Sullivan was the first to offer a stipulated sum to any man capable of standing up against him for three, or sometimes four rounds. Sullivan did not always finish the fight with a blow on the point of the jaw; but when a man is so exhausted that he cannot rise in ten seconds, he is practically out. A competitor stopped by a blow on the mark is as much "out" as though rendered helpless by a hit on the point. But for his hot temper and lack of judgment Sullivan might have been a greater man than he was. He forced the fighting fast and furious, heedless of his opponent's blows, and missed many an opportunity that presented itself. In ring encounters a boxer must not depend principally upon brute force; he must be master of his temper, calm and collected, resourceful, and able to receive and give punishment without



CHARLES MITCHELL.

losing his head. Sayers was a wonder in this way. He could give weight away, fight an uphill battle, and eventually, by generalship, combined of course with his effective hitting, gain the victory. Boxing enables a man to govern himself, and even for this alone the art is invaluable. Position and style are two of the most essential points in the education of a boxer; in fact, they are the first things an old time professor imparted to his pupil. The object of the modern school of boxers seems to be in too many instances to endeavour by hook hits and swinging blows to daze an antagonist, risking in the process the reception of hits which if made with the bare knuckles could not but stop the most thorough glutton for punishment.

It must be a source of gratification to those who favour boxing to find what a firm hold it has gained on the public. A few years ago the number of substantial amateur clubs could be counted on the fingers. The sport was almost unknown in the Universities, the Public Schools, the Army, and the Navy; and such competitions as took place were contested by men who from the smallness of their numbers were continually meeting each other. To-day there is not a suburb in London without a bona-fide amateur club, nearly all Public Schools have professional instructors, while year by year championship meetings are held at the

Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and those open to the Public Schools and to the Army and Navy are decided at Aldershot. So popular have these affairs become that it is now found necessary to devote four days to the decision of each such meeting. Two years ago the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, when distributing the prizes at the Wellington Barracks, spoke strongly in favour of boxing, which he considered should form part of every soldier's education. Previous to this His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught attended the Army championships, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present, in addition to which he was good enough to hand the prizes to the fortunate winners. Royal patronage is a healthy sign; and it is pleasing to see a son of the Queen encourage the manly and athletic sports and contests that enable a man to control his temper and give him a sure resource in encounters of a personal nature.

In considering what has taken place since bare knuckles gave way to padded hands, it will be well to turn back to the early 'eighties when the professionals commenced what proved to be a wonderfully rich harvest for themselves. The money at the time was in the States, where Sullivan was picking up nearly all the dollars he wanted. It was estimated that in three years he earned £30,000 by giving exhibitions in various parts of the country. Small wonder then that the English boxers flocked to the other side of the Atlantic. By-and-bye the fever spread to England; and the arrival in 1886 of Kilrain created quite a commotion in sporting circles. Fit and well, Kilrain was undoubtedly a pugilist of great ability, as was proved by his knuckle fight with Jim Smith. Subsequently he suffered defeat at the hands of Sullivan. Charles Mitchell claimed to have a score to settle with John Sullivan, and the sporting papers were busily employed. When he left America Sullivan had no idea of fighting. His plan was to tour the country, giving exhibitions; and had he adhered to this all would have been well. A twelve nights' engagement at the Royal Aquarium brought him in nearly £1,300. But Sullivan

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton.

JEM SMITH.

could not stick to boxing, or perhaps his friends would not let him do so. After a heated discussion, he was induced to sign articles for a knuckle fight with Mitchell; and as all connected with the sport know the men met in France in the spring of 1888. Sullivan had a poor idea of the business; and but for bad hands, Mitchell, who took the ring the picture of a well-trained pugilist, would probably have won.

Eighteen months later Sullivan beat Kilrain who was but the shadow of his former self. In turn John Sullivan succumbed to Corbett, and in doing so passed out of matters pugilistic. No sooner had the American contingent departed than two more heavy weights, Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin arrived.

London at this time possessed a sporting club, the Pelican, which was in the field for big contests. For the first time in the history of English boxing a heavy purse was put up for a glove encounter, no less a sum than £1,000 being given for the match between the new comer, Peter Jackson, and Jem Smith. The black had every natural advantage over his opponent, and Smith, in but poor condition as well, was beaten in two rounds. This brought us to the end of our tether as regards heavy-weights. Smith had been looked upon as the man likely to uphold the honour of the Old Country, and his easy

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.
F. P. Slavin.

defeat was a sore disappointment to many: to train a man who put on flesh at such an alarming rate, as Smith did, was invariably a heart-breaking task. Had Smith with his strength and pluck been longer in the reach and less bulky he might have been more successful. After a brief existence the Pelican Club died suddenly, but a worthy successor sprang up in the National Sporting Club, at the present time the head and centre of everything pertaining to the art of self-defence. The National Sporting Club can claim to have seen perhaps the greatest encounter of modern times, for surely no finer contest ever took place than that decided there between Jackson and Slavin. Seven years have passed since these two giants, the black and the white, met to settle a score that had been standing for years. This contest cost the Club £2,000, the heaviest sum ever given in England. It was Jackson, the clever and accomplished boxer, a master of ring-craft and generalship, against Slavin, the hard-hitting determined fighter of the natural order. Jackson possessed a splendid left hand, Slavin relying more on his right; and as will invariably be the case when it is properly used the left hand won. Old ring goers, men who had not missed anything of note for years, voted this one of the very best things of its kind. Slavin, who had made a great name by his victories in Australia and his successful battles with Chesterfield Goode,

Photo by Wood, New York.
PETER JACKSON.

McAuliffe, and Kilrain, has practically retired from the ring, and is at the time of writing prospecting in Klondike.

Jackson, in his prime, and he was at his best when he first came to England, was a most accomplished exponent of the art. Splendidly proportioned, with an exceptionally long reach and undoubted pluck and stamina, the West Indian combined with his natural advantages many other qualities essential to a boxer. No man could find out sooner than he the weak points of an opponent, nor could anyone be quicker to take advantage of an opening. Efforts were frequently made to drag Jackson into a fight under the old rules, but without success. He rightly said that knuckle fighting was illegal, but he might not have minded the old time conditions could he have been assured of fair play.

The retirement of Sullivan, Jackson and Slavin, left the Californian, James Corbett, in the front. Corbett defeated Sullivan when the last-named had passed his prime, but even then his victory was not so easily obtained, for the older man did not succumb until twenty-one rounds had been contested. Corbett paid a visit to England, but during his stay here he never struck one as being a punishing hitter, although he was a good sparrer, quick with his hands and feet, and possessed a fine physique. This idea was borne out by the contest with

Photo. by Gregg, Johannesburg.
J. R. Couper.

Fitzsimmons, who, though the lighter man, always appeared to have more power behind his blows.

Championships have somewhat a hollow sound about them nowadays, but while we are at a loss to find a good big man at home, it is some consolation to know that Fitzsimmons, who appears to be the best in the profession, is English by birth. Another who has come rapidly to the front is Kid McCoy, who, when over in England three years ago, proved quite a disappointment, and suffered defeat at the hands of the ex-amateur champion, Ted White. That McCoy must have improved considerably was proved recently by the way in which he disposed of the Australian, Creedon, a very clever two-handed boxer, built, one would have thought, expressly for the game. Creedon looked, when in England, a difficult man to beat at weight. We could readily imagine him going down before Fitzsimmons, as he did, or suffering defeat from one much bigger than himself, but not on even terms. McCoy, who is only 25 years of age, is looked upon by many as a certain champion, a title pretty freely in use at present. It is a matter of much comment that, while there is quite a plenitude of good big men in the States, the very reverse is the case in England, once the hot-bed of pugilism. Mace was the last really good big man we had, and Mace at his

Photo by Robinson, Dublin.
DICK BURGE.

best was but a middle-weight. Such men as Sayers, King, Heenan, and Wormald, are unknown at the present time; and even pugilists, classed thirty years back as second raters, would have been champions had they flourished now. The falling off in big men applies to the amateurs as well as the professionals, and really the matter forms quite a pugilistic conundrum. Light, feather, and bantam weight boxers abound both in England and in the States, while in far-off Australia boxing seems to be confined to small men. Writing of the Colonies reminds me that the Noble Art does not flourish there as it did a dozen years ago. Mace, who passed some time in Australia, gave quite an impetus to the sport, which took a great hold on Melbourne and Sydney. To Mace indeed is given the credit of bringing out the redoubtable Fitzsimmons; and there is no doubt the old champion had much to do with the rise and success of boxing amongst the Colonials. The decline of the sport in Australia was the signal for a boxing boom in South Africa, which quickly became quite a profitable hunting ground for the professional boxer. Near Port Elizabeth, the late J. R. Couper, and the London pugilist, Woolf Bendoff, fought for the largest stake on record, *viz.*, £4,500; and for some years past there has been good money at the Cape for men of ability.

While, as has been pointed out, good heavy-weights are so scarce, there is no lack of capable light-weights. As a rule small men show to great advantage; and it may be that the demand at the clubs for quick, clever boxers, who prove a greater attraction than the heavier material, has something to do with the dearth of big men. When fifteen or sixteen years back a large money prize was given by the American, Madden, open to all England, in order to enable him to secure a good heavy-weight for the States, the competition was won by Charles Mitchell, who at the time was only just outside the light-weight limit. Mitchell, so long as he remained in the profession, was at the head of affairs here in England. A good boxer of great ability is Dick Burge, whose style and method should be studied by the modern school. A careful analysis of form proves that, though at a disadvantage in the heavy-weights, the English boxers from 10 stone downwards are quite capable of holding their own with the strangers, which was certainly not the case a few years ago. The improvement amongst smaller men in the professional ranks has been very noticeable of late. There is still a disposition to sacrifice style to slogging, to rely more upon the swinging right than the straight left, so effective in old-time fights and equally so when used with padded hands. Still, boxers are shaping rather better than they did. There is less of open-handed hitting and flicking, a most pernicious habit, which should always be promptly put down by a referee. The friendly spirit shown to boxing by several of the leading newspapers, and the ruling of the late Chief Justice Cave, have done wonders for this healthy and useful branch of athletics. At times the carping critic appears on the scene, but he is, thank goodness, infrequent and innocuous. The most dangerous opponent of boxing, and indeed all forms of sport, is the insidious emasculate crank, who masquerades in public prints as a sportsman whenever an unavoidable and unfortunate accident occurs. His method is to bring hysterical charges of intentional cruelty and malice against all concerned in the affair; and his object is, of course, under the veil of reforming so-

B. J. Angle.

called abuses, to discredit and destroy all sport wherever there is any risk of personal injury. Why he should be so concerned about risks which he will himself be careful never to face is not quite clear, but it probably proceeds from his general desire to boss the universe.

Let it not be forgotten that the sport here dealt with has an influence upon the physique and general health of the body not less potent than its disciplinary effect upon the "morale" of its exponents; and that it teaches endurance, fortitude, confidence without swagger, and generous forbearance. It cannot, therefore, but be considered a powerful agent in the formation of what is best in the national character.

B. Jas. Angle

The Brighton Coach

COACHING.

IN writing this short article on Coaching, I do not intend to touch upon the olden times, which have been so thoroughly described by competent writers. Coaching is certainly one of the finest pastimes a man can enjoy, and it is only of late years that facilities have been given to gentlemen of humbler means to participate in it. When first I started my career with the late "Jim Selby," to whom I am indebted for the little I know, "coaching was coaching," and in the hands of first-class sportsmen and lovers of the road—such as Sir Henry de Bathe, Lord Bective, and Colonel Hathorne, Major Dixon, Captain Hargreaves, Sir F. Seager Hunt, Mr. Stewart Freeman, Mr. Walter Shoolbred, Mr. Henry Bailey, Captain Carlton Blyth, Mr. William Sheather, and others, with such celebrated guards as Arthur Perrin, Harry Cracknell, Walter Godden, Bob Rear, and others.

In those days it was considered a privilege to sit on the back of a coach—without thinking of driving; but, *tempora mutantur*, now almost anyone can drive a coach, which certainly has not added to the prestige of Coaching. In writing the above I do not wish to underrate the coaches of the present day, and as an illustration of the popularity of this exhilarating and health-giving, though by no means paying, pastime, I may state that during this year no less than sixteen stage coaches ran out of London, and although mostly "proprietary," the mainspring of support came from the subscribers, gentlemen amateurs, and it is pleasant to record that the ranks were considerably augmented by members of the Stock Exchange. The "Old Times" had

amongst its supporters Messrs. Leonard Clow and "Skipper" Holmes, the latter also constantly drove the "New Times" Guildford Coach. With the "Venture" and "Vivid" the name of Mr. W. Barron may be associated. The "Excelsior," Margate and Herne Bay Coach was owned and driven by Mr. E. B. Hazelden. Mr. C. Van Raalte was a staunch supporter of the "Dorking," and benefore Ned Fowes sold the "Rocket" Box Hill Coach, Mr. George Howard was often seen on the box. Then there was the "Sportsman" to Ockham, a pretty drive, in which Mr. Braikenridge had an interest. Individually I supported the "Old Times" as being the one on which I started with Jim Selby, and was always pleased to keep up old associations and have a drive with Tom Harveyson when opportunity occurred. It goes without saying there are plenty of first-rate amateurs outside the Stock Exchange, but it would be impossible to name them all, though I cannot refrain from mentioning such good men as Mr. Harry Goodbun, Mr. Henry Hill, and Mr. Alfred Broadwood, who were contemporaries of mine.

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton.
HENRY HOLMES.

The returns of the sales of coach-horses at "Aldridge's" at

Copyright] GOOD STEPPING LEADERS. [W. A. Rouch

the end of the season were very satisfactory, and from what I can learn there is every reason to believe that the coming season will be more successful than the one during the year now drawing to a close.

The "House" is also well represented in the "Coaching Club" by Mr. Fred Banbury, Sir Patteson Nickalls and Mr. W. M. Chinnery, the two former being among the oldest coachmen on the road.

A man to become a first-class coachman must have "natural hands" and good judgment. Hands are a gift and not to be bought, and I thoroughly endorse what Jim Selby once said to me, that "what a man could not do with his hands he could not do with his whip!" There is a natural sympathy between a man's hands and a horse's mouth, and only those who have good hands can really appreciate this.

Another most essential thing for a good coachman is to thoroughly understand the "putting together," "bitting," and "coupling" of his horses; but to learn these mysteries entails a man putting his pride in his pocket and doing a certain amount of "dirty work," which most gentlemen of the present day are above. They prefer to drive the "London Stages," where the best horses are, letting the professional drive the "middle ground" horses, which is a great mistake, as the latter are far better practice. Any man who can drive at all can drive "good horses," but few can drive "bad ones" well!

I had a valuable experience in watching Selby putting horses together, as it was his great "forte"; he was a master of the art, and on no coach have I ever ridden where horses were better put together. I have often seen him alter all his couplings with a fresh team to exactly their right lengths before he ever got on to the box.

His career was somewhat remarkable—he was called from his profession as an auctioneer to drive the Tunbridge Wells Coach (perhaps one of the best which ever ran in modern times) for Lord Bective and Colonel Hathorne.

He gradually improved in driving until he was able to be

Copyright] A Fine Team of Blue Roans. [W. A. Rouch.

classed with the first whips of the day, and had he been content to confine himself to his legitimate calling he would probably have been with us now. His great drive to Brighton and back in 7 hours and 50 minutes for a wager, not to exceed 8 hours, was a great strain on his broken health, and he succumbed at an early age, respected by high and low.

Photo by Window & Grove, Regent St., W.

Jim Selby.

His funeral was a sight never to be forgotten, a sight probably, never seen before for a man in his sphere of life, and probably will never be seen again.

There is a great difference between driving a "private drag" and a "road coach." The former a man can take his time, he usually drives the same team, all bitted to his liking, and other "draw-ing room arrangements," but in the latter case it is quite different —one has to contend with all sorts of horses and harness, to keep good time (although not acted up to now as twenty years ago), to be agreeable to all sorts of passengers, often under very trying circumstances, and to "give and take," according to the road, this being most essential in order to keep time without distressing one's horses.

The Duke of Beaufort once made the remark that "No man should drive a road coach until he had wheeled a barrow

over the ground he was to drive," and a very practical idea too.

Many men think that because they have driven a coach 20 miles, out and back, they have nothing more to learn, not having observed, perhaps, that one horse has done all the work! I contend that, however experienced one is, there is always something to be learned. I remember a gentleman once having driven a coach into town remarking to the coachman what an excellent leader he had; the man replied, without a motion in his face, "there are few horses could draw it by itself into town!" The remark was not wasted! A most important thing in driving four horses is to see every horse is doing its proper share of work, and it is constantly the case that when this is not so the team is not properly put together, the altering of a hole in a coupling, or in a trace will often rectify matters. Some people immediately begin flogging, but no whip will keep a horse in its collar if it is not properly "put to," or if a leader is allowed to be pulling a wheeler off its legs. It is only the practised eye, however, which sees in a minute what is wrong.

We must not forget the "whip," which is very useful in its proper place, but should never be used unless absolutely necessary (and under no circumstances should a horse be hit behind the pad), as it often excites the free horse if not properly administered, whereas the lazy one takes no notice of it, in addition to which, if not skilfully handled, the "double thong" is absolutely dangerous, and often have I seen a lady's hat, beautifully decorated with a "garden of flowers," lifted from her head, much to the amazement of the blossoming amateur!

I am very much in favour of the new patent traces, by which, in case of an accident, a horse can be released from the coach like a flash of lightning, instead of, as many people are too fond of doing, cutting the harness. They are good for private work as well as coaching. When I think of the old days when Selby came dashing up to the White Horse Cellars, on the "Old Times" (since so successfully run by Tom Harveyson),

"FATHER" FOWNES.

and old Ned Fownes (perhaps the finest coachman of modern days who ever sat on a box, and whose family still keep up the reputation), was careering up Piccadilly, driving the celebrated "Oxford and Cambridge" Coach, run by Captain Carlton Blyth, with a team that had never seen one another before that morning, when Mr. William Sheather came up with the "Dorking" Coach, Ben Hubble with the "Box Hill," the Thorogoods with the "Guildford," "Windsor," and "Brighton" Coaches, not to forget the "Esher" Coach—with which so many Stock Exchange sportsmen, such as the late Bill Eykyn and Monty Nicholas, were associated—run by the late Mr. Charles Hewett, a sportsman of the first waters, who had seen every kind of sport from hunting to cockfighting, it makes me long for the good old days. Alas, the days may come, but not the genial faces associated with them!

In concluding, I think it may not be out of place to suggest that if present proprietors were a little more particular whom they allowed to drive it would materially benefit Coaching. I think we should see the beautifully horsed and equipped coaches going out with better loads. It is the duty of the owners to protect the "public," who place implicit confidence in them by taking seats on their coaches, and in return the "public" will support them. A rash act by an inexperienced coachman might be very prejudicial to road coaching, and if repeated by another still more disastrous. Space will not allow me to

W. R. Faulconer.

go further into the details of coaching, which would fill a book; but in writing these few lines I must crave the indulgence of all coaching men, and apologise for any errors I may have fallen into.

I can assure my readers I would rather have been "punished by four green horses" than write an article, but I could not see my way to back out of it, more especially as I was requested to do so for the cause of charity.

CANOE CRUISING.

A MONTH IN A CANOE-YAWL.

YES, it is possible to spend a month in a canoe-yawl and survive. "I—even I who speak unto you"—have done it, so I "know what it is to be there," and, given a companion of the right sort and good weather, a very enjoyable time may be had; but there must be no mistake about the "right sort"—he must be *your* right sort, and he must "fit the boat," and you must know him very well indeed.

Of course, in so small a craft "weather" is everything, as it is advisable to "tuck in" somewhere every night, where a quiet time may reasonably be anticipated, and this summer was exceptionally fine on the South coast—in fact, we were favoured with only two wet days in a month.

We had sent the craft down to Southampton by train from the Thames (and have sworn by the beard of the Prophet never to do so again), and thither a friend and I were bound one bright Saturday in June. A rapid run down—rapid, that is to say, for the London and South-Western Railway—and who amongst us has not passed a Saturday afternoon in their stuffy rolling stock—a square meal at their excellent Railway Hotel at the Southampton terminus, and we felt equal to anything.

We got it.

We pawned our baggage, and sought our boat. This occurred on the bright Saturday aforesaid. On the *Monday*

following, about 1.30 p.m., we swept her slowly out of Southampton Dock—wiser, sadder, older (oh yes, much older) men. Over what we had gone through in the meantime 'tis better, perhaps, to draw a veil. Suffice it to say, that after wandering up and down miles of sidings, interviewing seven different people —having interminable wrangles over abominable over-charges with each and everyone, going away for the night and turning up to "the scratch" again next day, we eventually obtained the

A Round Shot at "Namara."

boat. Well, well! I have been rather roughly brought up, but I had at last to give the officials best, the only amusing incident being their astonishment at finding her on a truck in the Docks, the last place, apparently, that they thought of looking for her. I had previously said in my blandest manner (palpably assumed for the moment), "She was labelled for the *Docks* Station," to which in answer came "Oh, *was* she; well then, *p'raps* she've gorn there." And *there* she was.

Free at last and out in the river! "In with the sweep and up with the rags," and with a nice wholesale breeze we were soon bowling along merrily to clean salt water. As this was the first occasion this year she had tasted the briny, the event was duly celebrated (and not in salt water). "Aye, mon, but it was fine," and we didn't care a rap where we went, and our spirits rose proportionately. A kind of "farewell-contangoes, adieu-telephones-and-be-hanged-to-you" feeling was upon us, very difficult to analyse. It might have been the soft S.W. wind now taking us rapidly down Southampton Water, or the reaction after our troubles with the Docks and Railway people. Oh, hang it all! what *does* it matter how it came? It was with us—we liked the feeling and encouraged it—"Thank you; well, perhaps just a drop, but not quite so strong as last time."

Great Cæsar's jampots! Whilst I've been drivelling on I've quite forgotten to introduce her ladyship. Her name we won't bother about. She is young, she is sound, she is built of three-quarter-inch Kauri pine, with oak timbers, stem and stern posts, etc., and mahogany decking, nineteen feet three inches over all, by five feet beam, and draws, with plate down, only three feet; is ballasted with eleven hundredweight of lead, five of it on the keel and the remainder in bricks stowed low down on either side of centre-board case, which, by-the-bye, does *not* protrude above the floor. The well is nine feet long by three feet wide, and is closed in, when necessary, by a cover made of two thicknesses of Willesden canvas, with strong battens every six inches. This keeps out all "slop" and spray, and with this protection she has carried us well 2,500 miles (point to point), I mean in long cruises, during the last three seasons. I don't include fiddling about "up the river" at Kingston or thereabouts in many "week ends."

Her driving power is a gunter lug of 160 square feet, and a rolling jib of about 40 square feet, and a very effective and handy rig it is, provided the boom does not extend beyond the boat astern. Money wouldn't tempt me to sail without that rolling jib.

I think it is the finest invention of the last ten years, so far as *small boat* sailors are concerned, and their thanks are certainly due to Captain Du Boulay. Three jibs in one, and reefed by simply hauling on a tripping line, and this means nothing to knock you overboard when getting up or lowering the anchor.

Talking of anchors reminds me of a good yarn I heard the other day. A friend had come to "the haven where he would be" and, between ourselves, he was precious glad to get there, for 'twas raining hard and a "pitchy" night. Well, he let go the anchor and paid out about fifteen fathoms, but she didn't "snub" and so he paid out another five fathoms—with no result, so he gave her his last five, still she slowly dragged. The lead line showed four fathoms. "Queer; what the deuce is the meaning of it." Still dragging, so he smartly bent on ten fathoms of warp to his cable, and having paid out most of this, rejoiced to find it held at last; then turned in and had a peaceful night. In the morning he got his anchor quite easily and *so* quickly. *It was hanging on the bobstay*, and he had been riding to the chain only all night.

And something reminds me of still another yarn which relates to anchors, and it happened thus. A friend of mine, a dashing young solicitor, with a tendency to smartness in appearance, took a pal with him to Burnham-on-Crouch, where a little 4-ton cutter awaited them patiently. The pal was a tyro, but keen, and they were soon under way, taking the last of the flood up Fambridge way. Everything going well, the owner pops below to make things "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" leaving his pal at the tiller, who is soon lured into exploring an enticing little bay on the port hand, with the result that she is soon hard and fast on the putty.

They shoved.

They shoved again, but "devil-a-bit" would she move. Then the tide ebbed and they shoved no more—they drank bottled beer and cursed.

No movement on the boat's part.

Said the pal, "why not *stay* here for the night." Owner's answer unprintable.

It was, after all, a very wise suggestion, looked at purely from the "man on the bank's" point of view, but, note the subsequent conduct of these lunatics. Instead of taking out an anchor in the dinghey at once, they waited until she was high and dry, then, in the moonlight, they "mudlarked" minus shoes and stockings, laboriously carrying the anchor and dragging many fathoms of cable through the rich and fragrant mud. And the decks afterwards!! with no washing water around.

Ah well! they had their reward in the morning; at least, one of them did; the other was paid in kind (language).

This was the morning scene: Owner singing out "Hullo, there, rouse up, matey, 'tis past six, and the tide will soon be high. We must clear out of this; come up on deck and bear a hand; there's a nice air already. We will set foresail, get up the hook, claw off into deeper water and let go again, then a swim and breakfast; by Jove, isn't the wind keen, though it is June? Look here, old man, just dive below and open my Gladstone bag, you'll find two sweaters; shy me up one and put on the other yourself. Thanks, that's better, now in with the cable and stand clear of it, for every link will be choked with mud from last night's fun."

The programme having been carried out as arranged, the owner goes below to find the pal had left the Gladstone *open under the cable pipe* and fifteen fathoms of mud-covered chain reposing on his shirts and shore-going togs. Language! Curtain!!

N.B.—Under cover of darkness they fled up to town that night, dressed as they were.

But, "avast yarning" (Clark Russell), and back to Southampton water, and where can you find such a sheet of water so eminently suited in the matter of tides, &c., for small boat sailing as that—with the Solent at your front door, so to speak—and its endless variety of many beautiful rivers and creeks running into it. One might spend a week there without

being bored, or so we thought that glorious afternoon. However, the wind falling light we turned at the Hamble Spit buoy and ran up past the picturesque village of Hamble, with its rather crowded anchorage, to Bursledon—Bursledon the quiet, Bursledon the restful, Bursledon the beautiful I call it, unspoiled and unsophisticated at present—long may it remain so. It grew on us quickly, and we decided to make it our headquarters. Moody, the boat-builder, laid down moorings for us the next day, and practically presented us with the "freedom of the village."

We were off next morning, rather late—so many things to see to, a thousand and one articles to stow away, and just where we could find them in a hurry or in the dark, fresh water for the tanks, rigging to set up, spinnaker boom to be fitted, all taking time, but still a "labour of love." And last, and by no means least, the boat's topsides had to be scrubbed, and scrubbed hard at that. She is painted white, and lying in Southampton Docks whilst we rigged her and stowed ballast and luggage she had rubbed against a horrible, coal-begrimed, greasy mooring-buoy, with the result that she had at least two hundred black spots on her starboard side, resembling nothing so much as a "damnation" or carriage dog.

No wonder the natives "larfed in their stummicks" as we came up the Hamble river!

However, having been recently painted, she came up smiling, and we soon had her clean and sweet within and without, but all things come to an end,even Harley Street (as the Classics have it) and we were off at last on our first cruise, and so good-bye to Bursledon for ten days.

Breeze S.W., and as much as we wanted with one reef down. Five o'clock found us at the Lepe buoy. Having previously introduced her to the Calshot and Calshot Spit Light vessels, we determined to run into the Beaulieu river for the night, and hastily reading up the sailing directions in the "Solent Chart Book," for we were "strangers in the land of Ham," we made the entrance all right, keeping the lead going

till well over the Bar, and then all plain sailing to Bucklers Hard, of ancient ship-building fame. Certainly, in the matter of scenery, this river is *facile princeps* as regards the Solent—at least that is the opinion of your humble servant. Most guide books exaggerate the quality of the scenery in their locality—notably, I think, in the case of the Norfolk Broads; but here description falls short, very short of the reality. The river, winding always, runs up for miles in ever-increasing

'Tis "She" Herself

beauty, with woods on either side, right into the heart of the New Forest. Peace reigns supreme over all.

A perfect night, just a ripple on the water and a young moon shedding a soft light over wood and water—no sound save the splash of a salmon now and then, or the cry of a bird. What a paradise for birds!—and they appreciate it to the full, if numbers mean anything. Manlike we talked of

shooting, and wished it winter. How far away Throgmorton Street *felt*.

Next morning we found the barometer had fallen half an inch, and our faces fell too when we looked out—the glass dropped steadily all that day, and so did the rain; the wind got up at sun-down—a bad sign—and it blew a summer gale in the night. We were lying at a mooring of Lord Montague's, and so ought to have felt safe, but at 2 a.m. had to turn out and take down the small tent pitched over the well, putting on instead the battened well-cover, and, crawling under that, passed the remainder of the night. I won't say we slept (though I love a healthy liar—on paper).

Still wind and rain the next day—but we got "humpy," and putting on our oilies went ashore and tramped for miles, finding ourselves at mid-day at some out-of-the-way coastguard station, where they took us in and promptly cooked us chops—hunger is not the word for it—I could have eaten a boiled boat-hook. Nature abhors a vacuum—so do I—just there.

In the morning we found the glass had risen a lot, having probably profited by sundry lessons in raising glasses we had given it the night before, so at 8.30 a.m. (light S.W. wind) we let go our mooring and stood up the river on a voyage of exploration—the channel narrows quickly after Bucklers Hard is passed, but we reached the model village of Beaulieu in an hour or so, having grounded many times on hard gravel on the way up, but the tide was flowing and we had but to wait a few minutes and soon floated off again.

Having posted letters, obtained some fresh provisions and duly admired Lord Montague's beautifully-situated house and grounds, we were "outward bound" once more.

Where did we go to? Where *didn't* we go to?

Lymington, Yarmouth, the Needles (very rough), Wootton, Cowes (many times), Ryde, Lee-on-the-Solent, all were visited in turn. Delightful breezes by day, and calm summer nights, a week soon fled and so back to Bursledon, having been away just ten days, and going nearly all the time, no loafing

ashore, and no little dinners at hotels (but *how* we longed for them !).

Then, for a change, a day on bicycles in the New Forest—everybody nowadays knows the scenery there, so I won't say a word—but our *legs*—how they ached ! Sitting in a small boat for so many days had taken all the "go" out of them—"My word," as the Yanks say.

In a sense, one day was very like another—*i.e.*, in the routine of living—we were generally up at 6 a.m., had a swim if possible, and then whilst one cooked the breakfast the other stowed the mattresses, rugs, pillows and generally "tidied up." Breakfast over we struck the tent, had a run ashore for letters, fresh meat, etc., etc., then back on board and under way about 9.30 or 10.0 a.m., sailing until about 6 or 7 p.m., by which time we generally found we had had a long day—for one can rarely take it easy in a canoe-yawl on open waters—there is always *something* to do, and if the "eleminx are agin you" it is often hard work, and real hard work too. During the month we only had one patch of calm in sailing hours (of course it came the day I didn't want it).

One day we sailed from the inner harbour buoys at Cowes to Blackjack buoy off Calshot Castle in 29 minutes, good going for such a "wee barkie" we thought. With the wind abeam we just flew across, and then on to Hythe Pier in another hour, knocking down two reefs as we went—but then it was smooth water and a ripping breeze. What weather it was, day after day a bright sun and all the wind we wanted.

We watched many of the races—both at Calshot and Hythe Pier, but were much disappointed—'tis but kid glove yachting after all's said and done, better than "up river" racing I admit—but not much. I can go back (in memory only—I wish I could in reality) to the "early 'seventies" and recall many a race in the "fives" and "tens" of that time, when we raced from Erith round the Mouse Lightship and back, or round the Nore Lightship to Chatham, finishing off at the old Sun Pier, taking such weather as came during a long day's sail, and winding up with a dinner all together in the evening—not hurrying off in a steam

launch or dinghey or boarding the Ryde Steamer as soon as the race was over—as seems the fashion in "these 'ere parts."

Pirouetting off Hythe Pier before a bevy of damsels may be fun for those who know no better, but it is not "yachting"; where is the call for pluck, dash, endurance, or seamanship? Not there, my friend, not there. I felt sometimes I should like to take some of those young fellows, with their immaculate clothes and dainty ties, and suddenly transplant them to, say Sea Reach, on board a five-tonner, with a spring flood under them, and a W.N.W. wind blowing straight down the Reach—course, Nore to Erith, that would, at least, have seen the "survival of the fittest."

Well, well, it's a far cry from the Solent to Sea Reach, at any rate for a canoe-yawl, though several have done it and done it well. *Vide* Fiennes Speed in his "Water Rat." But then there are canoe-yawls *and* canoe-yawls, *Chacun à son goût*. Personally, I wouldn't give a "thank you" for a boat of the Oxford unballasted type; they are intended and should be reserved for smooth water and nothing else.

Yes, the Solent certainly is an ideal place for a holiday, if you are fond of sailing, beautiful scenery, air of the purest, ports or anchorages every few miles, and kindness and assistance from the natives everywhere. The variety is so charming; one day to busy Portsmouth, another to quiet Beaulieu, and you have run up the gamut from hard work-a-day life to an existence of pleasure and repose. "On the face of the waters" matters are facilitated to the utmost; buoys are large and various in shape; a very important matter to a man sitting nearly on a level with the water, in that position he has but a limited range of vision.

I have said nothing about the commissariat department, as that is quite a personal matter. One man is content with soup, chop or steak, stewed fruit to follow, and glad to get it. Another grumbles unless he gets six courses (probably having only three at home every night of his life).

Talking of food reminds me of a quite "fairy-like" little supper I once did *not* assist at.

Six lunatics, some from the "House," determined to go duck-shooting one moonlight night in November—not so very long ago—so telegraphed to the steward of their club, at a rapidly rising little place on the East coast, to prepare dinner for six, and in due course of time found themselves enjoying a merry little dinner in their cosy club-room, discussing the prospects of sport and other matters.

"We Do Not Live to Eat."

Towards midnight a move was made for the boat, and a jolly picture they made going off in a shore boat, piled high with thick coats and "oilies," not forgetting a hamper of eatables with a bottle or two of "O.V.H." or some other "fancy pison."

The night was cold.

About 2 a.m. someone hinted, in a whisper, that the night *was* cold and—"Ah well! if you'll join me, perhaps a 'wee drappie'—eh? don't you think so?"

They *all* thought so, and one suggested that "if they were going to 'have a drink' they might as well have some grub too—he, for one, had almost forgotten dinner."

"But Eat to Live."

All memories proving equally short the hamper was undone and the "grub" was produced, when—!!!

'Twould take a more facile pen than mine to describe the scene, *and* their faces *and* their language.

To make a long story short the steward kept *pigs*, and it

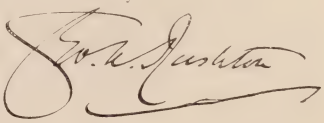
GEO. A. RUSHTON.

was his privilege to have any food left over each day at the club, taking it away in a parcel at night. That night his pigs sat down to beef, in slices, *pâté de foie gras, truffles,* and "many things beside," and I often wonder what their feelings were.

Of course you have already guessed that the steward had packed the wrong parcel by mistake, and as no one on board, somehow, seemed inclined to tackle the varied assortment of cheese ends, bacon-rind, potato peelings, cutlet bones, and other delicacies displayed to their view, they were promptly consigned, with many an inward sigh and an outward heave, to the "vasty deep." The crew bound themselves, under frightful oaths, never to say a word to anyone on the subject—this, of course, did not extend to the steward.

He heard of it—in rather an impressive way I fancy.

There is nothing shows up the grit of a man so much, I think, as the food question on boats, quite apart, of course, from the *cooking*. However, the capacity to enjoy life, *cum* simple food, is easily acquired; anyway, the man who cannot put up with a plain dinner of, say soup, salmon steak, curried chicken (Halford's), or fresh meat of some sort, with fruit and a cup of coffee to follow, is certainly unfit to ship as crew or "capting" for "a month in a canoe-yawl."



COURSING.

AT the bidding of the promoter and charitable vendor of the Stock Exchange Book of Sport, I take up my maiden pen to write an article on Coursing.

Well, to begin with, there is the antiquity of the sport. It is older than golf, and perhaps as old as boxing. Xenophon (B.C. 400) mentions it, and Arrian (A.D. 90) not only ran greyhounds but also wrote a book on the rearing and training of them, a very good book too. He was fortunate enough to own "the fastest and cleverest dog in the world."

Lucky Arrian! We are all trying still to get a dog answering to that description, but it is hard to find, though every year hope springs eternal, and we flatter ourselves it has come at last, as we watch the precious animal dashing past trees and other inanimate objects, or even defeating its kennel companions in home trials. The rude awakening comes some October morning, when we go forth to a public meeting and find our "crack" is drawn against, say, one of Messrs. Fawcett's best puppies. We usually go home wiser, and perhaps poorer, and ultimately the "crack" is given to a farmer as a hare-catcher, or meets with a sudden death and goes to fertilize the roots of an old apple tree or currant bush. That is the short history of most long-tails, but now and then a brighter tale could be told, and on these occasions we return from the meeting with visions of the Waterloo Cup in our pocket, the starting price of the imaginary winner being at least 100 to 1.

To have any chance of being a good one, a greyhound has to be well bred, well reared, and well trained, though sometimes, under an indifferent trainer, a dog may run itself into condition and win; bad rearing, however, is quite fatal.

Having fulfilled all these conditions, it by no means follows that your dog is a good one. All that can be said is, it has a chance of being so. I am a great believer in North Country reared saplings. The people who rear them there understand the business and are keen about it. The chief products of Cumberland are hams and greyhound puppies.

However, to borrow from the language of the sport, we are "off the line of the hare." To come back to history, there is a proverb, which dates back to the time of Canute, that "a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound." Queen Elizabeth was fond of a course, which may account for the vast number of country houses she appears to have slept in. Like Jorrocks, her motto was, "where I 'unts I dines, and where I dines I sleeps." There are, however, no records of the sport until towards the end of last century.

The Swaffham Club in Norfolk was founded in 1776 by Lord Orford, and a few years later the Ashdown Club in Berkshire, the Malton Club in Yorkshire, and one or two others were started. Lord Orford may be said to have died in harness, as while riding a course in which his unbeaten bitch Czarina was running he was overcome with excitement, fell from his horse, and died. The Swaffham Club is still in existence, and seeing what beautiful ground its meetings are held over, and how well it is supported by the landowners and farmers, one may safely prophesy for it a still longer life.

In the early days matches were run more frequently than stakes. Members of the Club would dine together and make their matches after dinner. Perhaps the evenings were somewhat convivial, and some of the matches, and the makers of them, would not bear close inspection next morning.

Of the leading clubs of the present day, the Altcar was founded in 1825, and the Ridgway a few years later. It is

curious to read that at the early meetings of the Altcar Club the members acted as judges for one another, but naturally this led to disputes, so very soon a professional judge was employed.

There were some quaint old rules in the early days. For instance, Rule IX. of the Swaffham Club was—"Any member may put up to auction the dog of another member, such member being present at the sale and being at liberty to have one bidding." Fancy Mr. Pilkington's feelgrine Pickle was put up for auction at the next Altcar Club Meeting! Rule VIII.—"The dogs shall be put in the slips at eleven o'clock the first day and at half-past ten the following days." I am sorry this rule does not exist now. "Meet at nine, first brace of dogs in slips at half-past nine" is usually our fate with a ten-mile drive to start with. Rule XVI.—"Any person having engaged a puppy and producing an all-aged greyhound instead of a puppy, shall lose his match." The penalty is more severe now. "Warned off the coursing field for life" is the up-to-date reward for such an action. Apparently one judge was not sufficient; one of the rules of the Ashdown Park Coursing Club was—"The umpires shall give their judgment promptly before they converse with others in the field; if they be divided in opinion, they should ride apart from the rest of the company until they have consulted a third person, who should be chosen in all courses for Cups and

FABULOUS FORTUNE AND TOM WRIGHT.

Sweepstakes." I don't remember Mr. Hedley ever expressing a desire to consult anyone before giving his decision. What a row there would have been if dual control had been suggested to him!

My recollections of Coursing date back to the days of Master McGrath and Bab at the Bowster, though only on paper, as I never saw either of those celebrities run. Their respective merits as *runners* are still a bone of contention, but as *breeders* there is no room for argument. The line of McGrath is nearly extinct, or, at least, far from prominent, whilst Bab, chiefly through her son Contango, simply dominates the greyhound world.

The amount of inbreeding to Contango that goes on is somewhat startling. So far this inbreeding has been carried on without any ill effects on the speed or cleverness of the produce, but I am not so sure that a want of stamina and constitution might not sometimes be traced to too close breeding. This spring, for instance, a deadly form of distemper swept over the country, killing dogs off like flies, old as well as young. Might not this excessive mortality be in part due to the constitution of the inbred dog being too weak to fight the disease? I for one think it could.

I here give as a good example of breeding the pedigree of Wild Night, winner of last Waterloo Cup. It will be noticed that the name of Master McGrath appears, in addition to four strains of Contango.

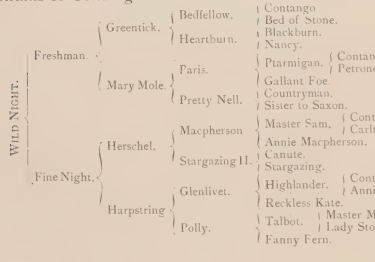


Photo by] BIT OF FASHION. [Robinson.

Of the last twenty Waterloo Cup winners, beginning with Misterton in 1879, all but three, Honeywood in 1880, Wild Mint in 1883, and Mineral Water in 1884, had Bab blood, and none of these three have been successful at the stud.

Of greyhounds I have seen, the first to impress me was little Coomassie, that bag of mystery, whose pedigree (alas!) I could not give if I would. I shall never forget how, to regain her place behind the hare, she jumped her opponent, Handicraft, who was well placed and looked like winning. There was real genius in that stroke.

Honeywood, winner of the Waterloo in 1880, was, at his best, which he hardly was at Altcar, a first-class greyhound. There are disputes to this day as to the decision in the final course with Plunger, but I have no doubt Mr. Hedley was right as usual.

Five years afterwards a real beauty came out, the brindled bitch, Miss Glendyne. Pace, style, stamina, sense and honesty were all combined in her. I should like to know what Mr. Edward Dent, who trained both, thinks of her as compared to Fullerton. They just over-lapped, she being

Photo by] FULLERTON. [Worsnop, Rothbury.

fifth season when he was a puppy. I am told that, past her prime as she must have been, she lead and beat him in a trial at Gosforth Park. Much though I admired Fullerton, I liked the other more.

Sandwiched between these two there was another exceptionally good one, Herschel. He met Fullerton once, but, handicapped with a terrific course the previous round, he had no chance. Poor Colonel North, whose complexion was naturally ruddy, used to go very white indeed when Fullerton went to slips. Herschel has been a great stud success, but, unfortunately, Fullerton proved no stock getter. Since Fullerton, I think the best I have seen are Thoughtless Beauty and Fabulous Fortune, both great runners, and I hope going to be equally good at the stud.

That makes seven good ones, and just to have an eight-dog stake, if there is any coursing across the Styx, let us throw in game Penelope II., who ran such a good second to Miss Glendyne. I am sorry to leave out Snowflight and Greentick.

Now you can proceed with the draw and call over the card, making perhaps Miss Glendyne favourite, with Herschel, Fullerton, and Coomassie next. I won't attempt to place the others. (The above meeting is postponed till Fabulous Fortune and Thoughtless Beauty cross the ferry).

The Members of the Stock Exchange Coursing Club are looking forward to one of their number *some day* winning the Waterloo Cup. Would we not like to see "Tom Qui," our President, leading back the winner, or Claud Paine, our Secretary, accompanied by his faithful, enthusiastic Sam?

To those Members of the Stock Exchange who have not tried it, let me recommend a day's coursing at one of our meetings on the Essex or Kentish marshes, choosing, if possible, a day when the stormy winds don't blow. The result would be good exercise, good sport, and a noble appetite for dinner, with probably a large increase in the number of members of the Club, the subscription to which is at present £1 1s. per annum, with no entrance fee.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.
"Thoughtless Beauty."

There have been great changes in Coursing since I first knew the sport. Enclosed meetings have come, and fortunately gone, as they certainly did not tend to produce the right sort of greyhound. Coursing on the downs is, I regret to say, nearly extinct, and many good meetings in the North of England and the South of Scotland have disappeared from the pages of the calendar, owing to agricultural depression and the Hares and Rabbits Bill. On the other hand,

Waiting to Slip.

new meetings, both open and club, have sprung up, so that on the whole it may be said the sport is in a healthy and improving condition.

With reference to the defunct meetings, a farmer in the North of England told me a few days ago, that his landlord disliked Coursing, and that in consequence, though an important meeting used to be held on the estate, he had not seen a hare on his farm for six years. With that example before us of what can be done in the way of hare extermination, coursers cannot be too grateful to farmers, landlords, and shooting tenants alike, who so kindly preserve the game for us, and allow us the use of their land.

J. H. Lang

Photo by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

C. J. Kortright. J. R. Mason. A. C. Maclaren. J. A. Dixon. West, Umpire.

S. M. J. Woods. A. E. Stoddart. W. G. Grace. C. L. Townsend. F. S. Jackson.
Captain Wynyard. G. MacGregor.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS

(Played at Lord's).

W. G. GRACE'S JUBILEE, JULY 1898.

CRICKET IN 1898.

A SUFFICIENT reason to make 1898 a famous year among cricketers was the fact of its being the Jubilee of W. G. Grace, and the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's was specially put back a fortnight so that it might be played on the Grand Old Man's birthday. This match in itself probably made the season a notable one, as it had been looked forward to by thousands, and everything combined to make it a gigantic success. Fine weather, two representative teams, and a magnificent finish were all that anyone could desire. The many thousands who found their way to Lord's during the three days' cricket were delighted with the display, especially when W. G. and Kortright made a wonderful stand for the last wicket and nearly saved the game for the Gentlemen, Kortright only getting out within three minutes of time. As regards the whole season, it may with every propriety be described as a brilliant one. It is true that in May and the early part of June rain and cold winds prevailed to such an extent as to cause fears that the summer would resemble that of 1888, when C. T. B. Turner and J. J. Ferris paid their first visit to England and played such havoc with English batsmen. After the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at the Oval, however, the weather took a welcome change, and for the rest of the season the game was played under exceptionally favourable surroundings.

In the absence of any team of cricketers from abroad, County cricket commanded almost undivided attention, and the

JUBILEE MEDAL, W. G. GRACE.

fortunes of the various counties were followed with close interest by all sections of the public. Except in one or two places there was no diminution in the great popularity of the game, and the crowds were fully up to the average.

As in 1896, YORKSHIRE succeeded in carrying off the County Championship, an honour to which they were thoroughly entitled. For three months out of the four they were easily the best team in England, and although they fell off somewhat in August it was not sufficient to displace them from the high position which they had gained earlier in the season. Of the 26 matches in which they took part they won 16, and were only beaten three times, and it was not until the middle of July that they sustained their first reverse, Kent having the distinction of beating them at Mote Park. Surrey and Middlesex defeated them in August, and although the third defeat raised the hopes of one or two of the Counties next to them in the list, they were still able to hold their own, and secured the Championship by a good margin of points.

The possibilities of cricket were exemplified in a remarkable manner in the fortunes of the Yorkshire Eleven in one week. At Leeds they were dismissed by Albert Trott for 45, and later in the week, at Chesterfield, against the Derbyshire bowlers, they ran up the big score of 602, which was the highest total obtained in a first-class match during the season.

LORD HAWKE.

So far as one can judge, the success of Yorkshire is largely due to their magnificent fielding; other Counties have as good bats and as good bowlers, but what seemed to have made the difference between success and failure was the wonderful way in which the Yorkshire Eleven not only held their catches, but also saved any amount of runs by their brilliant fielding. It is easy enough for a good bowler to bowl well under these circumstances, and it is possible for a bad bowler to be considered a fair one.

To sum up the Yorkshire Eleven, I would say that they were equalled in batting and bowling by one or two other Counties, but they were manifestly superior to all in fielding.

Middlesex

began badly, probably owing to the accident to A. E. Trott, who injured his hand at Cambridge and for a considerable time was unable to play for the County. This naturally weakened the bowling and lost to the side in addition a fine hard-hitting bat and a magnificent field. The side also was not so strong as it was later in the year, when it was able to put its full strength into the field, and finished up in August with a blaze of triumph, winning 7 matches out of 8, six being consecutive wins, among them being Yorkshire and Surrey.

Although their success came too late to give them any chance of carrying off the Championship, they succeeded in having the most successful season they have ever had, largely due, no doubt, to the excellent bowling of J. T. Hearne and A. E. Trott, backed up by very keen fielding in August.

Notwithstanding their successful year, the death of J. D. Walker and the retirement from the captaincy of A. J. Webbe made the season a sad one, especially to the older school of players. Many kindly actions will be remembered that are not recorded in the statistics of Cricket, but which, possibly more than statistics, help to make the game what it is.

Gloucestershire

also had the most successful season they have enjoyed for several years, and were a very hard side to beat. Their success

W. G. Grace and C. L. Townsend.

was largely due to Mr. C. L. Townsend, who bowled with great success in August, and enabled them to make better use of their strong batting side.

Lancashire's inability to maintain the higher position they enjoyed last year was probably owing to the decline in the effectiveness of their bowling. The team were also the victims of bad luck, as Hallam, through illness, was unable to play in a single game, and Mold was disabled in August. To complete their misfortunes, A. C. MacLaren, who had headed the County batting averages for the three preceding years, only once shewed his true form in the few matches he was able to play in.

The difference between the

Surrey.

Eleven at the Oval and their playing away, was most pronounced. On their own ground this team won 8 matches out of 12, while away from home they were only victorious on three occasions, and suffered four defeats. At the Oval they batted with such success that only once were they dismissed for a total of less than 300, Sussex getting them out for 192. It is probable that the

Oval wickets of last year were the best in England, a very large feather in the cap of Apted, the ground man.

Why they were not so successful as anticipated is hard to say, as the season, being a dry one, suited their fast bowlers, and their batsmen generally had a successful season, but it is probable that a little more dash in their fielding would have made all the difference.

Essex

Eleven, while achieving a large measure of success, hardly came up to the expectations formed of them. They won exactly one half of their games. Up to an advanced period they were quite in the running for first place, but in the latter part of the summer there was a marked falling off in their cricket, partly owing to misfortune. Still the position they occupied is highly creditable and one they can well be proud of.

Kent

only managed to win 5 out of 20 matches, while Nottingham, Derby, Warwick, Sussex, Hampshire, Somerset, and Leicestershire had only moderate successes.

Nottingham's

record was probably a unique one, as, while they only won one match, they were only twice beaten, no fewer than 13 of their matches being left unfinished. Such a record is probably without parallel in County Cricket, but when one looks into the matter the reason is not far to seek. With a very slow run-getting side they took a long time to make a good score, and with Attewell, admittedly the best bowler in England for keeping down runs, it often happened that the other side scored slowly also, so that three days for matches played on good wickets were not sufficient for Nottingham.

Turning to the many fine batting performances accomplished during the season, unquestionably the most notable was that achieved by J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe, the Yorkshire professionals, at Chesterfield, against the Derbyshire bowlers. Going in first for the County, these two batsmen were

not separated until they had scored 544 runs. This is the most productive partnership on record in first-class cricket, the previous best being 398 by Shrewsbury and Gunn for the second wicket for Notts against Sussex in 1890. It is worth recalling the fact that in 1897 Brown and Tunnicliffe established a record for the first wicket against Sussex at Bramall Lane, scoring 378 on that occasion; but a month later they were robbed of their honours by Abel and Brockwell, who, playing for Surrey against Hants, at the Oval, hit up 379 before they were parted. Now, however, the two Yorkshire batsmen have raised the figures to a point which, one might venture to think, will remain unassailable for some time to come. On the occasion in question Tunnicliffe scored 243 and Brown made 300. After reaching that total the latter, in the interests of his side, threw away his wicket, and no doubt he felt a little mortified when he subsequently learnt that on the very same day Hayward, in the Surrey and Lancashire match, at the Oval, had scored 315, not out. There can be no question, however, that Brown acted in the interests of his side, and what he did was only the proper thing to do under the circumstances, as the game is to win the match if possible, the making of record scores being only a secondary consideration. Hayward's innings is the third highest that has been made in a first-class County Match, being beaten by MacLaren's 424, and Grace's 318, not out.

Cricketers who have succeeded in making 300 off their own bat in a match of importance are limited in number. In addition to MacLaren, Grace—who has done it three times—Tunnicliffe, and Brown, who has twice accomplished the feat, and Hayward; the only other batsmen who have achieved the distinction are W. W. Read and W. L. Murdoch.

In the match with Lancashire at Old Trafford, in July, the Essex Eleven accomplished a feat which is without parallel in the history of first-class County Cricket, the Eastern County being set 336 runs to win, and achieving this tremendous task with the loss of six wickets only. Never before in a County Match have a side gone in against a total of 300 for their last

innings and proved successful. It was a little curious that on the same ground late in the season the Gloucester Eleven, requiring 378 runs to win, made such a splendid fight as to secure 311 before being dismissed. Though defeated, the Gloucestershire Eleven derived more distinction from this splendid performance than would accrue from many a victory.

Turning to individual cricketers, the splendid all-round work of F. S. Jackson, C. L. Townsend, Cuttell, and Lockwood naturally commands attention. The first three named accomplished the feat of scoring over 1,000 runs and taking over 100 wickets in first-class matches, an achievement, it is needless to observe, of the very highest merit. Comparing the four as all-round cricketers, few would hesitate to call F. S. Jackson the best all-round cricketer of the year, and no England Eleven could have been considered properly representative without him, and possibly Townsend might fairly be considered as coming next to him. During the season Jackson scored 1,566 with an average of 41, and took 104 wickets for less than 16 runs each, while Townsend obtained 1,270 runs with an average of 34, and took 145 wickets at a cost of a little over 20 runs apiece. While all through the season Jackson was effective with both bat and ball, Townsend's performances were curiously uneven, Except in one or two instances, he did nothing out of the common as a bowler for the first three months of the season, but he was consistently successful with the bat, and, in a different style, seriously challenged F. G. J. Ford for the right to be regarded as the best left-handed batsman in the country. His bowling triumphs came in August, and in that month he did marvellously well, Gloucester being largely indebted to him for the brilliant manner in which they finished the season. With the exception of the three Graces, he is probably

F. S. Jackson.

the best cricketer that Gloucester has produced, and as he is quite young he should be able to accomplish even better performances in years to come.

Cuttell scored 1,003 runs and took 114 wickets, but he is probably not yet quite in the same class as Jackson, Townsend, or Lockwood.

The manner in which Lockwood recovered his form was one of the pleasantest features of the season, and cricketers generally were delighted to find him again bowling and batting in his old style. Had there been a representative team to be chosen, there is little doubt that he would have been one of the first players to be selected. In first-class cricket he scored 878 with an average of 30, and obtained 134 wickets, well under 17 runs each.

To William Quaife, the diminutive Warwickshire cricketer, belongs the honour of heading the first-class batting with a record of 60, and an aggregate of 1,219. He owed his position very largely to a remarkable series of "not-out" innings, in the course of which he scored 471 runs, but although his success was thoroughly genuine, his style of play is more likely to draw matches than to win them, and one can scarcely describe him as the best batsman of the year. Probably C. B. Fry deserves that designation more than anyone else. Although always regarded as a capital batsman, the old Ox-

C. B. Fry.

onian displayed abilities hitherto unsuspected, and the highest praise that can be passed on his play in 1898 is that he almost filled the void in the Sussex Eleven caused by the absence of K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

In glancing over the batting figures one cannot fail to be struck by the high positions occupied by the veterans W. G. Grace, Abel, Gunn, and Shrewsbury, whose names are all to be found within the first ten, and all having averages of over 40. With these might be placed A. E. Stoddart, who, although not a veteran in years, is a batsman of long-established reputation. Nothing indeed was more remarkable than the manner in which these famous cricketers held their own with batsmen of the younger generation. Abel's aggregate of 2,053 was the highest of the year, no other player scoring 2,000 runs, and this is the fourth season in succession in which he has had a similar aggregate.

W. G. Grace
Returning from Practice.

With regard to W. G., one has long since ceased to wonder at his marvellous retention of form. It is more than twenty years since people began to say his star had set, and now in 1898 he is almost as good as ever.

To take an instance of what he is still capable of doing, it is only necessary to recall the fact that at Leyton he took 7 wickets in Essex's first innings for 44 runs, and then went in and scored 126.

With regard to bowlers, the most striking feature was the

astonishing success achieved by Rhodes, the left-handed Yorkshire bowler, who took 154 wickets for 14 runs each, and of whom the highest praise that can be said is that the services of Peel were hardly missed. Still, although a very fine cricketer, it is hard to believe that he is quite as good as Peel, and I do not think that anyone would hesitate a moment before deciding in the latter's favour. Of course Rhodes is quite young, and should be certain to improve, while Peel has the advantage of many long years' experience.

Between Rhodes and J. T. Hearne there was a prolonged race as to who should possess the better figures, and in the end the latter proved successful. During a hard season's work, Hearne has never more consistently kept up his form than in 1898, and he was certainly the best bowler of the year, taking 222 wickets for 14 runs each. This is all the more remarkable when one remembers that he had just come back from a tour in Australia and had practically never had a rest for the previous twelve months.

Another bowler to make his mark in first-class cricket this year was A. E. Trott, who, having duly qualified, appeared for the first time in the Middlesex Eleven. At the outset of the summer, he had the misfortune to hurt his right hand, and he could only do himself justice in July and August. He managed to take 134 wickets, and, with J. T. Hearne, he had a big share in the success of Middlesex.

Trott can hardly be described as an accurate length-bowler, as, although he can keep a good length if necessary, he relies more on change of pace, pitch and break, and has also the power of making the ball swerve in the air. Of course the result of trying so many balls is that every now and then he sends down some loose ones, but these are more than compensated for by the splendid result attained, and by the assistance he renders to a bowler like J. T. Hearne at the other end, who relies more on his accuracy of pitch and break-back.

Reference has already been made to the bowling of Jackson,

Townsend, Cuttell, and Lockwood, and among the other successful bowlers may be mentioned Kortright, Davidson, Mead, Bull, and Wainwright. Briggs was not so successful as in the previous season, and Tom Richardson, although still one of the best bowlers in England, was not quite so successful as formerly, but nothing is more likely than that with a winter's rest he will prove himself the best bowler in England in 1899.

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

CRICKET.

HAVING asked the opinion of a large number of our leading cricketers on the question whether the phenomenally large scores of the past season are detrimental to, or to the advantage of, our great National game, and having received an answer in nearly every case that these enormous scores were against the best interests of the game, I venture to look around and carefully consider the best means by which an alteration can be effected.

I am strongly of opinion that the rule of leg before wicket should be altered. I will not attempt the wording, or rather re-wording of the rule, as I well know that, if the alteration should be made, there are abler heads than mine who could put the wording into elegant and proper phrases. I would give the batsman out if a ball hits any part of his person, that part being in front of his wicket, in a direct line between the wickets, no matter where the ball pitched.

I should like to ask the bowlers of the present day how much of the wicket they see, even when bowling over the wicket, and I should much question if, when bowling round the wicket, they see any part of it at all, unless the batsman is of a generous nature, when he may give them a sight of the top of the off stump.

I have spoken to many first-class batsmen on the subject, and several of them make no secret of the fact that they wilfully stand in front of their wicket and take the chance of l.b.w. I rather fancy if an alteration is made they will stand a bit clearer.

One hears it said that if we have a wet season all or most of our matches will be over in a day-and-a-half or two days at most. This I cannot deny; but remember ours is a summer game and played when we expect some fine weather, and I think we do get a fair share of it. If we get seven fine years and three wet ones we must put the fat years against the lean.

Now for what I fear is the "maggot at the core"—Money, Money, Money! For this is what is warring against the soul. The rules and arguments for the cash-box are so diametrically opposed to the rules and arguments for the game that I must honestly confess there would be immense opposition from the lovers of the cash-box if a change in this rule were made. The advantages to the game are unbounded. It would introduce a number of new bowlers, real round-arm bowlers, who would bowl round the wicket, the curly chap from leg, more of the C. T. Studds, Southertons, and Alfred Shaws; and by the same token the batting would become more attractive. We might, perhaps, see a ball go high and far to square leg: we should see men jump out more to drive, and particularly if the pitch were wet and difficult the men who made the best use of their bats would win the match. In fact it would make some of the stickers a bit more free, which I think would be an advantage.

I hear there is an idea of having a net round the grounds and making these big scorers run out their runs; and a capital idea, too. I am sure the scorers of 100 runs would be halved in the first year of the experiment. With no disrespect to our professional friends and some of our amateurs, I should strongly advise some of them, if this rule comes into force, to begin steady training at once for next year's Cricket, as a little less round the chest, shall we say, they would find to be an advantage when they begin Cricket once again.

Why should not all our first-class matches begin punctually at eleven o'clock each day? I can see no reason why they should not. All county teams nowadays go down to where they are going to play the night before, and are, therefore, on the

spot ready to begin. It is quite an exception for a player to travel any distance on the morning of the match.

Has anyone ever timed the two-minute rule? I have; and anyone who does will find it is nearer three minutes-and-a-half to four minutes before the fresh batsman commences operations. Why should he not pass the retiring batsman on his way to the wickets? It is only the most foolish regard for old custom that makes for such waste of time.

I would also limit the number of trial balls to one. How often does a new bowler bowl four balls, one of which is almost sure to be misfielded, and consequently goes to the boundary, wasting more time.

R. THOMS.

A few words on our old friends, the umpires, a very great many of whom I am proud to have the pleasure of knowing. Speaking of them as a body, a more civil, sounder, or honester lot of men one could not wish to meet. One important mistake they make, and to which I must shortly refer, is a result of the very good fellowship that is in them, and nothing more.

This "mixed" bowling, or whatever you like to call it, is to my mind a sort of cricket hydrophobia, and should be emphatically put down at first sight. You do not wait till your dog (who has been looking very strange) develops hydrophobia before you shoot him. The risk is too great; you shoot him at once. Well, why not "no-ball" any bowler who has even a doubtful action? I am sure it would be much better for the game in the future.

Now, this is where the umpires make a mistake. They know full well that a man has not been bowling fairly, and yet they have not the courage of their opinions, and consequently they do not "no-ball" him.

This is a great error on their part, so far as the game is concerned. Umpires should take up a strong position, and if in their opinion a man is bowling unfairly, let them "no-ball" him at once, again, and yet again. Once do this, and they will soon have nothing but the genuine article to deal with.

In small matches in the country the "throwing" evil is much on the increase, and umpires invariably pass it by in silence. I really believe umpires think they are doing a cricketer a permanent injury if they "no-ball" him, that they are casting a slur upon him, and that for the rest of his cricketing career he will be marked with the broad arrow.

This is not the case. He simply retires as a bowler and turns his attention to other departments of the game. In this particular I speak from personal experience.

There are a few bowlers who have sprung up of late years—thank goodness, a very few—who, taking advantage of their great pace, pound the ball down very short, in hopes of a catch in the slips or to the wicket-keeper standing back. Although one may or may not admire this particular style of bowling, it is doubtless perfectly legitimate, and very often effects its purpose. But I should like to tell some of those gentlemen who wilfully bowl at the batsman (and I am not speaking without knowing) that it is a cruel, cowardly deed, and a man who would attempt an act of that sort is not fit to play among gentlemen. I know an instance in which one of the fastest bowlers in England openly stated, "If so and so stands out of his ground, I shall bowl at him." This is a fact. I can only hope that the author of those words may read these lines, and feel ashamed of himself. If an injury had happened, the law might have had something to say to the gentleman upon the subject.

I would suggest that the innings may be closed upon any day of the match. The rule as it now stands is ridiculous.

Might I also recommend the Surrey committee to give up the absurd farce of their so-called Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval? One Gents. v. Players match is quite enough each year. Naturally enough, the Surrey committee has great

difficulty in getting a representative Gentlemen Eleven together, from the fact that cricketers do not look upon the Oval match as the Gents. v. Players at all. If you ask if so-and-so played for the Gentlemen, the answer is: "Yes, but at the Oval." Let those who have played in a Gentlemen v. Players match be considered to have attained the highest cricket position here, with, of course, the exception of any eleven chosen to play for England.

Having written at some length in a serious manner upon many points of our glorious game, I trust, in conclusion, I may be permitted to relate a few little cricket stories, some of which I can answer for personally, and the others I believe to be equally true. I ask your forgiveness if they turn out to be "Joe Millers."

A friend of mine was in the habit of taking an eleven every year to play against a lunatic asylum, the doctors and the assistants, with two or three harmless patients, making up a really good team. On one of these occasions one of the poor lunatics was keeping wicket, and, thinking he had made a very smart catch at the wicket, asked the umpire very quickly and excitedly, "How's that?" "Not out," said the umpire, whereupon, in the twinkling of an eye, he picked up the middle stump and brought it down with a crack, bang on the top of the unsuspecting batsman's head, at the same time crying out, "How's that, then?" It is needless to add the game was somewhat interrupted for the time being.

In the days when Crossland, of the Lancashire Eleven, was the fastest bowler, or thrower, in England, an eleven of the County were in the habit of playing against twenty-two colts. In one of these matches a very rough rustic-looking cricketer came in to bat, with one pad, unfortunately, on the wrong leg. It was too late to make the change, so he took position to receive the first ball from Crossland. Crossland sent down what he intended to be a very fast yorker. It struck the batsman full on his left leg. "How's that?" shouted Crossland; "Not out," said the umpire, but, much to the surprise of everyone, away limped our unfortunate friend. "Come back," I said; "Not

out," repeated the umpire. "I don't care a d—— what you said, I'm going"; and away he went amid shouts of laughter.

I remember the late H. H. Stephenson telling me of a most amusing incident happening in a match in which he was playing. The match was being played in a field belonging to the landlord of the Red Lion, at Cobham, in Surrey. The landlord was batting when a ball bowled hit him on the leg, and he was given out leg before wicket. On hearing the decision he immediately flew into a rage, and remarked, "Oh, then 'out is it; 'out This is my field, and you don't have no more cricket here to-day," and they didn't.

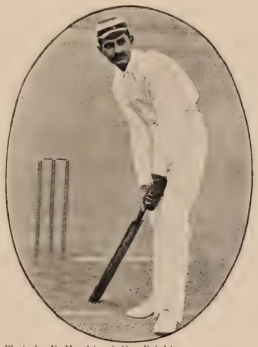


Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.
K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

One of the most curious mistakes I ever heard made by umpires was made in a match played at Esher between Esher and I. Zingari. I was keeping wicket for I. Z. and my two brothers, H. C. C. and M. C. C., were in batting. Before H. C. had made a run he cut very hard at a ball close to his off stump. He struck the top of the off stump with his bat, broke the bail clean in half, and made a dent in his bat big enough to hide a thimble in. He was, of course, just going to walk out, when I, foolishly, and really not intending the umpire to hear, said, "How's that for a catch?" To my utter astonishment poor old Grannie Martingell, who at that time was getting very deaf and blind, heard me, and promptly and loudly said, "Not out." My brother, M. C.

then said, "Martingell says you're not out." I then said, "Oh, go out; you're out right enough," and I holloaed out to the umpire, "How's that for hit wicket?" All the answer I could get from old Grannie was, "You did *not* hit it, Mr. Clarke"; and when I again pointed out he had hit his wicket, he only said he couldn't see anything about that. I then appealed to the other umpire. He also said he could not see. Accordingly H. C. went on batting and scored 64 runs. The Captain of I. Z. said he ought to have gone out, but H. C. justly remarked, "Well, I am so often given out when I am not out, that I feel justified in taking advantage of a mistake the other way for once." It really was entirely my fault for asking for the catch; but I never dreamt of old Martingell hearing me. Moral: Let well alone.

C. C. Clarke.

A friend of mine, on visiting an old ground where he used for merly to play a good deal, saw there in old local cricketer. "How do, John?" said my friend. "Quite well, thank'ee, sir. You see they can't do without me even now, sir." "Why, you don't mean you are still playing, John?" "No, no, sir! I don't play now, but I umpires." "Well, but John, I'm sure you wouldn't do anything wrong. What do you mean?" "No, no, sir! Why, of course I wouldn't; but you see, sir, we've got a very useful little bowler, and when I see's he's likely to take a wicket I gives he an extra ball, and it is *sur*-prising how often he gets a wicket with it."

I once caught the celebrated R. A. H. Mitchell out four times in one match at Melton Constable, in Norfolk. We were playing on a very bad wicket, chiefly plantains, and I had

C. C. CLARKE.

grand fun standing back behind the wicket to A. H. Evans, the Oxford fast bowler. I succeeded in getting Mr. Mitchell given out twice out of four, a very fair average as things go.

One lovely day in September we were playing in quite a yokels' match in the country, a relief after three or four days' hard walking after partridges. Our opponents had driven some little distance to our ground, so upon their arrival they were at once refreshed with bread and cheese and beer. At 1.30 we all adjourned to a really grand feed in a big tent. After sitting for some time next to one of the visiting yokels and much admiring the truly magnificent way in which he gorged himself, I kindly remarked that I hoped he was enjoying himself. "Yes, sir, thank'ee. This is zummat like; but what I doan't like is the scouting out a'tween the meals." I don't remember much about his cricketing powers, but I should like to have backed him for a trifle for the trencher stakes.

Charles C. Clarke

CYCLING.

THE position of the sport of Cycling at the present time is a matter of congratulation to those of us who date as cyclists from the early 'seventies, and the Stock Exchange mirrors in little the larger world outside in the course it has followed with regard to the sport.

In the first years of the 19th century the Draisnene, or Dandy Horse, was seen upon the highways. Between 1830 and 1840 Kirkpatrick Macmillan fitted the rear wheel with a driving arrangement, and in 1866 a veritable bicycle appeared in Paris as a child's toy. This *jouet d'enfant* was developed, and in 1868 Rowley Turner brought one to England and rode it round Spencer's Gymnasium to the admiration of all beholders, and amongst those beholders was John Mayall, jun., who, having learnt to ride, bicycled from London to Brighton on February 19th, 1869, in 16 hours, a feat considerably commented on at the time, but seriously discounted in the following March, when the brothers W. M. and H. J. Chinnery *walked* the journey in 11 hrs. 45 mins. Nevertheless, Mayall's feat drew attention to the velocipede and a steadily increasing number of persons began to ride it. In those early days the velocipedist was an outcast, a pariah of the highways, an Ishmael with every man's hand against him (especially if the man was a son of Nimshi, "driving furiously"),—horse users in many cases objecting emphatically to the bicycle, at which horses shied in a manner which would astonish latter day cyclists. The position in the early 'seventies has markedly changed in the late 'eighties. Then

the velocipedestrian was something to be laughed at, now the cyclist is recognised as being a legitimate road-user. The butcher's boy who then found a wild joy in cutting the wheelman as close as he dare, now gives him plenty of room, and possibly touches his forelock to his master's customer. To talk of bicycling then was to be met with something like a sneer from one's contemporaries and with a pitying glance from the fathers. Now all the youngsters cycle, and the fathers as well, and grave and reverend seigniors, to whom humble persons like myself look up with awe, draw one into a corner and say: "You can tell me! When I unscrew my valve cap, &c., &c., &c.," or produce from a waistcoat pocket an evil-looking chip of flint and ask, "What would *you* do if you got a thing like *that* in your back tyre?"—'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind'!

The old brigade—the pioneers—even in the early days, saw a great future for the bicycle, providing as it did an easy means of transit. In many respects the machine was then crude and unsatisfactory; but that it contained the germ of a revolution in locomotion was clear to the practical rider, and that germ developed until the cycle of to-day was at the service of the community.

Now, with a few exceptions, any man or any woman, can propel a cycle, and the number doing so increases daily. I advisedly use the word "propel" because a vast number of people do nothing more—they have acquired a more or less stable balance and by treading on the pedals, at periods more or less approximating to the proper moment, they propel the vehicle and are satisfied.

To secure to the full the pleasure which is to be got out of the dainty cycle of to-day, its owner must learn to ride it skilfully, and the very first step in that direction, when the learner stage is past, is for the cyclist to divest himself of all preconceived ideas as to the exercise.

Take attitude for example. An American jockey, by "getting down" to avoid wind pressure at high speeds has been able to secure an advantage for his mounts; yet the cyclist who propels himself on a 25lb. cycle has been severely—not to say

savagely—criticised for putting his head down when riding fast or against the wind. Otherwise amiable people, who know nothing of windage under such conditions, call such a rider "a scorcher" and become quite indignant with him. Yet were any one of these critics to learn to ride and become reasonably expert he would be found "getting down" when facing a wind like

1819, THE DRAISNENE, OR DANDY HORSE, THE ANCESTOR OF THE CYCLE.

the veriest scorcher of them all. Of course I do not suggest that the absurd imitation of the racing man's proper pose is the right way to ride on the road, but success can only be attained by discarding ideas not endorsed by practical experience.

The novice stage passed and a reasonable amount of control having been acquired, the cyclist must begin to study

himself and his mount, and to discover by actual experiment the adjustments, proportions, and gearing which suit him best. These matters are all more or less individual, and can only be decided by the rider himself after careful experiment and observation ; though, of course, the advice of an expert is often useful. The conditions vary as the rider becomes more accustomed to the work –the muscles become stronger, and more specialized, so that it is well to begin to note results early.

Adjustments include position of saddle and position of handles ; and obviously depend primarily on length of limb, effective reach—which is often a very different thing from actual reach—and the powers of the muscles in their varying positions, which differ of course in individuals. The position of the saddle is also affected by the length of the crank, and crank length is one of the pitfalls which surround the beginner, because of that blessed word "leverage." As soon as the novice finds cycling hard work—and any unusual exertion of the muscles is soon felt to be hard work—he simply yearns for more leverage, and wonders why he should only have 6¾in. cranks when 8in., 9in., and 10in. cranks would so materially increase his power. That theory has been expounded to me at fatiguing length by scores of beginners. I used to argue with them and draw diagrams, but I do not do so now. I give the novice the address of a highly respectable firm which will fit 9-in. cranks, and lament my inability to mention one which fits 12-in. cranks. The cure is usually a complete one, the over-reaching resulting from the use of a long crank, produces stiffness, pain and cramp, and very soon convinces the experimentalist that there are other elements in the problem besides "leverage." A very few men may use abnormally long cranks with advantage, but the average man will get the best results with cranks between 6-in. and 7-in. long. The saddle is adjusted in relation to the cranks, and the handles in relation to the saddle, and the latter should be placed so that the hands are neither too high nor too low, both these adjustments being altered from time to time until the position which especially

suits the rider is found ; always bearing in mind that use may make an unscientific position appear comfortable, and a proper adjustment uncomfortable until the rider has got accustomed to it. Glaring defects can be pointed out by an expert observer, the personal variations are small, but none the less effective.

Gear is another pit-fall which must be watched and worked at until practical experience demonstrates what combination produces the best results in each individual case. If an error is to be made it is much better to have the gear too low than too high. A low gear may produce temporary exhaustion and breathlessness, from rapid motion ; but no serious results will follow, whilst if the gear be too high its propulsion throws a great and unnecessary strain on the heart, as well as on the muscles of the legs.

I am alluding, of course, to normal gears from 60-in. to 80-in. or so. The more aggravated forms of gear insanity—the 120-in., 130-in. and 150-in.—where they are ridden in good faith and not for the purpose of advertisement, I need not deal with, beyond remarking that abnormal gearing is like the morphia habit, constantly requiring increase to allay the cravings. The big muscles doing heavy work stiffen and get slow, and raising the gear is the only thing which enables the sufferer to maintain his pace, the process being repeated until nature refuses to be over-driven any longer, and the rider breaks down.

As a general rule heavily muscled riders find a high gear most satisfactory, the foot motion being slower ; but all riders would be well advised to use as low a gear as is compatible with satisfactory results, and in any case to lower the gear in the winter, and aim at cultivating activity in pedalling rather than the development of heavy muscle. These remarks may seem to savour of the much abused scorcher, but the simple fact, as I have pointed out more than once in articles on this subject, is that if the quietest and most unathletic rider will study the matter and ascertain the methods whereby the highest speeds have been attained, he will find, when he has

mastered these methods and practised them to the best of his ability, that he has materially *increased his speed.*

Now this will offer but small inducement to many riders of both sexes to pursue such an investigation until it is pointed out to them that "speed" may be read as "ease of propulsion,"

1830-40, KIRKPATRICK MACMILLAN AND HIS DANDY HORSE.
THE FIRST REAR-DRIVEN SAFETY BICYCLE.

and it is obviously the desire of even the mildest follower of the art of Cycling to ride with ease.

The rider who is equal to 20 miles an hour at his best speed will obviously find it easier to cover 10 miles in 60 minutes, than the rider who, if put to it, could not cover more than 15 miles an hour at his best, and it is a mere truism to assert that

if the correct methods be mastered, they are as useful to the quiet rider as to the scorcher.

One of the many charms of the sport is to be found in the point under consideration. The cyclist can always be learning, the rider of mature years who began late in life can still study and improve his style and method of riding. I know many cases of men who were content to paddle about at six miles an hour on tricycles being persuaded to learn to ride the bicycle—then came the knowledge that there was some art in propelling that form of cycle. Investigation and experiment followed, and ere long these riders were telling how they climbed, with ease, hills they had hitherto walked up—how, on their longer journeys, the mile-stones slipped by with unwonted rapidity; though not possibly with the speed attributed to them, when, in the 'seventies, the captain of a London club made a road record at such a pace that "the mile-stones looked like the teeth of a comb"; but still demonstrating a decided increase in the pace. I can say, after 25 years of continuous Cycling, that I am learning something to-day, and the doctors tell us that we continue to specialise our muscles for the work we do, so that there are always improvements going on and fresh conditions being developed.

A vital point in the practical pursuit of the sport is the question of dress, and here again the "scorcher legend" is responsible for much evil. When the cyclist was a pariah, it must be admitted that he did not study his dress with a view to pleasing people who tabooed him, added to which he was very young. Few elderly men climbed the giddy height of the "ordinary bicycle," agile youth being in the majority, and the early cyclist sometimes, it must be admitted, made a guy of himself.

The tight-fitting garments necessary to safety on the high bicycle were cut in military style—be-braided, be-frogged, sometimes

"Gold laced,
"A uniform handsome and chaste."

Indeed, some clubs insisted on their officers wearing gold or silver lace and footmen's aiguillettes! This period passing away and the tricycle and safety bicycle coming into use, cyclists

adopted a loose, easy-fitting garb, and by painful experience learnt that woollen garments were absolutely necessary to secure safety from chills when hard riding was indulged in or bad weather encountered. The fact that the expert cyclists (all generally classed as "scorchers") wear woollen clothing, only caused the new comers in the sport to adhere with terrible determination to linen; indeed, a careful observation of the more clearly marked specimens of the genus, leads to the supposition that the most characteristic part of their plumage, the stand-up-and-turn-over-collar has been actually aggravated in accordance with the truest principles of the Darwinian theory, and on the same basis, the wearing of knickerbockers—the only possible garb for active Cycling—has been carefully avoided; whilst boots have been preferred to shoes for the same reason.

Now it cannot possibly be denied that Cycling is an athletic exercise, even when the cyclist is content to pedal solemnly round the park at five or six miles an hour, and I entertain no doubt that in due season the new cyclist will garb himself correctly, just as the man who goes mountaineering, shooting, yachting, or fishing, dons a dress suitable to, and convenient for, the sport he follows. My observations during the past two years lead me to the conclusion that the majority of the new comers steadily drift towards the practical side of the sport. I have seen a rider sauntering round the park, bolt upright, with trousers clipped round the ankles, boots on his feet, position all wrong, gazing at the other amblers over four inches of irreproachable collar, and then perhaps a few months later I have met him in shoes, knickerbockers and stockings, wearing a flannel shirt with collar of the same material, far away in the country, and, "tell it not in Gath," actually scorching, racing along a quiet stretch of road, a harmless tourist, with a big show of luggage on his machine.

To cycle with safety and comfort, if anything but the very mildest form of the sport is to be indulged in, the rider must be properly dressed in suitable garments, and the only suitable garments, both for under and over-wear, are those made of the

hair or wool of animals—no vegetable fibres—and certainly no silk. I am aware that this dictum eliminates the linen collar—it is sad—but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that the collar, and all garments or linings made of vegetable fibre must be discarded, always supposing that the sport is being properly pursued and not merely played at.

One of the chief merits of Cycling, in these later times, is that although it is an athletic sport involving physical exertion it is one in which the fair sex can join, with pleasure and advantage. It is, in these days of light machines, much less a physical exercise than a game of skill—a sport in which skill tells. Many a dainty maiden can ride further and faster on a cycle than a mere inexpert man, and a vast number of ladies find the cycle a useful, enjoyable and healthful means of locomotion. Space does not permit of my going at length into the question; but all I have said as to the advantage accruing to the cyclist of the sterner sex, from a study of the best methods, applies with added force in the case of lady riders. Propelling a cycle calls for the skilful use of small amounts of power, and the acquirement of skill, pure and simple, is a special attribute of the fair sex. When success in any exercise calls for a large amount of physical power, in addition to skill in its use, it must be admitted—with the humblest apologies to the New Woman—that the ladies fail; but it is an easily demonstrable fact that cycle riding is much more a question of skill than of physical strength, and the wonderful performances of many ladies go to prove it. Only the other day I heard of one lady who rode 65 miles, under unfavourable conditions, between morning and night, and of another who accomplished 77 miles in the day—these performances not being those of professional performers, but simply ordinary trips taken without any special preparation.

Of hard-riding veterans there are many instances—riders well past the allotted span who can cover 60 to 70 miles a day, and who attribute their health and vigour to the use of the cycle.

Thus, neither age nor sex need debar anyone from pursuing this sport, which is held by many medical men to be a nerve

tonic of the highest order. It affords exercise and change of scene, is exhilarating and novel, and has in many instances proved a health-giving pursuit; whilst, even if regarded merely as a ready and economical method of locomotion, it must of necessity hold a very prominent place. It affords a convenient means of reaching the river, the cricket field, the tennis court, the golf links, and the railway station. It brings friends together who live just too long a walk from one another. It opens up new country outside the walking radius from home; whilst, as a means of spending a holiday in the country or abroad, it is practically unrivalled. These points in favour of the cycle are now being recognised; but, as I said at the opening of this article, they were not recognised at first.

Our own institution includes a number of men who were enthusiastic cyclists in the early days, who bestrode the "bone-shaker," and have followed the sport with interest from that time. I should like, had it come within the scope of this book, to have said something of the pioneer cyclists amongst Stock Exchange men—of the cyclist who explored the Continent and rode over the Alps, before Frenchmen took to the sport in any numbers—of the racing men who have won championships upon both bicycle and tricycle, notably of those two brothers, one of whom, with a seriously injured leg, rode one of the pluckiest finishes I ever judged, and won despite his lameness; and the other—a very "Sloan" as a tricycle jockey—who, after the very shortest of preparations, utterly defeated a Continental champion by a consummate exhibition of judgment and pace, the visitor coming to England with a practically unbeaten record.

I could talk of veterans who rode "bone-shakers" a few weeks after Rowley Turner leapt upon the *jouet d'enfant* in Spencer's Gymnasium, and who saw John Mayall, jun., start on his epoch-making journey to Brighton, and of cycling novices who are enthusiastic in their appreciation of the sport; and if I were to tell tales out of school I might relate some of their earlier experiences, criticise the marvellous inventions of Stock Exchange

GEO. LACY HILLIER.

geniuses, gibbet the velocipedestrian who takes cycling exercise in a hansom cab, himself inside and his machine on the mat in front, or tell of the amiable gentleman who takes his cycle abroad and brings it back without mounting it—the machine, like Li Hung Chang's Yellow Jacket, being simply the insignia of his rank as an English cyclist. I might, I say, reveal these and many more secrets; but I refrain, and can only add that I hope that if these few words may in some small degree assist in the development of the sport of Cycling.

MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE WHO HAVE WON AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

BRAMSON, W. G. H., Lewisham Bicycle Club.
25 Miles Tricycle Championship, 1889.
5 Miles Tricycle Championship, 1891.

BRAMSON, F., London County C. and A. Club.
10 Miles Tricycle Championship, 1892.
1 Mile Tricycle Championship, 1893.
10 Miles Tricycle Championship, 1893.

HILLIER, G. Lacy, Stanley Bicycle Club.
1 Mile Championship, 1881.
5 Miles Championship, 1881.
25 Miles Championship, 1881.
50 Miles Championship, 1881.

Photo by [illegible] THE DEAD VOLTE W. A. Rouch.

FENCING.

FROM whatever point of view we regard Fencing, whether as an art, a pastime, or simply as a physical exercise and a safety-valve for our superfluous steam, it is surely not a little surprising to find how very little way it has made in England—in England, where lives that strange people that bow the knee to muscle and worship nerve! It is the more extraordinary when we think how immensely popular with this strange people has always been a fight, in any shape or form and under any circumstances, since their history began. Fencing is not fighting it is true, but it is a very refined and scientific parody of it, and is calculated to try the skill, patience, and endurance of a man almost as much as the real thing.

It cannot be that the difficulty of learning is so great as to frighten the would-be beginner before he begins; for in this respect Fencing compares favourably with most of our sports, insomuch that an average healthy and active man may hope to have learnt enough in four months, taking a lesson, say three times a week, at least, to amuse himself in an assault with other beginners. It is true that, having learnt "what to do," it requires years of practice to know "how to do it." But during that time there is always the satisfaction of feeling that all the experience accumulated remains with you.

Merely as an exercise, Fencing has the strongest claims on our consideration. It can be (and, indeed, should be) begun when quite young, and can be kept up to a time of life when

few, if any, other forms of sport are possible or pleasant, a loss of quickness in the veteran being to a great extent balanced by an increase of coolness and knowledge of the game. It is essentially an all-the-year-round pastime, and is not dependent on day-light. Besides all this, its moral effect is most distinct, and the exhilaration experienced during, and after an assault, even in one where one is overmatched, can hardly be realised by

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

PHASES OF OLD ENGLISH BROAD-SWORD PLAY.

those who have not tried it. For this reason a fencing bout is the best possible finish to a hard day's worry, for it is so absorbing that the mind is forced to think of that and nothing else.

It is an education to watch different men fence. A keen observer of human nature can, after one or two assaults, form a very fair idea of the whole character of his opponent. Your first-class fencer must always be a quick-witted man: he must almost *anticipate* his opportunity, make up his mind what to do, and do it instantaneously. The hand and legs soon learn to

obey the mind and carry out its idea instinctively, in the same manner as do the fingers on the violin or on the piano.

The foil is, of course, a plaything, or rather a mere implement of practice; it is not at all adapted to real fighting, being much too light and pliable. The French duelling sword, so called *epée de combat*, is also very light, but it is strong and rigid, and is, in fact, a refined form specialised for thrusting

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

PHASES OF OLD ENGLISH BROAD-SWORD PLAY.

alone—of the rapier, which first began to be used towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Italy can claim to be the birthplace of the rapier, the duelling sword, mainly thrusting, distinct from the armour-breaking or mainly cutting sword. The Italian phraseology of fence was also adopted by all Europe, and is used to this day. The early Italian masters reduced the breadth, modified the hilt to admit the readier thrusting action, and made the edge a minor consideration. The weapon thus transformed was eagerly taken up in Spain, France, and Germany. Later on all cutting action

was discarded. In England, however, there appears to have been some opposition to its general acceptance. No doubt the old conservative instinct, which is still our heritage, distrusted subtle innovations, especially from foreign quarters. The broad sword and buckler were our national weapons at that time, and the contrast between that somewhat ingenuous and unscientific but sturdy play, and the tricky new fence where weight and muscle did not play the principal part, was too great to make the change popular. The rules and etiquette of broad-sword fence were at that time as clearly defined, though, of course, much less intricate, as those of the present Italian or French foil-play. Indeed, in the reign of Henry VIII., a charter was granted to a privileged body, styling itself the "Corporation of Maisters of Defence." So long as this endured, our pre-eminence in the use of the sword was admitted throughout Europe, and foreigners actually came to us to learn the art. Under James I., however, the privileges of the Maisters of Defence appear to have lapsed, the first Stuart being essentially "no lover of a blade." From this time it became necessary for a gentleman who wished to learn the elegant use of the sword, or rather of the rapier and dagger, or rapier and cloak, to call in the aid of the Spanish or Italian master. The dagger and cloak, be it noted, were long considered as necessary adjuncts to the rapier, and were used for parrying the adversary's cuts or points, for, in the early days of the duelling sword, the blade was far too long and unwieldy to afford a satisfactory means of defence. The scientific use of the national broad-sword or hanger continued, however, during the Parliamentary era, and up to the end of the seventeenth century we could still boast a number of professional swordsmen who could more than hold their own against all comers.

In the early Georgian days "bruising" competitions came into vogue, and eventually quite displaced the sword, which was the original prize-fighting weapon, in popular favour. And so it has gone on to the present day. What we lack now is a "school," or institution, where instructors can learn the art of teaching on strictly defined principles, and with a regard for

"tradition." In our army and navy, where good practical rules are enforced and tradition is kept up, the result is excellent. As a matter of fact no foreign cavalryman can equal our own in the "nice conduct" of the sabre, no foreign sailor can compare with our blue-jackets in the precise use of the cutlass.

It would appear therefore, that our failure hitherto to excel in the art of fence is by no means due to congenital incapacity, but rather to the fact that in this country we have not, as in France and Italy, a recognised official and State-aided school. This, in a manner, is the result of our more logical and law-abiding disposition which urges us to appear before the magistrates with a "plea for a summons" rather than to rush at our enemy with a "demand for satisfaction."

Un Coup d'Arrêt.

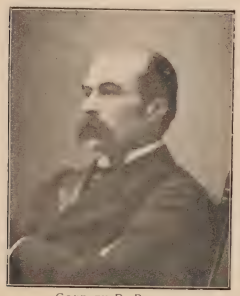
This excuse, so soothing to our self-esteem, has colour given it by the fact that there is at least one living Englishman (young McPherson) who can be ranked with the best French masters. It is necessary to limit this comparison to the French masters, for the Italian style of fence is so different from the French, that it is almost impossible to make a satisfactory match between two men of the rival schools. This is certainly the case with amateurs, who only succeed in spoiling each other's game. And here it may be remarked that the Italian method is much more closely allied to the real thing, *i.e.*, the fight

"without the button," than is the French. Indeed, so little has the intricate and brilliant French play to do with the use of the *epée de combat* that a first-class duellist need not be "a good fencer," and "the good fencer" ought most assuredly to take some special lessons with the *epée* before attempting to fight a duel.

This operation is performed at the present day in somewhat the following manner:—The opponents are placed opposite each other at such a distance as will enable one of the seconds to hold the point of the two swords together between finger and thumb. Then, instead of the courteous, somewhat theatrical "salute" of fifty years ago, a good insolent stare is the only necessary preliminary to the business in hand. Instead of engaging the adversary's sword, or, in other words, crossing blades, each combatant endeavours, by a series of little dabs, to prick the sword-hand or advanced knee of his enemy without placing himself sufficiently near to be pricked in return. This effected by one or the other, a stop is put to what might become a dangerous performance should one or both combatants be so nervous as not to know exactly what he is doing. The *fin de siècle* system has the double advantage of satisfying honour and rendering unlikely afterwards any interference of the police. In "Fencing," on the contrary, no hit on the hand or knee, or indeed anywhere but on the chest, is reckoned good. Any other is supposed to be unintentional, and merely puts a stop to that particular pass. It is obvious that the lunge, which is the very essence of Fencing, would probably end in an ignominious "spill" if indulged in on a slippery gravel path or on wet grass—two of the most ordinary "stands" for a duel.

The Italian style retains much more the character of the old rapier-fence, inasmuch as the arm is kept extended, and the foil is held in such a way that the blade and the arm are in a straight line. Each pass is usually accompanied by a shout, expressive of "How's that!" "Take that!!" "There's one for you!!!" The exclamations, however, do not argue any loss of reason, and are simply the irrepressible expressions of a native excitability.

The salute, the absence of which is notable in the modern French duel, is a highly refined and elaborate ceremonial. Its object is to afford the opponents opportunity to rehearse some of the principal movements of correct fence, stretch their limbs, get their wind, and "take their distance." If properly done it is an extremely graceful and interesting performance to watch, and can be appreciated by anyone. This is hardly the case with the assault itself, when the movements of the foil become so rapid and involved that an untrained eye cannot follow them, and the hits themselves are often undetected, or their value misunderstood. This is not astonishing when it is remembered that the variations, permutations, and combinations on the four or five simple actions can be made to produce many hundreds of complex attacks, each distinct from the other. Now, the moral of all this surely is:—



GODFREY R. PEARSE.

Firstly.—There are in England (with the exception mentioned, and a few *maître d'armes*) no first-class fencers.

Secondly.—There is no sufficient reason why this should be the case.

Thirdly.—It ought not to be so.

Godfrey R. Pearse

FISHING.

SALMON.

THIS subject is a difficult one on which to write anything new; and, as I am not a de Rougemont, my readers must not expect anything startling. Personally, my own experience, though of a good many years' standing, has been confined to but few rivers and those only in the United Kingdom, and therefore, though tolerably successful, is not of so much value as that of the fisherman who has fished in many waters, both at home and abroad. The salmon is a capricious fish. You never know when you start out in the morning how you are going to fare. The pools may be full of fish, the day look perfect, the gillie predict that "we shall have fish the day," and yet, after working hard from morn till dewy or frosty eve, as the case may be, with fish showing in every cast, you return to your quarters without even a sensation of a pull. What is the reason that not one of the many fish which have seen the fly you have presented to them with your utmost ability has taken hold? Goodness only knows. You may theorize to your heart's content, but it won't make any difference to the weight of the bag, and if on such a day you are lucky enough to get a fish, you can put it down to a fluke and nothing else. Again, I have seen salmon take really well on the most unlikely day, when one goes out almost without hope of a pull.

Why, too, should salmon jump and show themselves at one time and not at another? I have sat by a pool for an hour or two without seeing a fish move, and all of a sudden they began

to show in all directions. Yes, they are curious fish, but in their very peculiarities lies the chief part of the charm of Salmon Fishing.

The other part lies in the act of Fishing, the scenery, and the exercise. In most cases the salmon angler, at any rate in Highland rivers, is amongst the most delightful surroundings—hills, woods, arable land, rocks, and the ever-fascinating rush of water, with a constantly changing panorama as he moves from pool to pool. He has the pleasure of fishing each one as he reaches it, and the satisfaction—for there is a great satisfaction—of knowing that he has fished it well, and that even if unsuccessful it is not from any fault of his own, but only from the innate cussedness and dourness of the fish. The exercise, too, of using an 18ft. rod all day long is quite sufficient to make him feel pleasantly tired, and precious hungry about dinner time.

What a pleasure it is (there is nothing I enjoy more except Fishing myself) to watch a real professor of the art. I know a "chiel," by name Donald Morgan, of Deeside, who is very hard to beat. Many a day have we spent together on the banks of that famous river, and no angler could wish for a more capable attendant. Always cheerful, whether blank or with ten fish on his back, ready to discuss any subject from politics to church matters, he knows that particular stretch of eight miles by heart, every lie—no matter what the state of the water—every rock, and one might almost say every stone on the bottom; and what a fisherman! Some of us think that we can fish a bit, but when it comes to a heavy upstream wind our line goes out in coils and we are done. To him wind seems to make very little difference. His line goes out straight, and we look on and feel small. There may

A Favourite Pool on the Dee.

be others equally good, or better; if so, I, personally, should very much like to watch them too. Now just one incident to show how salmon behave. There is a pool on this water in which the principal lie is on a flat piece of rock under the opposite bank about eight feet deep. A Scotch fir overhangs the lie. After fishing this place with no result, Donald suggested that I should wade across higher up, climb the tree (in which there are spikes for the purpose), and see if there were any fish lying there. I did so, got up, and could see seven good fish. I called out to him to wade in and fish it again. The first time the fly came over them one fish came up and followed it two or three yards, the second time it just looked up, at the third cast all the fish spread out, but slowly returned to their places, and at the fourth the whole seven turned tail and bolted out of sight as hard as they could go down stream. Now, at another place I have seen the fly put to fish again and again, and they have never even offered to move.

I have never had the luck to be the hero of any one of the wonderful fights with salmon, of which one sometimes reads, and am afraid that I never shall be. I have never caught a record fish, my largest being a paltry 26-pounder, and, moreover, I have never seen a fairly hooked salmon caught which took over thirty minutes to land with an ordinary 18ft. salmon rod and line, with one amusing exception. Here it is: One day in April some ten years ago, I was fishing on the Dee. I had finished one pool and was strolling up to the next, when I saw a man who was stopping at the same place playing a fish. I sat down on the bank and watched him as he had no gillie with him and I thought I might be of use with the gaff. After waiting twenty minutes I went up to him, congratulated him on having struck into a fish, and apparently a big one. Ten more minutes, and as I saw he was putting no strain on the fish, I suggested that it was time to haul it out. His answer was, "Don't you see it is sulking?" Finally I persuaded him to pull at it, and gaffed it. He took out his watch, looked at it and said triumphantly, "Fifty-six minutes, did it not fight well?" Now

this fish when weighed barely turned the scale at six pounds. I am afraid that I rather disappointed him by suggesting that the next time he hooked such a salmon he should look at his watch and make up his mind to have it at the gaff within ten minutes. Goodness knows how long it would have taken him to land that fish if I had not badgered him to pull at it—probably two or three hours. Now, I never read these fearful and wonderful tales of battles with salmon without thinking of my friend, and I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion these beautiful stories are either very highly coloured or happen to the class of fishermen described above.

In Norwegian and other foreign rivers, in which the volume of water is very much greater and the current runs faster, no doubt fish fight better and more strongly, and the sport is consequently greater.

Of all the salmon that I have caught I have never come across one that sulked, and have only had hold of one really wild fish that was fairly hooked (by this I mean hooked in the mouth). This fish when struck took one rush across the stream and jumped clean out of the water on to the stones on the opposite bank, where it lay kicking for about twenty seconds. It then wriggled itself back into the river, after which it gave me a really lively time, half-an-hour in all, before Donald gaffed it. A beautiful fish of 20 lb. Poor brute, no wonder it fought so wildly. The 2½-in. hook had gone into the upper jaw and come out through the eye. Curiously enough, the next day on the beat below I hooked a fish of 21 lbs. which fought very badly and was gaffed in a very few minutes. This fish was hooked in the tongue. Both these fish were beautiful spring fish, as bright as silver, and the date was in March. I have never known a fish hooked in the tongue give a good run.

Now, I don't propose to enter into the discussion as to whether or no salmon feed in fresh water. No doubt they do not feed much, otherwise the trout, etc., in rivers like the Aberdeenshire Dee would probably be quickly exterminated when one takes into consideration the quantity of fish which

yearly ascend this river, but that they do feed to a certain extent at times nobody who has seen salmon taking the March Brown in April can possibly deny. I myself have seen at least twenty-five fish in one pool at the same time taking every fly that came over them as steadily as rising trout on the Test, and there was a really good rise of fly. It happened to be my last day's Fishing, and, of course, I had no trout rod or flies with me, but I am absolutely certain that I could have hooked, and probably landed, some of them with a dry fly fished up-stream, and, in fact, I understand that my successors adopted this method with success.

And now a few lines more to describe very shortly what were two good days in the writer's experience. The first might have been a bumper if the sun had not shone so brightly, making the fish come short. Scene: a well-known beat on the Tweed. Result: pulled or hooked eighteen fish and only got five. Two days later on the same beat: five fish, besides several risen and pricked, 24½, 19, 26, 24, 23, and a grilse of 5-lb. Again the day was spoilt by brilliant sun.

Salmon Fishing, no doubt, except to the favoured few who are not tied to business, is a history of disappointments, varied by occasional glimpses of success, and it is only natural that it should be so. The fish must be in the river and the water must be right. Suppose that a member of the Stock Exchange takes a beat on a river for a month or two, having arranged to take his holiday at that time; it is annoying, to say the least of it, to find that the fish are there and the water is all wrong, or *vice versa*, but it is positively sickening to find that there are no fish and that there can't possibly be any until the weather changes. In this respect a busy man would do far better to go in for shooting, where he would be sure of having *some* sport, even if his keepers had done badly with pheasants, and it happened to be a bad partridge year. Still, Salmon Fishing has its compensations, and I know nothing more exhilarating than the pull of a fish and the feeling that that fish is attached to the end of the line. And I wish all my readers, who are fishermen, "more tight lines."

A friend who has had great experience in Norwegian Fishing writes as follows on the subject :—

"With regard to the Fishing expeditions I have made to out-of-the-way places abroad, I have, considering all things, met with fair success, but have had to put up with a very great deal of discomfort, particularly from mosquitos *et hoc genus omne*.

"One finds that the principal obstacle to Fishing on an unknown river is the native who lives on the banks (I have not yet had the luck to find an altogether uninhabited region). He cannot understand that anybody fishes solely for sport, and imagines that you are going to catch and keep the fish, which he looks upon as his own property and out of which he earns his living.

"The rivers abroad are in most cases much larger than any I have fished in the United Kingdom, and are fed by snow and glaciers, consequently they are wonderfully clear. The fish in these huge pools almost invariably make a tremendous run, and leap once or twice on being hooked. Should you hook one in a small pool he will not hesitate a second before dashing out and down the rapid below, even though this may be half-a-mile long, and up which it must have taken him a long while to ascend. The strongest gut and lots of line on the reel are therefore imperative. In Fishing a new and untried river which is more than a hundred yards broad, the only way to find out the lies of the fish is to harl the pools down with two rods and note the places where the fish take. This is not a very interesting way of Fishing unless you have two fish on at once and one makes up stream and the other down a big rapid, when all dulness disappears. Having located the best places, you can cast either from the boat, or if within reach, from the bank. Should you hook a good fish from a boat, do not be in any hurry to land. You have more chance of getting on terms with it quickly after a big run if you remain in your boat, besides which the banks of the rivers in uncultivated regions are not as a rule very easy to negotiate, and, should the fish start off down stream just after

you land, he may take all your line out before you can re-embark to follow.

"The boatmen in these wild lands, where the rivers form the only highway, are splendid watermen, and can be trusted to take you safely down rapids, in which you would, at first sight, think no boat could live.

"As to sport in far-off rivers, you may or may not be lucky, as the seasons vary very much. You may get there too early or too late, or find that the river you are after is no good at all.

A Good Evening's Bag in Norway.

"I once went to fish a river which took me nearly three weeks to reach, only to find there was a net permanently stretched across the mouth. The best day I ever had was in Norway. I got 15 salmon, a grilse, and a brown trout of 6 lbs. My friend F. and I fished in the early morning without success. Late in the afternoon all the fish in the river seemed to wake up

and began moving from one pool to another. I had the best beat, and got seven, while F. was fishing the Foss Pool, where he only got two. Finding the fish so well on the take, I called him down to fish my beat with me, and we proceeded to pull them out very freely. I told my boatman that we would stop Fishing when I had got 200 lbs. weight, but having succeeded in doing this, and F. still wanting another fish to complete his 200lbs., we continued, and each caught another. Then, as the boatmen were dead tired, we stopped. Had we been able to obtain fresh men I believe we could have gone on catching fish, as they were taking just as well next morning up to about eleven o'clock, when they stopped moving.

"Although at one time the fish took so freely that I hooked 3 out of 4 outside, one of them weighing 20 lbs. and taking a long while to kill. Had these been hooked in the mouth I have no doubt I should have caught five at least in the time expended in killing three.

The Place where the Wild Fish Died.

"I cannot remember how many I hooked, but I did not lose more than two or three. These are the weights of the fish landed—24, 20, 19, 18, 17, 17, 16, 14, 13, 11, 11, 10, 10, 9, 9, and a grilse 4 lb. F. lost one only out of 16 hooked. Weights 26, 20, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 11, 11, 11, 9, 9, 8, 7. Total for two rods—one evening's Fishing—433 lbs. Nearly all these fish were killed on the Black and Silver Doctors.

"The next day we each took eight fish, total weight 251 lbs., and the following day F. got eight and I ten, weighing 256 lbs." The illustration represents my friend's best day, and I think we may say, 'And a jolly good day, too.' The other illustration represents the pool "where the wild fish died" (as described above).

As to hints and advice. Briefly, I don't intend to give any beyond advising any novice to buy the best of everything in the way of rods, tackle, etc. He will find it cheaper and more satisfactory in the long run. As far as learning to fish goes, an hour at the river side with a good gillie will teach him more than all the books ever written on the subject.

TROUT.

Rudyard Kipling sings, "If you've 'eard the East a-callin, you won't never 'eed nought else." Now we can't all be globe trotters, so some of us are free from that spell. If, however, we were to substitute for East, trout stream, to how many thousand fishermen would it not appeal?

I should like to know if there is one fisherman to be found who has not experienced the feeling of hearing the trout stream calling him in the spring of the year. If there is such a one I am sorry for him, for he can't be keen. Of all the branches of the art, the one I personally prefer is that commonly called dry-fly fishing, so in these few lines I shall take the liberty of passing over all others, such as wet-fly, worm, minnow, and so on, and stick to the one subject. To many others besides myself the dry-fly method is by far the most fascinating, and I venture to think that it is by far the most scientific form of angling, not even excepting Salmon Fishing.

Take for example a first day of the season on a favourite part of the Test. I know from former years the regular spots where fish rise, and how the wind will suit each bend. After a leisurely breakfast, for in the middle of April there will be no fly up till at least eleven o'clock, I stroll down the stream and make for a particular corner which always holds good fish. Still too early. No fly and nothing moving; so down I sit, light a pipe, and wait, keeping an eye on where a trout should rise.

Was it fancy, or did I see a fish move close to the bank, and just behind that tussock? No; by Jove! there he is again. Now, what fly to try him with. It is early in the season and I hesitate between the "Hare's Ear" and the dark olive with gold twist, but decide on the latter. Now carefully into the water, as he is not to be covered from the bank, to wait for his next rise.

Good, I have not put him down. Two or three casts in the air to get the length, and the dark olive drops just in front of his nose. I can see him come nearly up to it and refuse; try him again, but he takes no notice. On with the "Hare's Ear." Ah! that's better. He comes at it, rises boldy, a quick turn of the wrist, and I am into my first trout of the season. All goes well, and in two or three minutes he is safely in the net. A pound and six ounces he weighs, and in very fair condition for the time of year.

But a month or two later, when every good fish has been pricked once or twice and knows how to take care of himself, is the time when the old hand scores. You have started in good time, found an old friend rising steadily in his particular spot, waded up very carefully as near as you dare, examined all the flies that come down to you on the water to see what are hatching out that day, and tried him with everything you can think of, with perhaps a half-hearted rise—then you feel that you are on equal terms with the beggar and that he knows almost as much as you do. This is the time for heroic measures, and I have often waded quietly up to where he was feeding, frightening him of course, and investigated every fly passing over that spot, to find a particular fly, say, for instance, an iron blue coming now and then, and decided that this must be what the fish was taking. I have then moved off, found another feeding fish, caught him or not, as the case might be, gone back to find my old friend rising again, and hooked him at the first cast with the iron blue. That's sport to my mind. The day seems finer, the sky more blue. One lies contentedly on the bank, the birds are singing, the snipe are drumming; one is far away from the bustle of the City, with not a soul in sight. Can

there possibly be a more perfect holiday for a member of the Stock Exchange. Can any salmon fishing, excepting, of course, the catching of one's record fish, or any wet-fly fishing, show such real sport as this. To my mind—No! Nothing to be compared to it.

The dry-fly fisherman, too, does not require a big bag to content him. There is plenty of fun to be got out of a brace of fish, especially if they are two-pounders. Naturally, we all like big days now and then, but in this style of fishing one is always learning something, and, personally, after fourteen seasons on the Test, I felt that I was just beginning to know something about the art.

There is a small village nestling on the banks of the king of chalk streams, backed by a steep hill, the gardens of its thatched cottages running down to the water. At its principal inn several of us used to meet on Friday evenings for the week-ends. How keen we all were, and how fishy was the conversation after dinner.

Well I remember, too, the arrival there of a gallant colonel and his brother, who had taken rods on our favourite stretch. They knew nothing of the mysteries of the dry-fly, did not believe in it, had caught trout since they were small boys with the wet-fly, and meant to do it here. We quietly suggested that they could not expect much sport; they only laughed, and pitied us for our ignorance.

What a nuisance they were to us, though good fellows. Any dry-fly man knows how the down stream wet-fly angler can spoil his sport. They certainly spoilt ours. To start at the top and fish steadily down the water was their method. When they came down to any of us they put down our fish and asked after our sport. Needless to say, we had very little to boast of, and neither did they. They stayed a whole month, during which time they caught one half-pound fish, the limit here being a pound, and departed sadder and wiser men, with the admission that perhaps on that particular river *only* our way of fishing was better than theirs; and weren't we glad to see their backs.

In this village was a mill, and under the mill apron was the home of one of the finest trout the Test has ever grown. It rejoiced in the name of Jumbo and was the pride of the village, and the miller's special pet. The miller, a real good chap, had been there fifteen years, and when he first came Jumbo weighed over 8 lbs. He gradually grew to 10 lbs. and afterwards began to go back with age. Many and many a time I have fed him with bread and other luxuries, which he took in the most confiding manner almost at one's feet. Alas! poor Jumbo, he was ruthlessly slaughtered by a fisherman who had no right to fish there and ought to have known better. At his lamented decease he weighed, I believe, between 6 and 7 lbs.; and wasn't the miller furious.

In another part of the stream was also a big one; a lady this time, named Alice. With Jumbo she was in the habit of spending a yearly honeymoon; at least, I was informed so by the keeper, who told me that he always knew where to find them on a spawning bed a mile or two up the river. Of the history of Alice, after Jumbo's tragic death, I have no record. She may have pined away and refused to be comforted on finding herself left alone on that same spawning bed, or have taken to herself a partner from the rising trout generation. Probably the latter, being of the fickle sex.

I shall never forget my best day on the Test. Being invited by a friend, who thought that there were too many fish in his water, I drove over there about 9.30. The day was perfect and, to cut a long story short, I landed twenty-three brace, a good many of which were returned. How many were kept I forget, but I know that the keeper, who had orders to distribute the fish among the farmers and cottagers, had to get a sack to carry them in. With the exception of seven or eight caught with the "Silver Sedge" in the evening, they were all taken with the same fly, the "Red Spinner" with white tail, called the "Improved Red Spinner."

And now, in conclusion, I should like to be allowed to give a few hints to novices.

ERNEST M. BRISTOWE.

First.—Keep your line well greased. Vaseline will answer the purpose admirably. It is quite impossible to strike quickly if your line is under water.

Second.—Always get as near as you can to a rising fish. You are much more likely to hook a fish with a short line than with a long one. Some of the best fishermen, or rather the men who throw a most beautiful line, fail to catch fish simply and solely because they fish with too long a line. The saying, "fine and far off," is in my opinion an absolute fallacy. My principle is always to use fairly strong gut, and to get as near as possible to the fish.

Third.—Strike as quickly as you possibly can. I know that in this many dry-fly fishermen will not agree with me.

Fourth.—Never, if you can possibly help it, use drawn gut points. You will no doubt rise more fish with drawn gut, but the percentage of loss will be much heavier, especially in summer, when there are many weeds. On the other hand, with natural gut you will rise fewer, but you will be more likely to land them, as you will be able to play the fish harder.

Fifth.—If wading and not able to get on the bank immediately on hooking a fish, take hold of the line and hand-play it.

Here again, I know that most fishermen will not agree with me; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and one can pull in line much more quickly and keep on terms with a fish that comes down stream much better by this method than by playing from the reel.

Sixth.—Always get as nearly straight behind a rising fish

as possible. You are not then so likely to let your fly drag, *i.e.*, float down unnaturally.

Seventh.—All important. Learn to recognise the flies that are hatching, and offer the fish the nearest imitation of them you have in your book. You will generally find that two or three sorts are hatching at the same time, at any rate in the summer.

Eighth.—Don't attempt to tie your own flies. No amateur living, under an apprenticeship of five years at least, can dress a fly on an ooo hook even decently. Holland, Ogden Smith, and others will fit you up with anything you require in the very best style, so why ruin your own eyesight?

Ninth.—Don't be selfish. If you have found the particular fly and are asked by an unsuccessful fellow angler what you are catching fish with, tell him at once, and give him an equal chance with yourself.

Ernest M. Bristow

FOOTBALL.

ASSOCIATION.

FOOTBALL has been most aptly termed the winter game of Great Britain; and most certainly takes the place of cricket from September to April. The antiquity of Football in the British Isles (brought here without doubt by the Romans) dates some centuries farther back than its summer sister Cricket, probably because of the greater simplicity of the requisites required than in the latter game.

In days gone by the great Football Carnival of the year was undoubtedly Shrove Tuesday, though the connection of the game with this particular date is still a matter of uncertainty. Down to the end of the first quarter of the present century, Shrove Tuesday continued to be the high festival of Football, but as a game it had never taken root like cricket at that time amongst the aristocracy and gentry: but was essentially confined to the middle and lower classes. No clubs or code of rules seem to have been formulated, and the sole aim and endeavour seems to have been to send the ball through the opposing side's goal by fair means or foul. So rough indeed did the game become at one period, that we find James I. forbidding the heir-apparent to play it; and describes the game in his "Basilikon Doron" as "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof."

Both sexes and all ages seem to have participated in the great annual game on Shrove Tuesday. In all the principal towns shutters perforce were put up and houses closed to

prevent damage ; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the game fell into bad repute under such vicious auspices. Accidents, many of them fatal, were of frequent occurrence, and about 1830, Shrove Tuesday Football, happily for all concerned, had well nigh ceased to exist.

Of the antiquity of the game there can be no doubt. William FitzStephen, in his history of London (about 1175), speaks of the youths of the city annually going into the fields after dinner to play at the well-known game of "Ball," and as far as is known this is the first distinct mention of Football in England.

After Shrove Tuesday, about the year 1830, Football had ceased to be a power in the land, and for some thirty years was only played at the principal Public Schools. About the year 1860 however, when the great Volunteer movement and the institution of amateur athletic sports gave an impetus to many kinds of out-door games, there naturally came a revival of Football amongst old Public School and University men. It was then soon found that a universal code of rules and a society to legislate on all matters pertaining to the game were necessary, and the present Football Association was accordingly formed in 1863 : the exponents of the sister game not banding themselves together till the Rugby Football Union came to be formed in 1871. Since those days there can be no doubt that great and stupendous reforms have gradually been brought about, so that to-day it is a most striking and undeniable fact that there is no branch of national sport, or no one of our national games, which has experienced greater and more far-reaching changes than Association Football. That the science and skill of the game has been at the present day brought to an almost ideal pitch of perfection, I think few who have followed it carefully, will deny, and as a natural consequence its popularity has correspondingly increased, until at the present time it may be safely asserted that there is no form of recreation to compare with it in universal and popular favour.

The North, of course, were the pioneers of the movement from which sprang legalised professionalism, and there is no gainsaying the fact that under the firm and judicious legislation

of the Council of the Football Association, the game under these altered conditions has continued to thrive and flourish, and has

SHERIFF OF LONDON CHARITY SHIELD.

Final tie (first match) played at Crystal Palace, March 19th, April 4th, 1898; drawn, 1 goal each.

CORINTHIANS.

Photo by Negretti & Zambra, Crystal Palace.

W. Campbell. C. L. Alexander. W. J. Oakley. R. C. Gosling. R. Topham. B. Middleditch.
C. J. Burnup. G. O. Smith. C. Wreford Brown. C. B. Fry. F. M. Ingram.

been brought to that great state of perfection which we find it in at the present time.

The South, on the other hand, have been a great deal more conservative in the matter, and for many years continued in un-

abated loyalty to amateurism. Latterly, however, there has been seen a great and striking change, with the result that amateur

CORINTHIANS v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.

1898; drawn, no score. Re-played at the Crystal Palace,

SHEFFIELD UNITED.

Photo by Negretti & Zambra, Crystal Palace.

Thicket. Cain. Foukes. Johnson. Morren. Needham.
Bennett. Cunningham. Hedley. Almond. Priest.

clubs are fast becoming quite as great a *rara avis* in the South as in the North; and it is very much to be feared that the result of this will be one day prejudicial to Football owing to the tendency to make it more of a business than pleasure, and thus alienate those

pillars of the game in the past, *viz:* the old Public School and University men who, in the days to come, will be conspicuous only by their absence.

As I have endeavoured to point out, however, from a spectator's point of view, and also to a certain extent in skill and science, the game itself has, undoubtedly, made vast strides in popular estimation under this new *regime*; and as long as the game is governed, as at present, by a body of men who have its true interests at heart, so long will Association Football continue in public estimation as one of the most popular of our National games.

The Association Challenge Cup Competition, won for the first time by the Wanderers in 1872, has at the present day become a Competition of enormous magnitude, and this notwithstanding the many Leagues and other Cup Competitions which have sprung up and still continue to increase.

These have all tended to popularise the game, until at the present time it is no unusual thing to see ten, fifteen and even twenty thousand spectators assembled to see a Saturday afternoon game.

In spite of the undoubtedly superior condition of the professional player, it is most gratifying to see that the pick of the amateurs can still hold their own with him—as witness the results of the Corinthian matches, undoubtedly the premier amateur organisation of the present day, when pitted against the champion clubs of the Midlands and North. It is a matter of congratulation too, that the International matches still continue to arouse all-absorbing interest, and the keenness of every player to achieve the greatest honour of the Association game, *viz:* his International Cap, remains as great as ever; while there can be no gainsaying the fact that the annual matches between the four portions of the empire have done a great deal towards cementing the good feeling which exists amongst them. In a still more marked degree, during the last few years, has the good and beneficial influence of the game been demonstrated by the introduction of Association Football into the

Army. It may safely be averred that no game approaches it in popularity with the soldiers, and the healthy rivalry thereby engendered has done much to strengthen and consolidate amongst men of all regiments, that *esprit de corps* and good fellowship which are of such vital importance to the well-being of the British Army and to the country at large.

It may not be generally known that, as in the Rugby game, matters affecting or relating to Association Football in its International relations are under the control of an International Board, which is composed of eight members, the English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Associations having two representatives each. No alteration in the laws of the game can be made save by a unanimous vote of the members present. In International matches the qualification is birth, or in the case of British subjects born abroad, the nationality of their fathers. A Selection Committee of each Association is responsible for the team which is to represent the country in which their organization is maintained.

Association Football, it is hardly necessary to add, has claimed among its votaries many Stock Exchange men, who in their day have worthily upheld the best traditions of the game, and for many years, from February 18th, 1880, when the first Stock Exchange and Lloyd's match was played, the Stock Exchange have engaged in friendly rivalry with their neighbours over the way; the proceeds of which matches, it need hardly be stated, being almost invariably devoted to some deserving charitable object.

And in passing let me give a few hints on the game to the younger generation of players. Before all things let them always bear in mind that nothing succeeds like success, therefore strive might and main to make your club a successful one. Your object is to win every time you go on the field, and by play which is above suspicion. Much of a club's success must of necessity lie with the captain, who must be able to command the esteem and respect as well as the confidence of his team, and at the same time he must strive to

get the very utmost amount of work possible out of every member of it. Unless forwards are playing constantly together, there can be little of that confidence so essential to real success, and frequent changes in the distribution of players will destroy the great object of forward play, *viz.*, combination. The vital necessity of this combination in a team is nowhere more marked than in Association Football, and the game has been most aptly described as a huge machine, in which each player represents a component part which cannot work to any good purpose without the minute co-operation of each separate piece of mechanism, and which is therefore thrown completely out of gear by the slightest negligence, or most trifling flaw.

And always remember that a game is never lost until it is won; therefore, until the whistle sounds, put all the devil and all the keenness you like into your play, at the same time always remembering that you are an English gentleman and sportsman, and as such allow nothing ever to tarnish your reputation in this respect.

And, above all, ever do everything in your power to make pleasant the duties of your officials, remembering that theirs is most surely a labour of love, and that though, perhaps, their decisions may not always be to your liking, still, they are given to the best of a man's ability and good faith, and, as such, should be invariably received by every player alike. Again, try always to give up your own personal gratification to the good of your side, and then the stigma which always attaches to the flashy player of playing for the applause of that fickle goddess, the gallery, will in your case be happily absent.

Again, when the chance comes never hesitate to shoot at goal, and shoot hard, especially when well-placed in a good position. I have seen many fine chances of scoring lost by indecision, when a banging shot must have succeeded. It should always be remembered that a goal-keeper has a wide goal to protect. The half-back line, of which at the present day there are usually three, is, perhaps, one of the hardest and at the same time one of the most important in the game. Each must be very fast, a

J. L. Nickisson.

sure kick and safe tackler, and able on occasions to shoot a goal. It is a generally accepted fact that where it is possible a half-back is an excellent position for the captain of a side, as from there he is better able to direct his forwards, at the same time following and noting the varying changes of the game as it proceeds.

The full backs must be powerful and certain kicks, and able to give and take a heavy charge, as at times they must of necessity bear the brunt of the attack. And last, but far from least, a good goal-keeper is of paramount importance to the success of a side. For the maintenance of a high standard of excellence much practice and a cool head are necessary. Hesitation and carelessness in a goal-keeper are invariably fatal.

And, in conclusion, I would reiterate that Association Football is indeed one of the finest of our National sports, if not *the* finest, and I would impress upon all you rising players of the present day what a valuable heritage and trust has been passed on to your keeping. Be just and honest with it, so that when the time comes for you, too, to render an account of your stewardship, you may not have been found wanting, and the game may not have been tarnished in your keeping.

J. L. Nickisson.

THE DIFFERENT EPOCHS OF THE RUGBY GAME.

A Comparison of Scotch and English Styles in Each.

THE variations of the Rugby game have been so manifold that, in drawing a comparison between the English and Scotch styles, it is necessary to take the various epochs which serve as landmarks for the different innovations which have had a revolutionary effect on the character of the game. These we shall arrange into periods, in order to attach to different eras those players who have been the introducers or exponents of an International style. We purpose, therefore, by way of preface, sketching out the more important steps by which the game has progressed from the primæval state to its present development, and then to compare the English and Scotch players who have at different periods been the chief characteristic exponents of the game.

To the twenty-a-side game we do not purpose devoting much space, partly because a great number of our readers have probably never seen it played, and partly because its tight character was not calculated to develop a distinctive forward style, and it offers, therefore, very scant data for the purpose of drawing a comparison. Suffice it to say that the arrangement of the field was as follows :—

Two full backs, one *or* two three-quarters, and two halves, with fifteen forwards, though it should be mentioned that in all

of *her* matches in these days against England, Scotland played two three-quarters, and we think we are right in saying that Mr. Lennard Stokes was the only three-quarter that played *alone* in that position for any country, and that only in one season. The feature of the forward play was *very* tight scrummaging, with straight-ahead propulsion. The centremost forward used to hold the ball between his legs while his own forwards concentrated their propelling powers on to him, and if they were successful in carrying the scrummage you would see this *centre*-forward emerge from the thick on the other side with the ball at his toes. Forwards were then chosen chiefly for their weight and stature; men such as James Finlay (now a judge in India), and the late Dr. Robert Irvine, for Scotland; and F. R. Adams (Richmond), J. A. Bush (Clifton), A. St. G. Hamersley (Marlboro' Nomads), and Roger Walker (Manchester), for England, were of immense value.

To put one's head down in the pack was an act of high treason, and a scrummage frequently lasted over a minute. A not very exciting spectacle you would think, but in our school-days we have seen boys frenzied with excitement over the equipoise of a prolonged scrummage. We need scarcely say that passing was an undiscovered art, and that dribblers were few and far between. A kick and rush game, a state of things to which we are rapidly returning, were the accepted methods of forward play in the open.

First Epoch.—The first great revolution which paved the way for the introduction of a game of greater skill and activity was a reduction in the number of players from twenty to fifteen in the year 1877. It was, in fact, the pioneer of foot work, the importance of which will be evident when we come later on to a comparison of Scotch and English forward styles. The forwards, no longer boxed up and wedged as it were in a vice, were now able to break away from the scrummage *en masse,* and dribbling (an art which the Scotchmen first perfected) was practised by every first-class team. It must be borne in mind, however, that the method of scrummaging was still in the main

the same, *i.e.*, straight-ahead propulsion, but that men for the first time began to put their heads down in the pack. The forwards had now to be reckoned with in the open, for they were no longer mere propellers, and as it was found that two three-quarters were no longer able to cover the field against an invading phalanx they were reinforced by a third.

We may call the reduction of the number of players, and the consequent employment of foot-work, the first epoch of change.

Second Epoch. Another important revolution came about on the heels of dribbling, one which has had more to do in effecting a complete transformation of the game than any other; we refer, of course, to passing, but it must not be forgotten that it was principally confined to the forwards, who reduced the knack to something like perfection in point of opportunism and accuracy. This probably was seen at its best in the Oxford teams of Harry Vassall's time. Since then the inclination has been to overdo it.

Third Epoch.—This brings us to our third epoch, which is marked by the spread of this art from the forwards to the backs and the development of a centre three-quarter game. When we come later on to the task of individual criticism and comparison we shall have an opportunity of referring to the incalculable benefit we have in the past derived from the exposition of the late Allan Rotherham and Rawson Robertshaw in illustrating these theories, which they invented and have bequeathed as valuable heirlooms to their successors.

Fourth Epoch.—Meanwhile, the Welshmen had, at the instigation of F. E. Hancock (a brother of the Somersetshire International, P. F. Hancock) added yet another three-quarter, but they paid a heavy penalty for the experiment in their early International matches and met with severe defeats, notwithstanding the inclusion in their teams of Arthur Gould, who was probably the finest exponent of the four three-quarter game we have yet seen. Undeterred, however, by reverses, they persisted in the retention of the system and paid little heed to public opinion, which strongly advised its abandonment. Probably, if the method

of scrummaging which then prevailed had continued, sooner or later the four three-quarter game would have died from inanition, but just when the patient was in a critical condition and his life despaired of, there stepped on the stage two most important personages who were destined to play very important parts in the future of scrummaging. We refer to wheeling and heeling, and it is not too much to say that by superseding the straight-ahead propelling method and substituting one of manœuvre and *finesse,* it effected a complete metamorphosis of forward play. We shall have an opportunity of again referring to its influence on forward play pure and simple, but it is interesting and instructive to note how these personages came to the succour of the four three-quarter system, when it was in dire distress and almost, one might say, *in articulo mortis.* As far as straightforward propulsion is concerned, it is evident that eight forwards could not possibly hold their own in the tight against nine, but would be inevitably put to rout, and there would come about what one sees nearly every day, *viz.*, that the best backs in the world, or a multiplicity of them, are no good if they are swamped or overrun and have not sufficient room to get in their pass or take their kick. As long then as the straight-ahead method was adhered to, every ounce of muscular avoirdupois was of the utmost value; herein lies the explanation of the Welsh disasters under the old *regime.* But—and this is the all-important point—(when scrummaging becomes a matter of *finesse* and manœuvre) the loss of a forward in the tight is no longer of the same significance; indeed, it has been proved and demonstrated that under these altered conditions an additional man at three-quarter is of more value in the evolution of this latest departure; and thus it comes about that, after a long experience of adversity in International matches, the Welshmen have at length won the day, and that their four three-quarter theory has met with general acceptance. The landmarks then, of our last era, which brings us up to date, are heeling, wheeling, and the adoption of a fourth three-quarter.

The above remarks will, we hope, furnish a brief history

of the phases of transition which the game has from time to time undergone.

And now we come to a comparison of English and Scotch styles and then to the chief actors in each period. In starting on this task one is justified in commencing with the generalizing

H. M. Napier. J. Neilson. L. C. Auldjs. I. A. Campbell.
N. J. Finlay. J. H. S. Graham. R. W. Irvine. A. G. Petrie. D. R. Irvine.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.

N. T. Brewis. M. Cross. J. E. Juror.
M. Hamilton. G. McLeod. W. E. Maclagan.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND.
THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN.
1878.

platitude that the Scotchmen have, throughout the various changes classified in the epochs above described, been very much more conservative as regards the adoption of innovations than their rivals the Englishmen.

As a race, they have a reputation for obstinacy; and be that as it may, there is no doubt that they regard their ancestral traditions of the game as priceless heirlooms, which they cling to with affection and pride. This, which we should term ultra-conservatism, has, many people are inclined to think,

A. N. Hornby. G. Thomson. G. F. Vernon. P. L. Price.
H. Fowler. M. W. Marshall. E. Kewley (Capt.) F. R. Adams. E. T. Gurdon.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.

F. D. Fowler. H. E. Kayll. I. Stokes. W. A. D. Evanson.
A. W. Pearson. J. M. Biggs.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND.

THE ENGLISH FIFTEEN.

1878.

placed them at a disadvantage with those who have kept pace with the times, but in one very important department it has been an inestimable benefit to them. It has enabled them to preserve intact all the old vitality which has for years characterised their forward play.

The Scotch Public School style is the same to-day as i was ten years ago—robust, raiding, full of fire, dash, and energy, replete with Balaclava-like charges and clever footwork.

Their forwards recognise that they are important factors in the game, and refuse to be degraded to the level of penny-in-the-slot automata, whose sole idea of their function is that they are the lackeys of their backs, to whom they must fiddle the ball by hook or by crook on every possible occasion, and it is, we think, largely on this account that England, who—up to seven years ago held a long lead in the number of victories—has only been able to win a single match in that period.

We have seen all these games, and year after year, with the exception of 1897, at Manchester, the English forwards have been swept about the field by the terrific onslaught of the conservative Scotch players. They do not—believe us—bother their heads about heeling back. Their motto is: "Keep the ball rolling, and let the backs look after themselves," and so one sees them pushing, hustling, removing a collection of unfortunate Englishmen who are engaged in performing a balancing act by standing on one leg and scraping for the ball with the other. The robust, dashing forward, who bursts away with a phalanx of his comrades, is bound to beat the equilibrist, whose conception of the art of forward play is that it consists in becoming a purveyor to his three-quarters. There is no doubt in our minds that the Scotch forward style is at the present time in advance of all others. They have all the brilliancy of the Irishmen in their rushes, and, in addition, a very much more robust style, and they are more solid scrummage workers.

These remarks lead the way to our second point of comparison between the national styles, and it is a very striking and instructive one. Ever since the epoch of passing began, English forwards have shown a predilection for the hand game, while their rivals have adhered rigidly to their traditional footwork. From a spectacular point of view the former is the more attractive, and we imagine that it is on this account that it has become so popular with English clubs and players; but it

must be borne in mind that the art is in a large degree dependent on meteorological conditions, and is entirely discounted by a high wind, a slippery ground, or a greasy ball, whereas a dribbling rush can be executed in any kind of weather whatever, so that, though there is no prettier sight in the world than a team coming away under full sail and passing from hand to hand, there is nothing so difficult to stop as a dribbling rush, provided it is executed *en masse*, and there is nothing that disconcerts and demoralizes backs so much.

The remarks of Harry Vassall in an article on Oxford Rugby Football when speaking of A. R. Paterson, the famous oarsman and Rugby player, are very *àpropos*. He writes as follows:—"A. R. Paterson would have been one of the first men picked for England had he been eligible. The Scotch authorities would not hear of him, and probably they were right, for the Scotch style of forward play is very different from the Oxford style, and Paterson had not J. G. Walker's gift of adapting himself to both styles; but at his own he was hard to beat." The reflection which naturally suggests itself is—Why is it that English and Scotch forwards have adopted distinctive styles, the one a hand and the other a foot game? The answer, we think, is:—

1. The Scotch started with the dribbling rush as one of the most important tenets of forward play, and from their innate conservatism have rigidly adhered to this time-honoured tradition, to which their grounds lend themselves.
2. They have been assisted in its preservation by the *personnel* of their fifteens, which are mainly composed of Scotch Public School men, who have a uniform style. They are thus able to put into the field a homogeneous fifteen, whereas an English team is an amalgam of heelers, wheelers, pushers (scarce), and sprinters.

Turning to the English style of forward play, we would remark that in the first epoch of the game, which we have

already described (*i.e.*, the twenty-a-side game), there was not any wide divergence of style, though even in those early days Arthur Guillemard, in his description of the first match, says "the Scotch forwards were distinctly quicker on their feet and in better training than their opponents."

It was in the second of our epochs (*i.e.*, the fifteen-a-side game) that each nation adopted for itself a characteristic style, which,

D. W. Kidston. D. Somerville.
T. Ainslie. J. G. Walker. D. J. Macfarlane. C. Reid. J. G. Movat.

Photo by Howie, Jun., Edinburgh.
J. B. Brown. D. Y. Cassels. W. E. Maclagan. W. A. Walls.
A. R. Don Wauchope. A. Walker. Sorley Brown. J. Jamison

SCOTCH TEAM, 1885.

as various innovations were from time to time added, became more and more divergent.

The broad line of demarcation is that which we have already mentioned, *viz.* :—*In English Rugby Football the hand overshadows the foot game;* but there is this second very important one, *viz.* :—*The Scotch game is* (as we have pointed

out) *marked by a homogeneous style, while that of England* is heterogeneous—or a *mixture of many*.

The introduction of the hand game belongs to our third epoch, the land-mark which signalises the introduction of passing.

The breach has been widened by the innovations of heeling and wheeling which are identified with our fourth epoch, and thus we see to-day—

1. A University style, in which there is a remnant of the old, close dribbling.
2. A Yorkshire style, characterised by a kick and a rush.

In both of these a predominant attention is paid to heeling and wheeling manœuvres, which Scotch forwards regard as altogether secondary to the first momentum of the pell-mell rush in the open.

Before proceeding to a comparison of English and Scotch play behind the scrummage, it will be convenient here to mention some of the most famous forwards who have been types of the styles in vogue in different epochs.

Perhaps the most typical forward England possessed in the twenty-a-side days, was F. Stokes, brother of the renowned Lennard, who learnt his Football at Rugby. He was a powerful scrummager—as scrummaging then was—a determined tackler, and a clever out of touch player.

M. W. Marshall, of Blackheath (who played ten times for England), was another very fair sample.

Of Scotchmen of that period we should select the late Dr. Irvine ("Bulldog"), who took part in the first ten matches between England and Scotland. His cognomen is thoroughly descriptive of his game. Immensely powerful, he played with a demon energy which we have seldom seen equalled in the football field, and utilised every ounce of his strength in propulsion.

In 1877 the number of players was for the first time reduced to fifteen, and this season, therefore, marks our second era.

The man of this period who stands out as one of the finest

scrummagers ever seen is J. H. S. Graham ("Gissy"), of the Edinburgh Academicals. He was most stoutly built, possessed enormous power, and a pair of huge calves. He had mastered one of the most difficult arts in the whole game, now, alas!

A. E. Stoddart. F. Bonsor. A. Teggin. E. B. Brutton.
C. Gurdon. A. Rotherham. W. G. Clibborn. N. Spurling. R. Robertshaw.

R. E. Inglis. E. T. Gurdon. E. Wilkinson. C. J. B. Marriott.
C. H. Sample. (Capt.) G. L. Jeffery.

ENGLISH TEAM, 1886.

obsolete, namely the steering of the ball through a forest of legs and emerging with it from the centre of the pack. We think we can now see those huge legs making their exit from the scrummage with the ball. Contemporaneous with him, and equally pre-

minent, were Temple Gurdon (who holds the record for England, having played sixteen International Matches), Charlie Gurdon, of Richmond, and the late H. G. Fuller, of Cambridge.

Then came Vassall's team, which produced such fine exponents of the passing game as R. S. Kindersley, W. M. Tatham, and J. G. Walker. Another grand player of this period was Charlie Reid of the Edinburgh Academicals.

We have not space to mention all the men of note in the later heeling and wheeling game, but can hardly pass over such brilliant men as F. Evershed and G. M. Carey, and must content ourselves with naming a few latter day players who prefer honest work to *finesse* and legerdemain—R. G. MacMillan, London Scottish; W. McEwan, Edinburgh Academicals; and W. E. Bromet, H. W. Dudgeon, and F. Jacob, of Richmond.

From what we have written about forward play it will be gathered that we consider the Scotch style, modelled on old traditions, and simple and straightforward in its methods, very much sounder than that of England, which is dependent on being able to gain first possession of the ball in the scrum. But, this conservatism which has been the means of preserving the best points of forward play, has, we think, been a drag in their development of the various phases of back play now generally accepted. This has enabled Wales and England, who readily adopted them, to leave the Northern Country astern in the passing game.

Here we come to the important position of half-back, so ably filled by couples such as Allan Rotherham and F. Bonsor, the brothers Scott, and E. W. Taylor and C. M. Wells for England; and to mention an individual player there has been no one more brilliant than A. R. Don Wauchope of the Fettesian-Lorettonians.

We could mention a string of notable English three-quarters, but must content ourselves with the names of Bolton, Wade, Stoddart, and Alderson, each one deserving of a book to himself. In 1890—in the first match which took place after the memorable dispute was finally settled by the arbitrators, Lord Kinsburgh and Major Marindin—when R. L. Aston gave such a

W. MACLAGAN.

finished display of a centre three-quarter game, it was evident that the Scotchmen had not grasped the theory, and to this day their ideas of a four three-quarter game (an innovation they were very slow to accept) are very crude. They have had some magnificent players, but their game has been one of individuality rather than of mechanism, and, if we may say so, without wounding Scotch international pride, their best exponents of the modern combination in three-quarter play have been Scotchmen who have learnt it either with the London Scottish or at the Universities. In one point they stand out pre-eminently, *i.e.*, their great kicking powers. Men like D. J. Macfarlane, G. C. Lindsay, and the forward, J. D. Boswell, to mention three out of many, rarely failing to drop at least one goal in a match, and yet we doubt if any of them could compare with Lennard Stokes as a drop kick. He was never known to put in a drop which did not find touch, and the ball once in his hands you could safely reckon on a gain of 30 yards. He had, moreover, a snipelike run and was the most finished player we have ever seen.

G. L. JEFFERY.

We cannot call to mind any notable Scotch centre in the three three-quarter game except Gregor MacGregor, who is perhaps better remembered as a brilliant full-back, probably only surpassed by H. B. Tristram, who has never been equalled in that position.

In the four three-quarter system, A. R. Smith shewed himself a capable player when playing for Oxford.

There are many distinguished names in every department of the game in both countries that we should like to mention did not space forbid, but no article on Rugby Football would be complete without the name of G. Rowland Hill, Secretary of the English Union, whose services in the interests of the game are so well known wherever Football is played.

W. Maclagan

G. L. Jeffery

RUGBY.

OUR first Football players, both forwards and backs, used a large stone instead of a leather ball to play with. Dribbling must have been a nice art, as the goals were some miles apart—from one town to the neighbouring one. A good team bringing a stone ball down the side of a Scotch mountain must have been some trouble to the opposing side. This style of play did not last more than a century, the Roman "follis," an inflated bladder, being then used instead of a stone. The hands only were used in playing the game with the "follis," and Martial advises old men and boys alike to play it. (Members of the Stock Exchange have taken his advice and play the game every Christmas time, sometimes using three balls or more. Which is contrary to the rules.) This game seems to have led to more than roughness, and Football was forbidden by Law in 1349 in England. The reason Scotch forwards are better than English is, that the game was not put down in that country until 1458 by James III. of Scotland, which makes a Scotchman just about one hundred years ahead of an Englishman in the art of Football.

It was impossible to kill the game, and in 1600 it was considered one of the national sports of England. In the eighteenth century the game was played on village greens and not only across country and in Cornhill.

The rules of the game between 1700 and 1855 have unfortunately been mislaid; it seems that the number of players on either side was to be equal, but no limit is given for the number. The goals were about three feet wide and were made of sticks driven into the ground from 80 to 100 yards apart.

In 1858, the first Football club was founded. This was the Sheffield, and during the next few years a large number of clubs sprang up around London, each with a code of rules of play of its own. As there were no referees with whistles in those days, the rules were of secondary consideration.

In 1863, the Football Association was formed, and gathered her clubs under one code of rules, but it was not until 1871 that

the Rugby Union was founded, working on the same lines as the Association in forming one code of rules for her numerous clubs.

The following are a few rules of a club dated 1862: this club joined the Rugby Union:—

Rule iii.—It is not lawful to take the ball off the ground except in touch, for any purpose whatever.

Rule iv.—A ball in touch is dead, and the first man who touches it down must kick it out straight from the place where it entered touch.

Rule vi.—Running is allowed to any player on his side, if the ball be caught or taken off the first bound.

Rule viii.—No player may be hacked and held at the same time, and hacking above or on the knee or from behind is unfair.

Rule x.—Though it is lawful to hold any player in a scrummage, this does not include attempts to strangle or throttle, which are totally opposed to the principles of the game.

There is a great deal in the last few words of this rule, and if players had acted up to it there would have been no need for

the number of obnoxious rules relating to penalty kicks, and so on, that we have at the present time.

Hacking was a pretty game, and in a great many matches, (especially between schools), the opposing shin was watched with far more keenness than the ball. Boots were made for the purpose with square toes and sharpened like a chisel. The ball would be thrown out from touch, and, no matter who got hold of it, general hacking would commence all along the line. This was termed (according to the Stock Exchange champion clog-dancer) "weakening the sides."

When hacking was abolished the prolonged scrum came into existence. Heeling out was certainly opposed to the principles of the game, and "foiking," the forerunner of heeling, was barred by a great many clubs. "Foiking," that is hooking the ball out at the side of the scrum, was born at Rugby, but, according to an old Rugbian, the "foiker" was always marked on the shin. Some of the boys carried the trick into a few clubs. From 1874 to 1877 one London club at least played this game in a half-hearted manner, but from 1877 to 1882 it developed the trick, and the whole of the scrum work was given up to it. The same three players were always to be found on the right, and the same three on the left of the scrummage, leaving four forwards only as sort of ballast to form the centre of the pack. The ball was never in the scrum for more than a few seconds. If taken out on the right there were always three players ready to take up the dribble, and the same thing if taken out on the left. The bad language came alone from the half-backs, who were in those days not the masters of the forwards. The home half would grumble because his chance of picking up the ball was spoilt, and the opposing half would grumble, perhaps a little louder, because a kick on the finger hurts.

It was not the general practice to throw oneself deliberately on the ball in front of a dribbler, and it is doubtful if a player would have tried it often in one match. At the present time it is put down as a feat of pluck, but the players are not quite so rough as they used to be. The falling on the ball is most probably the chief cause of the lack of dribbling at the game as it is now played.

With the introduction of the three three-quarters in 1883, the forward game became a harder one to play, and when again in 1893 a fourth three-quarters was placed in the field, the forwards became the servants and not the masters of the backs.

Under the old system of one or two three-quarters, the average forward was able to keep up with the ball, and held the place of the wing three-quarters of the present day.

With the heeling out, long passing, and formation of the back play, the majority of forwards can only raise their heads from a scrummage in time to find the ball twenty yards away to their right or left, so that his energy is wasted in running from scrum to scrum without a chance of taking any part in receiving or passing the ball.

With the alteration of the back formation it is surely time to try something new with the packs; it has always been the aim of the forwards to get the ball out of the scrummage, first hacking a way through for it, then with the ball between one's

legs, and using sheer shoving, then "foiking," and, lastly, screwing and heeling. Three forwards a side could do all that is wanted as far as offence is required.

There are still some teams whose forwards are in such perfect condition that they can manage all this running from side to side of the ground, and be active enough to take part in the passing of the ball as well; but the majority of London players live for other things besides Football.

A heavy forward is not of as much importance as an eleven

to twelve stone fast one, even if they are equal in brain power. The writer's order for selecting a forward would be "cleverness," "pace, or rather quickness," and, lastly, "weight."

A few words of advice to young players just joining a club:

Keep your eye on the ball, and your feet will be there or thereabouts.

If you are anywhere on the outside of a scrummage as the ball goes out, break away from the pack and use your judgment in sprinting the shortest cut to the place where you can get to within a few yards of the player with the ball.

Never pick up the ball if either any of your own side or your opponents are within five yards of you. There are a few exceptions to this rule, as, for example, when the ball is on your own or your adversaries' goal line; it may be safer in the one case, and you may be able to score a try in the other by picking up the ball.

If when practising you cannot catch a ball when thrown out of touch don't try to do so in a match (be ready to tackle a man

A. Spurling.

instead) as you are nearly sure to knock the ball on and thus give your adversary a chance of a free kick. Practice the art at home with some of your fellow players; it is very easy, and you will find after a time that you cannot miss a ball if it comes anywhere near you.

Lastly, if you are running after an opponent who has the ball, and find he is gaining on you, don't give up, as he may be checked, and you have the pleasure of making a good tackle. The writer well remembers in his early football days running after a player, who disappeared from his view in the mist, and on being laughed at by his fellow players he discovered to his chagrin that he had had the presumption to give five yards in fifty to Montee Shearman, to whom, by-the-bye, I am indebted for the facts of the origin of Football, which I have taken from his book "Football: its History for Five Centuries," and must apologise for the embroideries thereon.

Arth Spurling

GOLF.

THERE seems to me to be very little doubt that the word "Golf," which designates the name of this now most popular game, was originally derived from the Dutch word *kolf*. From all one can learn it was at one time played a great deal in Holland. Its first introduction into Great Britain was about 1618, when an Act was passed which prohibited the importation of golf balls from Holland, thereby proving that there was a considerable demand for golf balls in this country. About this time (1618) the game evidently became so popular that it was at length prohibited in Scotland in order that those who were giving too much time to the game should devote their energy to the practice of archery. From that period up to 1754 little is heard of the game beyond the fact that it was evidently practised both at St. Andrew's and Blackheath. St. Andrew's claims a Golf Club established in 1754, but it is believed that the Blackheath Golf Club was founded at an even earlier date. Owing, however, to the records having been destroyed by fire, the first mention of the existence of the Blackheath Club was about the year 1766. From this date onward the game seems to have been played intermittently, and it is only within the last twenty years that it has become popular all over the country, and at the present day numbers many thousands of devotees, who, twenty years ago, could only have been numbered by hundreds.

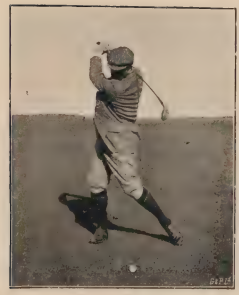
Royalty has also of late years condescended to patronise what is now called the "Royal and Ancient Game," and in 1834 King William IV. presented a medal to the Royal and Ancient Golf

Club of St. Andrew's to be played for at the autumn meeting of each year. This medal was always, until the establishment of the Amateur Championship, considered the blue ribbon of the golfing world among amateurs. In 1838 the Queen Dowager also presented a medal, which is called the Royal Adelaide, and is the property of the captain of the Club during his year of office. Again in 1863 His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales signified his desire of becoming captain of the Club, and was accordingly elected. The last royal captain of the Club was Prince Leopold, who was elected captain in 1876.

So much has been written and sung about "Golf" that little remains to be chronicled concerning the merits and demerits of this now popular game. No one who has merely seen the game played, especially by indifferent performers, can have any idea of the peculiar fascination it has for those who thoroughly understand its mysteries. The mere fact of its being played out of doors and over a considerable area are both in its favour, as it combines fresh air and steady exercise, and requires at the same time absolute attention of thought and purpose. As a game for boys, it is, I think, inferior to cricket, chiefly because it is more solitary and the exercise is not active enough. I should, however, advise every boy to learn it while he is still in his teens, as, no matter how much practice is given to it by men who take it up later in life, the person who has played it during his youth takes it up again with an enormous advantage on his side. In all my experience during many years as a golfer, I have never seen any one in the absolute first rank who has not dipped into its mysteries while in his teens.

There is something about the easy confident way of swinging the club which tells of the early training, which is lacking in the stiffer style of the man who has taken it up in later life. This, however, applies to most games, but in Golf it is, I think, more pronounced. I have often heard men who have been working hard at it for years exclaim bitterly, "If I had only learnt to play when I was young."

For business men, politicians, and indeed anyone who is



Top of Swing.

forced to use his brains, Golf is far and away the best game I know. One seems to get entirely out of one's self and away from all the harassing troubles and anxieties which beset the business and public man. I am sure a week's Golf does more to quiet one's nerves and sweep the cobwebs from one's brain than any other amusement of which I know, and I think I may safely say that no one who takes to it and shows a moderate rate of improvement ever gives it up unless he happens to be of such an excitable disposition that he has to abandon it for very fear that he may end in a mad-house.

There is no doubt it is a game eminently trying to the temper, and is therefore most excellent, as it teaches men to have control over themselves, a lesson which may turn out useful in other walks of life. Many a time when I have played what I considered a good shot in some important match, and have found the ball, instead of on the course, in some bunker or equally unpleasant position, I have felt that my vocabulary of words was quite inadequate to describe my feelings, and have

S. Muir Fergusson.

registered a mental vow to study the different oaths of every country in order to meet the occasion. I must confess that a blow-off in this wise does one good now and then, but, as a rule, it only tends to deeper woe and corresponding depression, which may possibly end in some horrible act of cruelty to one's caddie, or some unpleasant remarks to one's antagonist, who, protected by providence, has steered clear of these troubles. People may say this is not a game to cultivate, but it teaches another lesson, and that is to be able to take good and bad fortune with equal temper, and this is only arrived at by some training and a complete command over one's self. The man who can do this, is the man to back, as any irritability is apt to interfere with the evenness of one's swing, and one puts energy into the stroke at the wrong time, and so makes a bad shot, which may mean complete disaster. I have no doubt many people think it would be impossible to be affected by such seemingly trivial things, but I have seen men, who one would think would be quite incapable of losing their tempers over such a thing as a game of Golf, become raging lunatics, and occasionally dangerous.

In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the game of Golf has become, of late years, very popular, and to meet the demands of the votaries of the game, land has been seized—no matter whether suitable or not—in every part of the Kingdom. Some of the courses round about London are, in my opinion, utterly unfit for the practice of the game, but that does not make the slightest difference. The metropolitan golfer is a curious animal, and if he is armed, in addition to the usual implements, with a scoring card and a pencil, he seems quite content. When this golfer is let loose on a proper course, he is a curse to everyone, as he generally insists on standing at the hole he has just played, counting the number of strokes it has taken him to negotiate it in, and utterly indifferent to the parties behind who are playing up to the hole. He also thinks that to be passed through the green by more expert players is the greatest disgrace that can happen to him, the consequence being that he probably causes those behind him to miss their shots

ADDRESSING. I.

and lose their tempers; in fact, he spoils their whole enjoyment. Some with more enlightened ideas on the subject shout to you to come on, meantime running after their ball, and so cause no end of confusion, with the result that neither party can play their shots properly. If these enlightened individuals would only stand and wait till the parties so kept back have passed, there would be no confusion, and both could play the game in comfort.

The reason for a great deal of this confusion and delay is that most clubs have too many members. If they would only limit the numbers according to the size of the ground much annoyance would be saved.

To the golfer who is accustomed to play the game scientifically, a sea-side course, far away from the haunts of men, is a haven of rest. For pure enjoyment give me a course by the sea, where the only sounds one hears are the cry of the curlew and the bleat of the sheep. St. Andrew's used to meet these requirements in the olden days, but now it is as crowded in the season

ADDRESSING. II.

as any metropolitan course, and Golf there is frequently a vanity and vexation of spirit. It is impossible, unless one starts at an unearthly hour, to play a round without having to wait over every stroke, which means loss of temper and, consequently, loss of precision. To anyone wishing to enjoy the game with immunity from this great drawback I would suggest his visiting St. Andrew's during the off season, when he can play in comfort and enjoy this queen of golfing links.

Few people will dispute the statement that the golf links at St. Andrew's are the best in the world, chiefly owing to the magnificent turf, consolidated by many years of play, and the scientific manner in which the holes are guarded by bunkers. You may hit your tee shot and find it lying safe and sound, but how many times in playing the approach shot has one found that it has been caught by one of these artfully placed bunkers, or has been deflected from the straight course by striking some inequality of the ground which one has forgotten.

The approach shot on the Medal Course at St. Andrew's is more difficult than on any other course I know, and the player is never safe until he sees his ball rest on the green. Turning from St. Andrew's to Sandwich, which I rank next to St. Andrew's, the chief difficulty to be overcome there is to hit one's tee shot, and if that has been negotiated safely, the approach is much easier, as the bunkers as a rule are not so near the putting greens as at St. Andrew's. I think the tee shots are more interesting at Sandwich from the fact that one sees what one has to carry, which is half the battle ; and the mere fact of seeing a yawning bunker some 160 or 170 yards in front of one, causes one to brace oneself together, and thus play the shot more carefully than when one does not see what one has to negotiate. Comparisons, however, are odious, and I can only say I am perfectly content to have the opportunity of playing over either of these magnificent courses. I am told that a great rival to these golf links has sprung up in the shape of the course at Littlestone, but of this I cannot judge, as I have never yet played over this course.

There have been so many books written on the subject of hints to players that any remarks of mine may not be of much use, yet they may perhaps do some good to the struggling golfer.

To anyone taking up this game I would suggest, above everything else, that he should walk round with different first-class players, watch their shape and form, and judge for himself whether his figure approaches theirs, and then buy himself two or three clubs as like those used by his model as possible. Afterwards let him go to some place where he can practise alone and stick to one shot at a time until he gets himself into a position in which he feels comfortable and natural, and then attack the ball, swinging his club evenly, and putting as little strength into the blow as possible, as more harm is done by hitting hard at the ball than anything else. When he has done this, and finds he gets on fairly well, he should get a good professional, who would probably be able to tell him whether his hands are right, and whether he is putting his strength into the blow at the right moment. I am sure, however, in the first instance, it is much better for the beginner to do as I say, and judge for himself than to pay a professional, who will immediately try to teach him his own particular way of playing, without reference to his pupil's shape. Above all, the great thing is to stand and grasp one's club in the most comfortable position, as a cramped position, either from standing wrong or holding the right hand too much over, will prevent the pupil from putting his strength into the blow at the right time of contact.

It is quite absurd to lay down any rules or directions as to how a man should stand, till he has discovered the most natural and easy position for himself. To my mind, the two most important things to remember are to cultivate this easy position, and never to take one's eye off the ball until it has been struck. So many golfers look to see where the ball has gone before they have actually struck it, and they go on like this day after day, wondering all the time how it is they cannot hit the

FINISH I.

ball. A comfortable position applies just as much to the approach shot and putting as to the tee shot, and having once obtained the right position, the rest is a matter of hand and eye. In playing all shots with an iron club, one should grasp the club tightly with both hands; and even in playing what is called a wrist shot, I am in favour of grasping the club as firmly as possible, as if the club is held lightly the contact with the ground is apt to turn the club-head.

Having got an easy position, the next thing is to get clubs of a proper weight, but this must entirely depend on the physique of the player. The thing to aim at is a well-balanced club, and I am in favour of rather stiff shafts, as I think one is much more likely to drive straight with a stiff club than with a supple one. For men who take the game up late in life, I should advise rather short clubs; for, as a rule, they stand more over the ball than those who have learnt in their youth, and have consequently a shorter swing. When one goes clean off one's game, as very often happens, it is not at all a bad plan to give up one's

FINISH II.

driver and purchase a new one. I have often found this change of club just puts one right again, and then one can return to the old club with confidence. I am inclined to think the best club makers of the present time are Bob Simpson of Carnoustie, and W. Auchterlonie of St. Andrew's.

These two club makers keep excellent wood, and take great trouble to make a club which will suit one. Once having got the lie of the club right, I should always make the club-maker keep the exact lie and shape, so that when ordering a new one he can make it without the bother of having to send a pattern. As regards tuition, I think there is nothing worse than constantly going for advice to different professionals, as they all have different styles. As I have said before, it is much better to find out the most comfortable position and work away at it one's self. If a man is frequently changing his doctor, he generally ends by feeling much worse than when he consulted the first one, having lost faith in all of them, and having lost confidence in himself.

To become a good golfer, especially when the game is taken up late in life, a great deal of practice is required. Do not be disheartened because you play well one day and badly the next; there are no end of reasons which may cause the fall from high estate. A bad liver, or indeed any of the numerous aches and pains, however small, that the flesh is heir to, are quite sufficient to account for this falling off, and one must just stick to it and it is sure to come all right. I have often been quite out of form for months together, with no apparent reason to account for it, and in that case the best plan is to drop it altogether for a time and take to something else.

To be a successful golfer, one must play over a variety of links, and when I am told that so-and-so is a fine player and goes round such-and-such a course in a very low score, I always have the feeling that he may be good on his own dunghill, but he must also be able to keep up his form on whatever links he plays to be a really sound golfer. When one always plays on the same course, one gets to know every blade of grass and the

run of every putting green, and the game seems simple enough; but, as I said before, this is not enough, and the golfer should play on as many different courses as he can or he will never get beyond a certain game, and when he is obliged to play a match on foreign links he will lack a certain amount of confidence. I think probably this is one of the reasons why players who promise well are so often disappointing when they have to compete among men who have had this experience. I do not think it matters so much to professionals as amateurs, at least to judge by the results, as most of the leading "pros." seem to play just as well on one links as on another, but there is no doubt it does affect the performance of even the best amateurs; therefore the amateur who wishes to become *facile princeps* is the one who has the time and opportunity for playing all over the country.

The difference between match play and medal play is very great, and it does not at all follow that the man who can play a match can also play a medal round. To my mind match-play is far the more pleasant, but I am inclined to think that medal-play is the severest test of the game. If one loses a hole there is an end of it, but if playing in a scoring competition one has a bad hole the incubus of this bad hole remains with one for the rest of the round, and it will require very brilliant play to shake it off. One's nerves in a match are not, as a rule, put on the stretch until probably the last few holes; but in a competition like the Open Championship, one's nerves are stretched from the very first hole to the very last, and the mere fact of knowing that one bad stroke, accompanied by bad luck, may run up a large total for one hole, increases this tension to such an extent that very often brilliant players in match-play are not equal to the strain.

In conclusion, I can only advise everyone who has not tried the game of Golf to lose no time in beginning, for it is a grand game and a splendid form of exercise for men of any age, and one that is calculated to prolong one's life, especially if played over sea courses, where one gets the pure sea air and one

can take one's mind off one's worries and anxieties and forget for the time being that there is any higher aim in life than being able to hit the ball 200 yards, lay an approach shot dead, or not miss a put of less than a yard.

S. Mure Fergusson

HOCKEY.

IN September, 1893, I had the misfortune to be elected to the post of honorary secretary and treasurer to the Hockey Association, a body which seeks to control the game of Hockey in the same manner as has been found beneficial, or perhaps I should say necessary, in nearly every English out-door game. I can, therefore, claim to have had unique opportunities of watching the growth and development of Hockey since that period. In asking me, therefore, to write this short article, the Editor has lighted upon the right source for information, but, unfortunately, I have not the pen of a ready writer, and these notes must necessarily lack the brilliant literary ability which, I have no doubt, will shine throughout the pages of other contributors.

In this small space it is not my intention to deal with the past history of the game, or with the earlier days of the present Hockey Association, but to attempt, as well as I can, to point out its advantages, and to give a general outline of the conditions under which it is now played.

I think all will agree that to the football player, when he finds that the "rough and tumble" of the football field is a bit too much for him, or when he has attained to such a position in life as to be unable to run the risk of serious accident, the game has come as a boon and a blessing. In addition to the footballer it is bound to appeal to all classes of cricketers as a winter sport, for do not its records amply show that the brilliant cricketer often becomes the brilliant Hockey player, and, as both

games have so many points in common, there can be little doubt that those who play both benefit from each, and reap more than one advantage for the summer in the practice of the winter game. But to my mind the one great advantage of Hockey over other out-door sports and pastimes is the absence of any extra or outside incentive to win. The game has proved itself to be good enough to play for the sake of itself and for the honour of winning, while the pernicious influences of cups and prizes are conspicuous by their absence.

Large "gates," noisy crowds, mobbed referees, backstairs professionalism and all such cup-tie evils are things unknown in the Hockey world, and we are content to play our matches before small but enthusiastic audiences, and, when we win, to feel that nothing more is needed to complete the pleasure of the victory over some old and friendly opponents.

The mention of professionalism brings to my mind the inestimable advantage the game has become to the gentlemen in the Northern counties. Driven from the Association Football fields of the North (and now, alas! from many a Rugby Union field) by professionals, whose business is football and who play under rules and regulations as to their conduct, training, and daily life, which are undoubtedly necessary for them, but which are quite impossible for the amateur, driven, as I say, from these football fields, the old Public School boy and the past 'Varsity man has turned his attention to Hockey and found there a game more in accordance with the traditions of English athletics and less like a commercial speculation. He finds there he can meet old friends and acquaintances, and that his pleasure is not confined to the seventy or eighty minutes on the actual field of play, and this social aspect of the game is by no means its least attraction.

May I here appeal to all our Stock Exchange Hockey players—and they are a power in the land—to use their utmost endeavours to keep our game free from all taint; a game to be played for the sake of its good fellowship, for the sake of sport, and for the sole honour of winning a friendly match.

I think it is bringing coals to Newcastle to explain to Stock Exchange men, who know something of every conceivable sport, the great change that has come over the game of Hockey during the last ten or twelve years, and how the old headlong rush with the ball has long since disappeared, and in its place has come all the art and skill of combination, surpassing in quickness and nicety of touch the highest football talent in the country—a bold statement I admit, but consider it for a moment. In the one case you have a large and almost cumbersome ball passing from foot to foot, or head to head. That the dexterity shown is marvellous we all know, but the make and shape of the ball and the method of the game combine to limit the celerity with which it can travel. In the other case you find the ordinary cricket ball travelling at express speed from stick to stick—a ball, the make and shape of which, unlike the football, have been fashioned for the highest degree of pace. In both cases we have eleven players combining to play with and for one another to the best of their ability, playing, in fact, what is well known in these days as a "combined game"; and I think, therefore, under the different conditions named I may fairly claim that the quickness and nicety of touch required and acquired by the present-day first-class Hockey player surpasses that of the best football talent.

From the foregoing paragraph it must not be thought that I am attempting to compare Hockey with football to the detriment of the latter; on the contrary, I believe that football up to a certain time is essentially the winter game, which should be played where possible. My comparison above is simply made as the easiest way of expressing how the art of combination has been brought into present-day Hockey. This art of combination, however, has undoubtedly indirectly been the means of giving birth to one of the difficulties of Hockey, and has certainly in some measure checked the rapid spread of the game. To carry this art out with any degree of success it is absolutely necessary to have a level ground. I do not say that the field of play must be all over of the quality of a first-class

cricket pitch, but it must certainly be equal to the out-field on our best cricket grounds. It needs no explanation from me when I point out that on an unequal surface it is quite impossible for the very finest player when going at full speed to receive a pass on his stick and to carry on the ball with any degree of certainty; in fact, in nine cases out of ten he will fail to take his pass, and a combined run will be spoilt.

The difficulty of grounds is one that will be met. In many cases cricket fields are large enough to make a Hockey ground (100 yards by 50 or 60 yards) without the play in any way interfering with the centre of the ground, and, so far as the out-field goes, I have no hesitation in saying that a Hockey club does no harm whatever, provided, of course, its members use a certain amount of precaution towards the end of February or the beginning of March by scratching or moving a fixture should the ground be palpably unfit. In other cases, however, the local cricket field is not of such dimensions as to enable a Hockey club to mark out its ground without encroaching on the match wickets, and in such cases I have often heard of the cricket committee refusing to sanction the playing of Hockey. To such objections I would quote as an authority the late H. H. Stephenson, of Uppingham. It was his firm conviction that a cricket pitch was improved by football (not to mention Hockey), if the game was played up to the Christmas holidays. He held to the opinion that nearly eight months' absolute rest was not the best thing for any cricket pitch, and gave too much opportunity for foreign matter to take root and for grass to become of too thick a growth. Where, therefore, a Hockey club is confined to one of these smaller cricket grounds it is easy to arrange as many home fixtures as possible before Christmas, the two or three which may of necessity be played later on the ground will not be sufficient to cause the slightest damage, provided, as I said before, reasonable precaution is used. In other cases a field may be found which a big roller will make sufficiently level; but I am bound to admit that a cricket field is the Hockey player's ideal. It will be seen,

therefore, that although the progress of the game has been answerable for this difficulty of level grounds, it is by no means an insurmountable one.

A healthy sign of the growing popularity of Hockey is seen in the number of schools (both public and others) which have adopted or are adopting the game for the Easter term. Every Public School boy knows that, with the completion of the "House" football matches and of the foreign fixtures, interest begins to wane; colours, too, for the various houses or teams have been given and, to put it shortly, there is nothing left to go for, with the result that football languishes somewhat. With the spread of Hockey, however, headmasters and others interested in school games have not been slow to see that names well known in the athletic world constantly figure in the reports of matches played, and they begin to realize that the old game of Hockey, as they knew it, must have developed into something more than they were aware of.

Enquiry soon shows that the old square gutta-percha ball, the club with the great big head, and the heavy "slogging" full backs have become items of the past and have given way to the circle and other niceties, which continue to make the game more worthy of their consideration. And with the growth of the game in our Public Schools it only needs time to see an increased interest at the Universities. But here again let me not be judged wrongly: football must and should have first call on the 'Varsity man, but there are many who for one reason or another cannot play football, and, having learnt the game of Hockey at their school, they will undoubtedly turn to it again at their University, and later on introduce to the various clubs in the country that leaven of old 'Varsity men and manners which does so much throughout the length and breadth of the country to raise the tone of English athletics.

A curious feature in connection with Hockey is the enthusiastic way in which it has been taken up by ladies; indeed the number of ladies' sticks now turned out annually by the makers is extraordinary. As a healthy exercise it is no doubt all that

can be desired when played amongst themselves, and a mixed team of ladies and men made up from one or two country houses can get plenty of fun out of matches against neighbours, but I would strongly deprecate any attempt to put "mixed teams" on any higher footing. There are in existence clubs which practically consist of teams of this class, who play through a list of fixtures. The idea, however, on the face of it must be bad. No man in a match of this sort can use his best energies or play a really hard game; were he to do so, the result would inevitably mean an accident or at least a severe fall or blow to one or two of the lady players. And no one will disagree with me when I state that in an out-door sport the game ought not to be taken seriously when a man cannot bring into force all his strength and skill.

As secretary to the Association I have not come across much to give a humorous turn to the duties, but I am bound to give the ladies all the credit and all the thanks for such as I have come across, with the exception of one case, when a player of the male sex wrote in all seriousness to ask whether the opposing captain was entitled to call upon his men to hit a certain member of the other team (probably the writer of the query) hard and often across the shins.

A deputation of gentlemen once called upon me to urge the inclusion of Ladies' Clubs, or rather of the Ladies' Hockey Association in the list of the Hockey Association. One of their arguments was that they played our rules entirely, the only difference being the addition of the words "or hat pins" to the rule prohibiting metal spikes in boots. I cannot now recall all the conversation, but I remember well the final appeal. The deputation stated that if the Association would accept the Ladies' Association, they (the ladies) would undertake to send male representatives to our meetings, a proposal which I am sure all Stock Exchange men will condemn as a most unfortunate one for the cause of the deputation. My own opinion is that anything of the sort would be undesirable, for the game as played by men and ladies must always remain so totally different a thing. I

have no hesitation in saying that any ordinary club team, long before the match was over, would run off their l——I beg their pardon, I mean feet—the finest team of lady players in England, provided, of course, that the men could put all their energies into it without consideration for the feelings, mental or corporate, of their fair opponents.

S. CHRISTOPHERSON.

They have, however, started an Association of their own with North *v.* South, and International Matches—the latter played sometimes on the famous Rectory Field, Blackheath, so that whether or not we are prepared to take them seriously, they have every intention of conducting their affairs in the most approved and up-to-date style.

This article would be incomplete without some reference to the many "House" men who have distinguished themselves at the game, and who have, for years past, done so much to bring it up to its present healthy and vigorous condition. Should I unintentionally omit any well-known name, I would ask pardon, as I write entirely from memory. Although International Hockey was only begun as recently as 1895, we have had already in the Stock Exchange eight men who have played for England—P. Earnshaw, E. R. Hardman, W. F. Clayton (since left the House), A. Frampton—whose badge of a red rose was publicly presented to him in the House on a blotting pad, amidst the loud congratulations of his friends, F. W. Earnshaw, W. B. Adams, A. Playford, M. A. Nicholas, and the writer, who had the pleasure of hitting the first goal scored in an International Hockey Match. Other members who have gained either South

or County honours are S. A. P. Kitcat, A. E. Kennedy, G. E. B. Kennedy, R. Playford, R. S. Lucas, S. W. Scott, K. Christopherson, J. R. Head, R. P. Sewell, F. M. Smith, H. Booth, and C. Barker.

With a list such as this, I feel I cannot find a better finish than once more to address myself to Stock Exchange Hockey players, and to appeal to them again, as one who has the interests of the game very much at heart, to lend the full weight of their influence and of their skill towards carrying on their game on the self-same lines as have hitherto been the aim and ambition of those entrusted with the conduct of the sport in past years.

Stanley Jun. Christopherson

HUNTING.

Oh, give me the man to whom nought comes amiss,
One horse or another—that country or this ;
Through falls and bad starts, who undauntedly still
Rides up to the motto, "*Be with them I will*" !
And give me the man who can ride through a run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a screw ;
Who loves a run best when a friend sees it too.

I HAVE been asked to write an article on Hunting, one of the most difficult subjects, I have always heard, to write about. Like my luck, I was not allowed to say no, and this is the more to be regretted perhaps, as I fancy it has often been said, and with truth, that so many men who can write are unfortunately no sportsmen, while, at the same time, many of those who have the details of sport at their fingers' ends have no literary skill.

I must leave you, dear reader, to place me with either, according to the opinion you form after reading this article, but whatever your verdict I hope you will give me the credit for pluck, as I start with the recognized fact that I am *writing* for a fall instead of *riding* for one. However, I have read somewhere that there is no article so bad but a judicious reader may derive some advantage from the reading of it. I hope this one will not prove the only exception. It is not meant for such sportsmen as need not instruction, but for those that do, and for the rising crop of English sportsmen that every season brings

out and will continue to bring out, I trust, till time shall be no more.

Hunting is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and content to the mind, and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends.

In commencing this noble sport, don't go into the field until you can sit a horse over any reasonable fence. The hunting-field is not the place for practising the rudiments of the art. Buy a perfect hunter, no matter how blemished or how ugly so that he has legs, eyes, and wind to carry him and his rider across the country. It is essential that one of the two should perfectly understand the business in hand. Have nothing to say to a puller, a rusher, or a kicker, even if you fancy you are competent; a colt should only be ridden by a man who is paid to risk his bones. An amateur endangers himself, his neighbours and the pack by attempting rough-riding.

The best place for a man of moderate means—those who can afford to spend hundreds on experiments can pick and choose in the best stables—is to hire a hack hunter, and if he suits you buy him.

Don't speak to the huntsman. Don't let your horse go near the hounds; he may kick them, and then you may expect a most disagreeable lecture from the Master or huntsman. Never take a jump when an open gate or gap is handy, unless the hounds are going fast. Don't attempt to show in front unless you feel you can keep there. Beginners who try to make a display, even if lucky at first, are sure to make some horrid blunder and get snubbed. Go slowly at your fences and don't pull at your curb when the horse is rising. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will be better without your assistance than with it. Don't wear spurs until you are quite sure that you won't spur at the wrong time. Never lose your temper with your horse and never strike him with the whip when going at a fence; it is almost sure to make him swerve. Pick out the firmest ground; hold your horse together across ploughed; if

you want a pilot, choose not a scarlet and cap, but some well-mounted farmer who has not got a horse to sell; if he has, ten to one but he leads you into grief. Above all, hold your tongue until you have learnt your lesson, and talk neither of your triumphs nor your failures. Any fool can boast, and, although to ride boldly and with judgment is very pleasant, there is nothing for a gentleman to be specially proud of, considering that two hundred huntsmen, or whips, do it better than most gentlemen every hunting day in the season.

Always ride clear of hounds, never over, on, or in front of them, and learn to stand still when they are casting themselves at a check. Sport, and Hunting in particular (as everyone and anyone can participate in the latter), forms a bond of union between all English-speaking races. Nothing so holds all classes together.

But after all said and done, no organisation could succeed, nothing could be carried on with success, unless they had a good head. No regiment could succeed without a good commanding officer, and no hunt can be perfect without a good Master. His heart and soul must be in the sport. His temper that of an angel, and if he is deaf at times so much the better for his peace of mind. To covert owners and occupiers of coverts, I think hunting men generally have much to be thankful for, although, of course, there are exceptions, and some black spots in many countries.

My own experience has been most satisfactory as a rule; and the only ones I never could get on with were strangers not living in their own county, who pretended to preserve foxes when they had no intention of doing so. Hounds always leave a fox behind them in their coverts or draw over it, and the poor huntsman gets the blame, while every true sportsman out knows as well as the hounds the covert was blank. The shooting tenant who openly declares he will not preserve foxes is, to my mind, much more of a sportsman than the man who says he will preserve foxes and doesn't. That good sportsman, Mr. Bensted, once said at a hunt dinner, "If a man kills foxes he

PHILIP G. BARTHROPP.

has never any health afterwards!" and that "pheasants and tame foxes are enough to ruin any land."

A huntsman, I have heard it said, must be born for the position. You can't make a huntsman. It's a gift from nature to be able to hunt a pack of hounds properly. Any true sportsman can easily distinguish between a natural huntsman and a man who is obliged to fill the post. It is the opinion of a great sportsman that it is as difficult to find a perfect huntsman as a good Prime Minister. Without taking upon me to determine what requisites may be necessary to form a good Prime Minister, I will describe some of those which I think are essentially necessary towards making a perfect huntsman, qualities which, I will venture to say, would not disgrace more brilliant situations:—Such as a clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear, a good voice, and a good horseman. A smart whipper-in to a pack of hounds is half the battle and nearly as important as a good huntsman.

There are necessary points in the shape of a hound which ought always to be attended to, for if he is not of perfect symmetry he will neither run fast nor bear much work. Let his legs be straight as arrows, his feet round and not too large, his chest deep and back broad, his head small and his neck thin. A good neck and shoulders are also very important both in a horse and a hound.

Hunting does directly and indirectly a marvellous amount of good in a country. Lord Yarborough says, and I am sure no

one wants a better authority or would doubt his figures, it causes the expenditure of three-and-a-half millions of pounds every year for the cost of keeping of hounds and maintaining the Hunts in the United Kingdom.

Everyone can help a Master and his Hunt in some way or other, and as I firmly believe Hunting is the best physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one, I respectfully conclude these notes with the well-known lines—

"Do what you can, be what you are;
Be a glow-worm if you cannot be a star,
Try and be a pulley if you cannot be a crane;
And be a wheel-greaser if you cannot drive the train."

Philip G. Bartlropp.

HUNTING.

"I remember some words my Father said
When I was an urchin vain—
God rest his soul, in his narrow bed
These ten long years he hath lain.
When I think one drop of the blood he bore
This faint heart surely must hold,
It may be my fancy and nothing more,
But the faint heart seemeth bold.

He said that as from the blood of the grape
Or from juice distilled from the grain
False vigour soon to evaporate
Is lent to nerve and brain.
So the coward will dare on the gallant horse
What he never would dare alone
Because he exults in a borrowed force
And a hardihood not his own.

And it may be so, yet this difference lies
'Twixt the vine and the saddle-tree,
The spurious courage that drink supplies
Sets our baser passions free.
But the stimulant that the horseman feels
When he gallops fast and straight
To his better nature most appeals,
And charity conquers hate."

LINDSAY GORDON.

I AM asked to write about Hunting. What a task! And now as I sit down, pen in hand, I realise what a strange mania is that fondness for the sport which pervades Great Britain from the peer to the peasant, and which we alone of all their progeny seem to have inherited from

our Scandinavian ancestors—a mania that outlives love, friendship, literature, money-making, all the devices of poor human nature to squander its most priceless possession—time. Also it now strikes me for the first time how strange it is that there should be two such completely opposite sides in our nature. One the calm, calculating, arm-chair, writing-table, reflecting side, and the side which comes into play when the passion is roused, when the heart beats thick and fast at the first whimper of a hound; when the colour mounts to the cheek and the eye

[Photo by] OVER THE PLOUGH. [W. A. Rouch.

glistens brightly as we watch the gorse shaking above the busy pack! When we listen for the distant "view-holloa!" which proclaims him away, and the mad revel really begins.

"*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*" I have always despised the poet for this! *He* had never felt the glow, the suppressed excitement, the absolute absorption of heart and soul which a gallop over a country produces; which drives black care from the mind, and which has done so much to make England's sons what they are to-day.

How can the sensation be described! How can mortal man be vain enough to think that he can give life to poor words sufficient to convey even a shadow of what *it really is!* It is indeed a task. I say it in all humility. Those who read this and who *know* will, I feel sure, treat me with forbearance; those who do not! . . . . well I am sorry for them, that is all!!

As to the history of Fox-hunting! Authorities differ with regard to the date at which it first became a pastime in England, but we may take it that it was not at all generally followed until about the middle of the last century, although in the reign of William III. . . . . Gracious heavens! I cannot write of such a sport in such a strain. No! let me rather sit down in my arm-chair by the fire. Let me sleep! Let me dream! In dreamland—that happy country where scenes in our past life pass in review; where the pictures are blended and softened, and sometimes vivid and rich in colouring—I may, perchance, find myself more in harmony with my theme.

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What a glorious Hunting day! A sky of dappled grey, a balmy breeze just wooing into existence the hundred buds and beauties of early spring. There should be a scent! There must be a scent. Ha! What is that? I am there at the end of the gorse below———, with Douglas (my brother now in India). He is riding "Cassandra," his chestnut mare, than whom no better ever looked through a bridle. And as she stands there with her beautiful turn of head and neck, long sloping shoulders, deep girth and shapely quarters, she is a picture which can never fade from the mind.

I am on "Petrolium," the best I have.

> "As one who rode, a dark brown steed,
> Clean jointed, sinewy, spare,
> With the lean game head of the Punjaub breed,
> And the resolute eye that loves the lead,
> And the quarters massive and square."

What is that again! Ha, there he goes stealing away. What a long, dark, wiry-looking brute he is, with a white tag on

his brush; and as he slips away across the pasture he whisks it at us in derision!

"Tally-ho!" shouts Douglas. Twang goes Tom Whitmore's horn in the middle of the gorse. Already the owner of the covert comes galloping round the corner. *He* never loses a good start, and knows how to keep it once he has it! In twos and threes the hounds are pouring through the boundary fence; ten or twelve couples are settling to the scent; the rest, with ears erect, are flying to the cry. Now they stoop together with

Photo by] THE SOUTHDOWN COUNTRY. [W. A. Rouch

collective energy and drive along over the grass in all the mute ecstasy of pace. A burst such as this is a pastime for the gods.

Three! four! six! stiffish fences and a couple of miles of grass, and then a turn in our favour enables me to pull into a trot and look round.

Seven or eight men are in the same field with hounds. The Field have mercifully been shaken off, but should a check occur they will soon be up, for I see the leaders already coming through a bridle gate not far off. But no! the pack is streaming

on ! ! "For'ard," cries Tom Whitmore, cramming his horn into the case, and heading his horse at an oxer. "For'ard," echoes Hatfield Harter, the best horseman in our country, doubling in neatly on the right. "For'ard," adds Douglas, swinging over the fence in his stride, though "Cassandra" cracks the far-rail as she lands. "Line, please," shouts a stranger from the Quorn country to young Bletsoe, the steeple-chase rider, whose four-year-old has swerved across him.

Jack, the first whip, with a pleasant smile slips quietly to the front. Three or four men enter the field at different points: one, a quiet gentleman in a black coat, on a flea-bitten grey, *over* the gate *not* through it. A loose horse gallops wildly past, and the hounds, with a burning scent, are heading straight for ——— pastures. And now every man sits down and steadies his horse, if he is wise, as the pace is killing and it looks like a good thing.

Some of us begin to think he may enter the thick covert of —— spinney, and that the conclusion of so quick a burst may save our own and our horses' credit. But a labourer on the opposite hill is holloaing as if his throat would crack. Our foe is still forward ! he has no notion of entering the spinney, warmed as he is by the merry pace of the last mile.

The field are already hopelessly behindhand. They have failed to obtain information from recurring sign-posts on the road, and are somewhat puzzled by two grass lanes which apparently lead in the same direction. They divide into two hurrying columns, and will probably not see a hound again to-day.

And so on we go again, leaving —— wood on the right and up the hill for ——, threading the fine old trees on the summit and pointing ever onwards to the grassy vale of the river ——, spread out like a panorama before us, smiling and beautiful in the light of a February sun.

Thank heaven ! a check at last. "Petrolium" was beginning to want it sadly ! He struck the last top rail very hard and dropped his hind legs into two consecutive ditches.

There are still some half-dozen men with hounds, but their horses look as if they had had nearly enough, and some of the riders

are beginning to wonder how long they can go on. The country for miles back is dotted with equestrians of every rank and hue.

A child on a pony has turned the fox. Tom thinks he cannot have entered the gorse on the right; so he holds his hounds towards the plantation on the left. "Crosspatch" whisks her stern about her sides, and drops a note or two to her comrades as they gather to the line.

Photo by] TEAR HIM, MY BEAUTIES. [W. A. Rouch.

"Yo-yup, old lady," says Tom, in the inexplicable language of a huntsman.

"That old bitch is always right" says Douglas, who has turned "Cassandra's" head for a moment to the wind.

Twang goes the horn again and away score the hounds through—Cold Harbour, as if they were fresh out of the kennels, and over the wide grassy pastures, below and up the opposite rise, with untiring energy, leaving the foremost horseman toiling a field-and-a-half behind, till a pause and a momentary hover in the —— road enables "Petrolium" to reach them once more.

It is labour and sorrow now. Still, as we flounder on, we do devoutly hope we may kill this gallant fox before he kills our gallant horses! The best blood in horse flesh is but mortal after all, and "Petrolium" is going heavily on his *own* shoulders and *my* hands.

Down the hill below ——, we make a tolerable fight, but though "Cassandra" clears the brook at the bottom we all flounder through. We have no false pride now! and do not any of us turn up our noses at gates or gaps. Everything after all is comparative in this world. At this point the old doctor meets us on his fresh hack and thinks we are going quite *slow!* But we know better! So does "Petrolium"! So does "Crosspatch"! So does the fox!

He is not travelling so straight now. Up and down the hedge-row the pack turn like harriers.

See! What is that dark object? It is the hunted fox pointing for Castle Ashby Woods! He will never reach them, for the hounds are very close to him now! How they strain across the ridge and furrow,—their bristles erect, their sterns lowered, their hungry eyes flaring out. As "Crosspatch" and another near him, he turns and shows a gleaming set of teeth. It is momentary. All three roll over together. The others are close upon them, and all is over. Just under the old oak tree, where Cowper, the poet, was wont to write, "Whoop! worry, worry! tear him and eat him, my darlings!!!"

What a run! If it's a yard it is eleven miles! And with only one check! An hour and fifteen minutes by my ——!!!

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"Hullo! What's that?" as I start to my feet. "Oh, it's you!!" to my butler, flaring a candle in my face. "It's past two, sir, and the fire is out. Shall I put out the lights?" . .

HUNTING.

FOX-HUNTING seems to us to realise the highest and best aim of lovers of sport and pastimes. On what other form of enjoyment can "anticipation" be more alluring, "realisation" more gratifying, or "recollection" sweeter. Fox-hunting is an absorbing passion with its votaries, invariably intensifying as age increases, owing to the possibility of its enjoyment being curtailed by advancing years or infirmity, which factors cannot be wholly ignored and must be faced as time rolls on. These cares, however, by a merciful dispensation of providence, always seem a long way off, and, meanwhile, the immediate requirements of a hunting man are the first consideration. As this paper is intended for those following an occupation, it is with them and for their guidance that we purpose dealing and suggesting what is, in our opinion, required in order to face the season's wants and indulge in them in comfort. In selecting quarters for a hunting box, it is just as well to be within easy reach of the kennels for several reasons. Amongst others there are, of course, many days in the winter when the possibility of Hunting at all is doubtful owing to snow, frost, fog, and so on. It is then most convenient to be able to know at once what decision on the point has been come to by the Master or huntsman. Further, hounds invariably draw towards home, which makes it possible for the hunting man to see the whole of the day's sport

undeterred by the necessity of leaving early to catch trains or the fear of a long ride back home. Moreover, he gets on friendly terms with hounds and hunt servants, becomes familiar with the doings of the pack during any temporary absence, and has the pleasure on off days of peeping in at the kennels and enjoying a little genial gossip and hound talk. The man hunting from town with only odd days at his disposal must of necessity put up at a central town, of which there is no lack, and whence, on whatever day he selects, he can get to a good pack in a fair country by rail or road. This class of sportsman necessarily hunts at some disadvantage, as he has to subscribe to several packs of hounds, and cannot, like the resident, quite identify himself with any.

The localities most in favour for this purpose, where facilities for lodgings and stabling are most easily obtainable, are Leighton Buzzard, Rugby, Market Harboro', Melton and Grantham, so far as the delightful "Shires" are concerned, while many towns in Essex, Surrey, Sussex and Herts minister suitably to the requirements of the less ambitious London sportsman. The selection of a good stud groom, or merely hunting groom, is next a very important matter, as on his capacity and knowledge of the treatment of horses during the conditioning time, and their maintenance in health during the season, will depend much of the enjoyment of the hunting man. Having secured a good servant and healthy, roomy stables, the getting together of a nice useful stud is the next consideration. The selection of sound horses, varying between five and eight, of good quality, with, if possible, good antecedents, is requisite. It will, we think, be found better on the whole, from the point of view of economy of time and disappointments, to place oneself to a great extent in the hands of a country dealer of repute, who will invariably allow a fair trial, while the responsibility for the soundness of the horses can be left to the judgment and knowledge of a good veterinary surgeon, of whom there is no lack. From experience, we may add that should suitable horses, under the above conditions, coming with good reputations from the

Meath Country or Roscommon, be offered you, buy them in preference to all others if you wish to be well carried in almost any country, and among them you may not unlikely find one to carry you nicely in your local point-to-point race at the end of the season, or even to win the Hunt Cup, provided he be a "maiden," an invariable condition in these events.

A. J. Schwabe.

As the expenses of a Hunt are necessarily heavy and dependent in the main on the subscription of the followers of the Hunt, it is very desirable that subscriptions to the various packs should be sent to go with one purposes in to the secretary of the Hunt early in the season; it is an assistance to the Hunt and it can be of no advantage to defer a payment which is a charge one has anticipated and willingly accepted. One suggestion occurs to us in this connection, which is that all men hunting from town should make a point of showing the greatest consideration to occupiers of land and farmers generally. Rightly or wrongly they look upon men coming from a distance, and having no stake in the

country, as interlopers, and much interchange of good feeling and courtesy in the hunting field, which are among its pleasantest features, to a great extent depend on the manners and behaviour of the new comer.

Another point, and one of some importance, is that the man hunting from town should endeavour, as far as in him lies, to turn himself out well so far as his clothes, etc., are concerned, as most Masters of Hounds, especially in the "Shires," consider it quite a breach of etiquette and courtesy to themselves when this detail is omitted. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to mention that "pink" is almost everywhere looked upon as the proper hunting colour and should invariably be worn by subscribers to the Hunt.

A. S. Schwartz

LACROSSE.

"GOIN' shrimpin', Guvnor?" used to be the remark of the average street boy fifteen years ago when he met a player carrying a crosse. But times have altered, and the average boy is now put down as a "bloomin' idiot" if he does not know that "that ere thing's Larcrosse; I seed 'em playin' it on Black 'Eath Common, runnin' about like mad, and chucking the ball all over the shop; I couldn't make 'ead or tail of it." The progress may not be very obvious, but the fact that the game has got its roots pretty low down is the surest sign that it is preparing for a strong and healthy blossoming. A glance at its early origin is not amiss, because it presents a spectacle compared with which all our record gates, frenzied spectators, betting corners, and other doubtful ingredients of sport (?) sink into insignificance. Conceive, if possible, a ground with goals consisting of two pairs of trees from one to two miles apart! An unlimited number of players, each provided with the implement which he thinks best for the purpose of getting the ball towards goal and of protecting himself from the onslaught of other players. Picture to yourself the wives of the players keeping their husbands up to the mark by the timely application of well-seasoned switches, while the non-playing men alternately shout their approbation and make heavy bets in horses or cattle with the braves of the other tribe, everyone being dressed in their very best (although not extensive) clothing, in order to do honour to the great game. Truly, we poor white men have nothing to put up with compared with it; a home match in Tom

Brown's days, even as pictured by a Hughes, pales before it, and only the author of "Prehistoric Peeps" can do justice to the scene. Needless to say, the players were North American Indians, for where else would one expect to find the combination of agility, courage, and aboriginal conception which could produce such a game.

The Canadians soon learnt and improved the game, which has become their national pastime, and from Canada it has spread to England, fitfully at first, but afterwards in a steady stream, as we shall see later on.

Now all Lacrosse players acknowledge that the game is one which spreads slowly in spite of its great inherent qualities, and yet the reasons for this are very variously stated. The reason most generally given is that it is a difficult game to learn. I wish to tackle this point at once, for though it pre-supposes a degree of laziness in men which I am loth to acknowledge, it is an insidious argument, and one which will not really hold water.

We are not now dealing with a game which every boy has played more or less since he could stand on two legs, such as cricket or football; but let us compare it with golf, which (wisely, I think) the average man learns after he is of age. Does the learner think it too much to get a friend to initiate him into the mysteries of "stance," "swing," "iron approaches," and all the other devices which experience has shown to be necessary even in the case of a natural genius? Will he not even pay a "pro." to put him through his facings, without which he will inevitably develop a thousand and one faults, which it will take years to eradicate? Why, therefore, should he assume that he ought to be able to catch and throw at Lacrosse without a little earnest practice, towards which his eye and muscles have been previously trained by years of practice at other games?

The true reasons which retard the spread of the game appear to me to be the existence of other well-established and good games, the necessity of a good ground for playing the game properly, the size and cost of such a ground, the difficulty

of playing the game in a bad light such as we so often have during the winter months in England, and, lastly, the mistaken notion that a man must be a champion sprinter to become a good player. All these objections might be dealt with *seriatim*, but I prefer to let the answers to them appear from the remarks I have to make on the game.

School is, of course, the place to learn any game, when the muscles and eye are in that glorious condition to which we all look back with regret even at a comparatively early age. The school cricket ground, which often gets so sadly cut up by "footer," can be safely used for Lacrosse after Christmas without fear of it suffering harm, for players are compelled to use rubber-soled shoes, which rather tend to do good than harm. Pure brute force plays so small a part in the game that it is a great encouragement to sharp boys of inferior physique to be able to take a forward part in the game by dint of their common sense and neatness, as much as by their weight and speed. I remember a captain of the English Football Team for ten or eleven seasons who failed to get into his school team because he could not succeed in growing till he left school. Yet he would have made a superb Lacrosse player, even as a little fellow, for weight and height were the only characteristics denied to him by nature during his school career. At schools where the game is played it is found an excellent plan to have football played up to Christmas and Lacrosse after the Christmas holidays. This enables the latter to be played when the days are rapidly becoming longer and the light better, while it can be continued far later in the term without any danger of harming the turf. The Lacrosse Association in the South of England falls in with this arrangement by allowing the schools which enter for its competitions to postpone their matches to the latter half of the season. Practising at school can be carried on under the happiest conditions. Two boys with crosses and a ball can put in half-an-hour's practice without interfering with any one else or monopolizing more than a very small space, while splendid work can be done alone if only an old wall and a flat piece of

I.—Catching a Ball.

ground in front can be secured. Lacrosse implements are cheap—ten shillings will cover all that are required.

And it may be asked: Is Lacrosse a good game for boys? Emphatically yes. That is to say, it not only is, scientifically speaking, a more perfect poly-muscular game than any I know, but, what is quite as important, it cultivates quickness of brain and the art of rapid combination with others to an extent that makes it absolutely necessary to be quick-brained in order to make a really good player. Again, it is a game which punishes heavily any rough play in a double sense, for the culprit not only is at once spotted, even by the most incapable referee, but his suspension during the rest of the game or till a goal is scored is equivalent at least to presenting his opponents with a goal, and no team will excuse this in a player, even if they do not look at it from the higher standpoint. I have seen a winning team so demoralized by a bad-tempered exhibition on the part of one of their side that they ultimately lost the match.

II.

III.—Right-Handed Throw.

To illustrate what I have called the poly-muscular side of the game I have selected a few photos from a number of snapshots. The first would, I think, gladden the heart of a gymnastic instructor. Words are unnecessary to explain the excellence of any game that would bring a man unconsciously into such a superb "extension motion." And yet the figure merely represents a player catching a ball at full stretch, and this he would have to do dozens of times in half-an-hour's practice. It is only the old story of the child and its hoop carried to the highest degree of perfection. Note that the player has his right hand uppermost, so that the right side of the body is that which is mostly exercised, while the next position shows the left hand uppermost, and the throw from this side calls into play all the muscles of the corresponding side of the body.

The third position shows the same player in the act of making the corresponding right-handed throw, and it is noteworthy that the movement having been "snapped" a little later shows clearly how the crosse is turned

IV.—Under-Hand Throw.

V.—Under-Hand Throw.

over to prevent the ball leaving the stick, up which it runs just as a stone flies off a sling.

The fourth position illustrates the underhand throw in its early stage, and a glance at the back and hips will show how these parts of the body come into play, just as they do in a golf swing.

The fifth shows the delivery of the underhand throw, to which I shall again allude, and here, though the left hand is uppermost, as in No. II., yet it is the right hand which does the work to a great extent.

Next to this underhand throw, which is peculiar to Lacrosse, the "face" is a feature of the game. It is ordered whenever the game is restarted after a stoppage for any reason. The two players stoop or kneel on one knee while the ball is pressed between the opposing crosses, which, on the word "play," are sharply drawn backwards and the ball flies out into play. Of late years the rule as to the method of "facing" has been altered so as to avoid "scrimmaging," and many little dodges connected with the "face" have been thereby put a stop to.

VI.—The Face.

VII.—The Goal.

The goal which once consisted of two posts surmounted by flags, has now become a bag net six feet square and looks a very small mark to aim at, but the man who "has been there" finds it quite large enough. Twenty-five yards in a second is not an extreme rate for a hard shot at goal, but this is over forty-five miles an hour. Luckily a type of rubber ball has been evolved for use in the game, which even at this speed will not do more than give a goal-keeper something to admire in his bath next day if he is unlucky enough to have to use his body instead of his crosse.

Now, a critic may say of Lacrosse: "It is a good game for boys with pliant muscles, but it is too late to try to learn the game when the muscles and wind are not quite what they used to be." This is a very great mistake, and one which in this oxygen-bereft atmosphere of London is much to be combated. Any game that takes a man out of a walk is good for his lungs, and how many games are there to chose from after football days are over? Where can a game be found involving rapid movement, but where the ripe judgment of a man can compensate to some extent for the absence of the agility of youth? In what other games of anything like equal quickness are collisions and hard knocks so conspicuously absent? A certain amount of these may be advisable in early life, but a time comes when weight begins to tell and bones are harder set, and it is then that a man longs for a good hard game that does not knock him about too much. The rules of Lacrosse are definite and penal on the points of deliberate charging and hitting, while the cases

of accidents from these causes, or indeed any, are remarkably scarce.

An old football player who has done a little cricket will take to the game at once, and will be surprised that the younger players cannot, in spite of their speed, "run rings round him" with any advantage to their side. He will have to think the game out for himself, but if he once sees a run down commencing with a "free" man and ending with a goal towards which four or five men have contributed their share like links in a chain, he will have no difficulty in realizing that it is not the wild rushing player that comes off, but the quick-witted neat executant who sees his opening, moves perhaps only a few

yards, takes the pass on the run, and without, perhaps, more than a few more yards of run, gets rid of it to another, who repeats the operation till the goal lies open for the final shot. It goes without saying that such a scheme of play is hampered by no off-side rules, and it is not, perhaps, generally known that water polo rules originated with a body of Lacrosse players who adopted the same idea, much to the advantage of the quickness of the water game.

Spectators often wonder why the game should go on behind goal; but the fact that the ball can be thrown nearly the length of the ground is sufficient reason against adopting any goal

line, while the waste of time entailed by the Association football rule is avoided with advantage to everyone except the lazy player. All the players in Lacrosse are grouped in pairs, except the goal-keeper at each end, and therefore it is of advantage to have these pairs well matched; a weak defence may be constantly letting a strong attack through, while a strong defence may be thrown away on a weak attack. It is the duty of the field captain, who is a non-combatant, to see that he arranges his men not only according to their own advantage, but also to the special disadvantage of the opposite side. Many a game has been won or saved by a knowledge of the characteristics of the opponents' individual play.

The arrangement of the pairs is very simple and symmetrical. Starting from goal we have three "homes" and corresponding "defences," then a set of five pairs arranged like the pips on a die, comprising four pairs of wing players, attack and defence, with a pair of "centres," and, finally, the three pairs of "defences" of "homes" at the other end. This gives a total of twelve on each side.

It is very satisfactory, in comparing the modern game of Lacrosse with that of twelve or thirteen years ago, to notice the striking improvement that has taken place in skill in handling the crosse, and also in tactics. This is partly due to the improved method of stringing crosses—the high leading string and the crosse piece at the handle end making it easier to catch and hold the ball—and partly to the instruction derived from the visit of the Canadian team of 1888, which thoroughly defeated every English combination it met. It was only to be expected that men who had played Lacrosse from their boyhood should be able to beat men who had played it at the most three or four years. Their skill and tactical resource convinced us that we should have to make greater efforts to introduce Lacrosse into schools, and the S.E.L.A. has since then worked very hard in this direction.

The results, I am pleased to say, have been very encouraging, and I believe that when we next have a visit from our

Canadian friends we shall be able to meet them on fairly equal terms.

When I first played in 1883 the art of combination was practically unknown, a defence man being perfectly satisfied if, when he got the ball, he managed to throw it somewhere in the direction of the goal, and an attack player generally tried to dodge or run round the defence until he was near enough to get a shot at goal, or, as usually happened, lost the ball.

How we ever scored any goals at all is a mystery to me, and, indeed, very low scoring was the rule. It is very different now, and it is no uncommon thing in good matches to see each side score seven or eight goals.

Passing and catching have now attained such perfection that one frequently sees the ball start from the defence end, go down the field through four or five players, and be shot at goal without touching the ground. This is much assisted by the fact of the gradual disuse of the sling round the body among defence players. (See position No. 5.) Although a long throw this was a very uncertain one as to direction, as may be easily gathered from the fact that the player is looking away from the point intended to be reached, so that most defence players now use the shoulder shot to throw up the field. With this throw a man should be able to pass with absolute certainty a distance of 60 or 70 yards, which is quite far enough, as I think that a defence player should never send the ball farther up the field than the attack wing position.

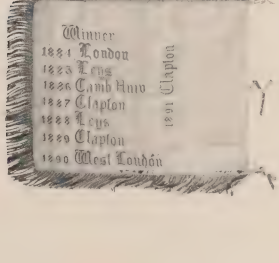
No sketch of Southern Lacrosse can be complete without some reference to club careers. London (now Blackheath), Clapton, Leys School, Cambridge University, West London, and Surbiton, have each for a year or two held the premier position. Of these the Clapton Club, now defunct, for whom I played for many years, calls for special notice.

Formed in 1873, they arrived at top place for the first time in 1886, and from 1888 to 1892 continued to be the strongest club in the South. They owed their success chiefly to a very strong defence, for attack play had not then attained the

precision and consequent mastery over defence play which it now holds. They won outright the old S.E.L.A. flags, and won the new flags for the first time in 1892.

Their decease in 1894 was due to various causes, but chiefly to the fact that they had entirely neglected the interests of their second team, and had practically no reserves to fill the places of men retiring. In recognition of this fact the surplus funds of the club were devoted to the purchase of a cup to be held by the winners of the Junior Flags. I can only hope that club officials have profited by the warning afforded by the career of this club.

After the fall of Clapton, West London came to the front and then Snaresbrook won in 1894 and 1895, mainly owing to the brilliant attack play of the two Knights. I have never seen better attack combination than that shown by these two men during 1894 and 1895. For the last three years West London and Surbiton have been keen rivals for pre-eminence, Surbiton having won the flags twice, and West London once.



As the Surbiton Club was formed by a section of West London men in 1890, the friendly rivalry now existing is very much the same as that between England and Australia at cricket.

H. E. Byers.

In addition to the Flag Competition before referred to, we have now, within the last three years instituted, Divisional Cup competitions for senior and junior clubs on the lines of the League competitions, and although these Cup competitions are of great service in encouraging teams to play regularly together, yet the old Flag Competition attracts the greatest interest, and will, I think, continue to be the blue riband of Lacrosse in the South. We also play annual matches against the North of England and against Ireland.

For some years, *viz.* : from 1881 to 1887, England was regularly beaten by Ireland, but since 1888 the great improvement in English Lacrosse has had its effect, and honours have been fairly divided. England has won the last two years, and with her greater number of players should, I think, continue to hold the lead. Owing also to this cause the North generally beats the South, the former having won eight out of the last eleven matches. Since 1896 an annual match has been played for the Club Championship of England and a cup called the Iroquois Cup. It was won the first year by Surbiton by two to one, after a match which I always consider the finest I have ever been engaged in, and Stockport, who were the losers on that occasion, have won it the two succeeding years. The Stockport team is certainly the best club team I have ever seen, while it supplied no fewer than five members to last year's English team.

Lacrosse is governed in the South by the S.E.L.A., consisting of a president (The Marquis of Lorne) and a committee of fifteen members, of whom Mr. F. B. O. Hawes is secretary. There is a similar body in the North, the N.E.L.A., and the two Associations each supply four representatives to a supreme body called the English Lacrosse Union, which controls rules of the game, the selection of international teams, and other matters which may be in dispute between the North and South Associations. The E.C.U. is only a creation of the last three years and its success emphasizes the fact that it ought to have been formed ten years ago.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. W. Stepney Rawson, captain of the West London Lacrosse Team, for his kind assistance in writing this article.

H. C. Byers

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

R[illegible] Jones played in the Final for Miller who had dislocated his shoulder

POLO.

THE game of Polo is at once ancient and modern, ancient because the main idea of the game has come down to us from remote ages in the East; modern because in all its scientific developments Polo has really been built up during the last twenty years.

The Manipuri, no doubt, as is stated in the Badminton Book, suggested the game to Anglo-Indian sportsmen, and even in its ruder form, as played in India on small ponies and with five or more players on each side, it was found to be a very attractive game. In Calcutta, and among the tea planters of Cachar, the game gradually became very popular. Nor was it long making its way among the soldiers, until at the present time there are Polo grounds in every Indian station, and there are often so many players that it is difficult to get more than two or three periods, or "chuckers" as they call them, in the afternoon. But although Polo was played in India before it was thought of as a possible sport at home, it was in England that it was developed into a first-rate game. In the early days there was no offside and there were no fouls, still less had any player a particular place, though a rudimentary No. 4 was evolved and was known as the goal-keeper. But he was not by any means invariably appointed, nor always—perhaps not often—in his place when he was. The ponies, too, were much smaller and the whole style of play was different from that in the present day. Short, stiff sticks with heavy heads were used, and men, leaning forward on the ponies' necks, used to dribble the ball

along the ground. Of course, therefore, the ball was always taken round, and the back-hander was unknown.

The man who helped most to make Polo what it is, was Mr. John Watson. He always had the idea of its capacities as a scientific game, and the first great step in this direction was the introduction of the back-handed stroke, which was, strangely enough, introduced simultaneously by Mr. Watson at Quetta, and at Hurlingham by the celebrated Peat brothers. With

Photo by] INNISKILLINGS, 1897. [W. A. Rouch.

back-handers as the recognised stroke of defence, and with four players aside, Polo at once became a faster game, and larger and better trained ponies were used in it. Again it was to the Messrs. Peat that the value of better trained ponies in the game was due, and with Lord Harrington they showed what could be done by careful home training and schooling of the animals used for Polo. Hurlingham rapidly became the head-quarters of Polo, and the institution of the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the

County Cup, and the Champion Cup by Captain (now Sir Walter) Smythe undoubtedly gave a great stimulus to the game.

For some time there was no great change in the play. A side depended more on the brilliant play of individual men than on combination. At Hurlingham, where the players were friends and fellow members of that charming Club, the necessity of rules and regulations was but little felt. It was only when the game began to spread that a stricter and more scientific kind of play

Photo by] INNISKILLINGS, 1898. [W. A. Rouch.

became desirable. But there is no doubt that Polo owes much to the fact that, just as the game reached a certain point of popularity, a writer rose up who gave it the publicity it required. Now Polo is reported in every paper, but we can remember the time when a dry little paragraph was all the notice it received. The game was, in fact, in danger of being regarded as an exotic sport in temporary vogue at a fashionable club, or a whim of a few wealthy men, when Mr. Moray Brown, who became the

prose laureate of Polo in the columns of *Land and Water*, brought to his task a real and genuine enthusiasm for all sport and a keen perception of the possibilities of Polo. His own favourite sport, when with the "Camerons" in India, was pig-sticking or hog-hunting, and this sport has a certain affinity with Polo. At all events, his glowing stories of the fortune of the games at Hurlingham attracted readers who had no experience of Polo and diffused a knowledge of the game not only throughout England, but also in the Colonies, while his criticisms and his praises undoubtedly affected the players themselves and modified their play. To this writer is undoubtedly due much of the spread of Polo, certainly in the Colonies and probably in England by means of County Clubs.

All this time there was growing up a sound school of players, and year by year combination became of more importance. In this direction three men, by their influence in the teams of which they were captains, have undoubtedly done much to carry out and develop Mr. John Watson's ideas of the game. These three are Captain Maclaren, Mr. E. D. Miller, and Captain De Lisle, who have used their knowledge of the game and the influence of their skill in the direction of perfecting combination of their teams. Rugby A., Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain Renton, Mr. E. D. Miller, and Mr. W. J. Drybrough; and 13th Hussars, Captain Pedder, Mr. Church, Mr. Wise and Captain Maclaren; and the Durham Light Infantry, are perhaps the best instances of good combinations we have seen of late years.

Let us illustrate what we mean, bearing in mind that Polo is a game of rapid changes and quickly passing opportunities, after which the pen labours somewhat wearily, to take a seasonable illustration, like a horse not quite up to our weight in a sticky plough.

There are four players, of whom No. 1 is there primarily to prevent the opposite back from hitting the ball, whether by riding him off, getting between him and the ball, or hitting it

himself. No. 2's first duty, on the other hand, is to the ball, and he must be a man fitted by practice and natural aptitude for hitting a ball at a fast pace without losing control of it. This is his duty in attack; in defence he must be ready to turn in order to seize an opportunity of changing defence into attack, or at all events to prevent the opposite No. 3 from serving up the ball to *his* No. 2. He must be ready, too, to change with No. 1 if

Photo by] "STOP HIS STICK!" [W. A. Rouch.

that player is in such a position as to make it advisable for him to go on, while No. 2 becomes No. 1 for the time and hinders and obstructs the enemy's back.

No. 3 is a back and not a forward player, and in a good team he must think first of making chances for his No. 2 by passing the ball, and he must always be ready to change with his own back, while he is responsible that his back should never

have two men on him. Lastly there is back, who holds an honourable and a very responsible position. He has to protect his goal in defence, and in attack to keep well up to his side, ready to stop the ball as it comes back and to serve it again forwards to his No. 3 or No. 4. He must be well practised in near and off-side back-handers. This is the general outline of the duties of the four men, though each may have to do the duties of the others and should be able and willing to do them, remembering that on the first opportunity the players should

Photo by] ALL TOGETHER. [W. A. Rouch.

recur to their proper places, which, naturally, if the team is a good one, are those in which they are at their best. No position in the team should ever be without a man ready to avail himself of its opportunities for defence and attack.

Another point on which it is easier to lay down precepts, is that every man is bound to avoid laying his team open to the exaction of penalties through any fault of his own. To this end players should study the rules not only in the book but also in their application in difficult cases by the best umpires. There

are two principles which underlie all the penal legislation of Polo :—

1st. To check dangerous play.

2nd. To prevent players taking an unfair advantage.

The most important rule for a player to bear in mind is that which refers to crossing and runs thus :—

> "A player may ride out an antagonist, or interpose his pony before his antagonist, so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball, but he may not cross another player in possession of the ball except at such a distance that the said player shall not be compelled *to check his pony to avoid a collision*."

The words in italics are the key note to this rule, which, it may be noted, refers to play at a fast pace. No rule as to the distance in front of a player at which it is safe to cross is laid down and none can be determined. The umpire has to look for the check given to the pony and to consider whether it was necessary to avoid a collision. Under certain circumstances a man might cross another when five lengths ahead of him. Other unlawful practices are undue hustling, crossing a stick over the back of the adversary's pony, and in India, hooking the ball in front of the other man's pony's forelegs. The chief of the rules to prevent taking undue advantage is that on offside, a most necessary rule, but much hated by young No. 1 players. "Offside," is when at the time of the ball being hit a player has no one of the opposite side nearer the adversaries' goal line. The object is to prevent men hanging about behind the game to snatch the ball. The words "a player" include his pony, and the best umpires would put a man offside if his pony's nose was nearer to the adversaries' goal by but six inches. Thus suppose No. 1 (red) and back (blue) on opposite sides galloping towards the goal while No. 2 (red) is bringing up the ball behind. No. 1 (red) either gets his pony's head in front in the excitement, or back (blue) seeing his chance checks his pony. No. 1 (red) becomes offside, and he must let No. 4 (blue) go free until the ball is hit or hit at again, which as we all know may make all the difference to his chances. A player offside is entirely out of the game and may take no part in any way until he is put on side again by the ball being "hit or hit at."

But while we are speaking of the play we must not forget the ground. Theoretically, a Polo ground should be 300 yards in length by 200 broad, and in India this is generally the case. In England full-sized grounds are rare, for space is a consideration. Moreover, in practice in England, where boards run down the length of the ground with a gentle slope of the turf up to them, the ball is far less likely to go out of play on the side, even in the smaller grounds, than it is in India.

In consequence, on full-sized grounds the ball remains in play beyond the ten minutes which marks the usual limit of the staying capacity of a good pony in a fast game. The general

Phot.] A THROW-IN. [W. A. Rouch.

feeling of players is that 170 yards is the best width, and some people even are in favour of 150 yards. There is another point which does not occur at first sight, but which, nevertheless, is very real, and that is that the labour of mowing and rolling a large ground is very great. Some ingenious person, indeed, has calculated that a horse travels over 25 miles in rolling a full-sized ground, but at any rate the keeping in order of the ground—the mowing and rolling—is as laborious a process as it is necessary, and is an important item in the expenditure of a Polo Club.

The above remarks will show that Polo grew rapidly into a game of combination and skill, and the progress which the game has made in general popularity during the last two years is very great. This may be attributed to several causes. The fixing of the standard height of Polo ponies and the appointment of an official measurer, the establishment and success of the Ranelagh Club, increasing as it did the circle of those who played and watched the game, and the higher standard of play, first-class Polo not now being confined to three or four leading players.

MATCH AT RANELAGH.

Not in every match, of course, is the skill displayed equal, but nearly all teams now play a sound game, and good Polo is much more intelligible and interesting than bad. At the same time there never were so many first-class players as now. But most remarkable of all is the spread of the game in the country. Clubs are springing up everywhere, and have an active existence ; their matches are reported in the local papers, which is itself a sign of the interest excited by the game. Then a few

years ago London and the suburbs had practically but three Clubs—Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Fetcham Park. Now Stansted, Eden Park, Chislehurst, the North Middlesex and Kingsbury, give the player a choice of excellent grounds within easy reach of town. A little farther away is Rugby, which has trained so many players, not only for England but also for France; and Warwickshire, which is, so far as we know, the only Club which numbers a reigning Mayor among its playing members. Farther away are Liverpool, which has a little Hurlingham of its own, and Wirral, one of the oldest County

By permission of *Sketch*.

"LUNA," A FINE SAMPLE OF A PONY.

Clubs in existence. This increase in County Clubs has led to the formation of a County Polo Association, which must have considerable influence in the future over the development of the game. This Association began its career by organising the successful County Cup contest at Eden Park last season. The contest was won by Chislehurst.

The one shadow over the progress of Polo is the deficient supply of ponies. The uncertainty which was long maintained as to the standard height of the Polo pony has had something

to do with this, and we think that the adoption of the Indian measuring rules, and the appointment of Sir Henry Simpson as official measurer, by the Hurlingham Committee, were the most important steps that excellent, if rather slow-moving, body had taken for some years. At all events, since then, several new sources of supply have been opened out, of which the Argentine and American ponies (including under the latter name all the varieties, Texan, Californian, Montana, &c.) are the best. Of course the English and Irish ponies are very much the best, and in proof of this we have only to run over in

By permission of *Sketch*.

"Elastic," Bought for 110 Guineas.

our own minds the names of the most famous players and prize-winners of late years. There are, for example, "Sunshine" and "Charlton," "Matchbox" and "Early Dawn," "Fitz," "Sailor," "Elastic," "Skittles," "Dynamite," "Luna," "The Nurse," "Lady Jane," and "Little Fairy," to take the names of ponies all undeniably in the first-class. All these incomparable ponies, equally good in the field and the show-ring are English, and if we knew where to get others like them there would be no need to go farther. Whether we shall ever

be able to breed ponies to type is a question which we need not discuss here, but it is to be noticed that all these ponies are the results of happy chance in breeding. Therefore, since the best is not possible, and the united value of the above list would leave very little change out of £5,000, we must take the next best, the Argentine, the American or the Eastern.

However, to whatever breed a Polo pony belongs, he must have certain qualities, and in buying ponies to train for Polo, there are certain leading points to be considered: he should have a long rein or he will not be flexible to turn; well laid

By permission of *Sketch*. "LITTLE FAIRY."

shoulders, a fairly short back, to give turning power; length from stifle to hock, to give speed; great power behind the saddle and great liberty in front. Then, too, he should have well sloped pasterns, or he can hardly have that smooth silky stride in his gallop which makes so much difference to the play of the rider. Lastly, but not least, he should have a good even temper and a perfect mouth. If you can find a pony like this, sound and with a good constitution, it will not matter what breed he is of, you may safely buy him.

There are many other topics that might be dwelt on, but space is limited. We have no time to tell the reader how to

E. B. Sheppard.

play the best of games, but this at least we may say, that much may be learned by watching good players.

Look at Mr. G. A. Miller or Captain Pedder or Mr. Godfrey Heseltine at No. 1.; at Captain Wilkinson (D.L.I.), at Captain Renton or Mr. F. Freake, Mr Ansell (6th Dragoons), or Mr. Church (13th Hussars). Or again, there is Mr. A. Rawlinson, of the Freebooters, a hard hitter and wonderful man to

Walter S. Buckmaster.

make the pace. Then at No. 3. there is Mr. E. Miller, Captain Le Gallais, or Mr. Neil Haig, Captain Egerton Green, or at back Mr. John Watson, Mr. "Jack" Drybrough, Captain Maclaren or Major Rimington.

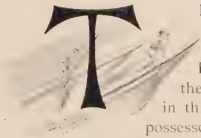
Let us finish our paper by a summary of the advantages of

Polo as a game. It is a scientific game, an exciting game, not making exorbitant demands on our purse or our time, and it teaches us to ride as nothing else will, for a good player *cannot* hang on by the bridle and must trust to his seat and his balance. It keeps us in health, it leads us into the society of the pleasantest fellows in the world, and, above all, it *lasts*. Football, cricket, rowing, all give us up, but you can go on playing Polo, as you can go on hunting, all your life. Mr. John Watson is playing in first-class games in 1898; he began to play in 1872. Colonel Chisholm (5th Lancers), Colonel Babington (16th Lancers), played as subalterns, and they still play as C.O.'s. Lord Harrington has played for many years, and, like Mr. Hardy, only now comes less prominently forward because the cares of hunting five days a week in the country are great. For the business man it is quite the best game, and it can be taken up later in life than any other game by a man who knows how to ride, and has had the usual school training at games. Then it makes the summer quite short to the hunting man. To all who have the will, the means, and the time, we say, from our own experience, you cannot do better than play Polo.

E. B. S. Leppard

Walter S. Buckmaster

PUNT RACING.



THOUGH punting was probably one of the earliest methods of propelling a boat in shallow water, Punt Racing is one of the newest sports, the newest probably of any chronicled in this volume. Until last year punting possessed no literature, but this summer two admirable essays have appeared, treating the subject in the fullest manner. For this reason, I purpose confining my attention, in the present article, to Punt Racing, in the hope that a few practical hints may prove useful to those who may think of taking up this form of sport.

Punt Racing seems to offer the same advantage to the rower that golf does to the cricketer, in that it can be successfully carried on at a much later time of life than rowing or any other form of river sport. In support of this view it may be pointed out that the present secretary of the Thames Punting Club (T.P.C.), who began punting at the age of 45, succeeded in winning both the Juniors' and Veterans' Races (the latter being for men over 40) on the same day at the Club Regatta, and that the Amateur Championship of the Thames, the blue ribbon of the sport, has been held by a man of 37 years of age. From this it would seem that an oarsman may, when his rowing days are coming to a close, find in Punt Racing a sport in which he may still hope to excel, and which will provide him with the necessary incentive to train and keep fit for several additional years.

The necessary requirements for success in Punt Racing may be grouped under three heads :—Form, Tackle, and Condition.

Good form is just as essential to success in Punt Racing as in any other sport or game, and, seeing how much it adds to the comfort and ease of propelling a pleasure punt, it is surprising that we see so little of it on the river. Even at Maidenhead, where certainly every second craft on the river is a punt, it is the rarest thing to see any one handling his pole in a style even approaching good form. This is probably due, in a great measure, to the fact that very few of the watermen who profess to teach have any notion of how to impart their knowledge, even when they possess it. Therefore, it is of the greatest importance to the beginner that he should be taught by a man who not only has the art at his fingers' ends, but also possesses the still rarer gift of being able to impart that knowledge to his pupil. Of the professional coaches open to engagement by amateurs, I should unhesitatingly single out either Abel Beasley, the original inventor of the present form of punting, or one of the brothers Haines, of Old Windsor, as the most competent. Their services are nearly always obtainable early in the season. A few lessons are strongly recommended, even to those who only aspire to shove an ordinary pleasure punt, as they will be astonished to find what additional ease and pleasure the possession of a good style will afford them.

Moreover, when well done, it is an extremely graceful accomplishment, though the form of the average performer would scarcely lead the reader to credit such a statement. Here let me urge on every beginner the importance of being able to punt on either side of the boat. This is an exceedingly rare accomplishment, for as a right-handed man will find himself more at home when pushing on the left side, with the right leg forward, he will naturally continue to punt on the side on which he finds he has most control of his craft, and will probably fail to practise on the other. Consequently, it would be easy to count on the fingers the men who are equally expert on both

sides, though the advantage they possess over the single-sided punter, especially when it comes to racing, is so great that it should be a great inducement to attempt ambidexterity.

The Punting Club has arranged its races to suit all classes of aspirants. In addition to one or more handicaps during the season, there are, at its Regatta, races for novices (men who have never won a punting race), for juniors (men who have won neither the juniors' race nor any open race on the river), for seniors (all other punters), and for veterans (men over 40), as well as the Amateur Championship.

For the novices, juniors, and veterans' races, the Club provides punts 2-ft. in width, and the beginner is strongly recommended to provide himself with a punt of this size. They are built by Haines, of Old Windsor, are extremely light and easily steered, will carry one passenger very comfortably, and are quite the best introduction to a racing punt imaginable. A punt of this size, being light, moves easily and does not tend to make the beginner slow in his stroke; at the same time it is broad enough to obviate any fear of falling out.

When the novice feels at home in one of these punts he will have many chances of winning races in them, as they are lent by the T.P.C. to nearly all Regattas where prizes are offered for punting.

Next it will be necessary to get a racing craft. The present shape has only been developed in the last few years, but it is probably settled now, no important change having been made during the last four seasons. The best length seems to be about 34 feet, and the width between 14 and 16 inches, the latter varying according to the skill and weight of the owner. It is important to point out the folly of using too small a punt. There is always a temptation to the punter on hearing that an opponent proposes to use a narrower ship, to order one at least as small, regardless of the fact that his own is the narrowest he can manage with comfort and safety. Too small a punt is certain to produce nervousness and unsteadiness, and a consequent loss of pace. For expert punters, weighing 11 stone, 14

inches is probably quite as narrow as is possible, every stone above that weight probably requiring ½-in. additional width to carry it properly.

Good poles, which are not by any means easy things to obtain, are also necessary. The only maker to be trusted to turn them out of the weight and size advised is Woodhouse, of Maidenhead. Good weights and sizes are :—for a T.P.C. punt, 5 lbs. and 13-ft. 6-in. long, balancing at about 5-ft. 3-in. from the

READY TO START.

prong of the iron shoe ; for a racing punt, 4½-lbs. and 13-ft. long with the balance at about 5-ft. These dimensions are for the low water, which usually occurs in the summer on the Thames, but of course in case of racing, it is always wise to try the poles over the course to see whether they are sufficiently long.

Great care should be taken of racing poles. They should always be wiped dry after use and laid flat on the ground. When new, they should be coated with a mixture of equal

quantities of varnish and turpentine, which soaks in and preserves the wood. Care must, of course, be taken to remove this before use.

Condition is the one other and most important point to be considered. No one can hope to succeed in any important race unless he trains thoroughly, and two months' work is probably not too long for a man of 25 or over. Good watermanship can only be obtained by constant practice; but once attained it will enable a man to snatch an advantage in a close race. If in addition he is thoroughly trained, he will start with confidence in himself, and will be able to seize any advantage which presents itself during the race. No one who has not raced has any idea of the strain incurred in the return journey up stream at full speed. The time taken in racing punts for the half-mile, which is the length for all races except the Championship, is about four minutes, and for the latter race, which is three-quarters-of-a-mile, a few seconds under six minutes. It must, therefore, be clear that good condition is absolutely essential in order to punt at top speed for so long a time.

Let us suppose that you have followed this advice, have provided yourself with a punt, are well trained by a competent professor, and that the race day draws near. During the last fortnight you should punt over the course every alternate day at racing pace, and on the other days practise starts and turning the rye-peck, but no work should be done the day before the race. On the race morning luncheon should be disposed of three hours before the time of your first race. It is well not to hang about the course, but to arrive just in time for the first heat. Never keep your adversary waiting, but be at the start in good time, previously punting a short distance to open your lungs. In starting slant the top of the pole well forward so that the punt may shoot away directly the word is given. Put in three or four short, rapid strokes, so as to get way on at once, then lengthen out into your long steady racing stroke. On approaching the turning rye-peck do not slacken speed in fear of not making a successful turn, as it is really far easier to

W. Colin Romaine.

turn when going at top speed. Unless you are quite expert at turning it is much safer to drop a yard or two below the rye-peck than to attempt too fine a turn, with the possible result of either hitting the pole or coming back on the same side, and in either case losing the race if your opponent is at all your equal and has not muffed his turn. The return journey up stream is the real test of condition, but do not despair if feeling done, for quite possibly your adversary is feeling worse than you are, and may "crack" if you hold on. Try to keep a little strength for a spurt at the end, and do not wait too long before spurting if the race is a close one. A man never knows how much reserve he has left till he is called on for an effort, and it is very annoying to be beaten on the post and feel that it would not have occurred had the spurt been started 20 yards lower down.

Punt Racing is one of the most fascinating sports, from the fact that a man is so close to his opponent that the effect of each shove can be exactly seen, and each effort of the adversary can be watched and answered. Punting is also one of the most healthy exercises, as it calls for the use of the muscles of both

arms, legs and chest. Prizes for punting competitions are given at many of the Regattas on the Thames, so there is a good opening for any one who will take it up seriously.

W. Colin Romanes

RACKETS.

THE game of Rackets, being a somewhat narrow subject, gives no hope for original or expansive treatment. All that can be said has already been expounded in various articles and hand-books. However, as a chapter dealing with the game is indispensable for the purposes of the present work, we will do our best to supply one which, however much well-worn ground it traverses, will embody for the benefit of the reader the general results of the authors' experiences.

Now, as to origin and development. Rackets (as the word ought to be spelt, not racquets) is a comparatively modern game; at any rate, in its present form. It is, as far as can be traced, a development of bat-fives—a game which must be regarded as, in its own turn, a development of hand-fives.

Till fifty years or so ago Rackets was played in an open court. But, once tried, covered courts were found so infinitely superior that after their introduction courts ceased in this country to be built on the old pattern. In India open courts are still used; indeed, they are, we believe, the rule rather than the exception. No doubt the heat there would be overpowering in a closed court, and of course the weather is not so variable as here.

As is the case with most games the liveliest starting point and firmest strong-hold of Rackets is at the Public Schools. When the Public Schools started to build courts the game began to awake considerable and wide-spread interest. Harrow (we

fancy) was the first to build a court, and at the present time most of the larger schools, as well as the strictly so-called Public Schools, have one or more courts; indeed, Rackets has now taken a very prominent position among school games, perhaps being, after cricket and football, the most popular. Enthusiasts there are who give it first place, but a general suffrage among school boys would probably place it third. The annual Public School Competition has, no doubt, increased the popularity of the game. Boys have a grand chance of distinguishing themselves by representing their schools in the Competition. Still the game is such a good one intrinsically that even were the Competition abolished it would continue to be widely popular.

Within the last ten or fifteen years there has been a marked improvement in the average form displayed by the School representatives. This is probably due in part to the inspiriting effect of the Competition, and partly to the great interest taken in the game of late years by the assistant masters. At almost every Public School there is at least one master who plays Rackets with the boys, and spends much time and trouble in coaching them. Such names as M. C. Kemp at Harrow, E. H. Buckland at Winchester, and F. Dames-Longworth at Charterhouse, will at once occur to the reader. From the point of view of progress in Rackets it is impossible to over-estimate the advantage of such coaching. The writers of this article owe much of their pleasure in the game and most of their proficiency, such as it is, to the kindness and skill of the above-mentioned gentlemen.

The Public School Competition used to be played at Prince's Club, in Hans Place. When these courts were pulled down the *venue* was transferred to Queen's Club, West Kensington. The change was in every way for the better. There is far more accommodation for spectators; and, according to players who have known both courts, the new one is in quality far superior to the old. Certainly it would be hard to improve upon the present match court at Queen's; delightfully

fast and fine, the light excellent as long as there is no fog outside ; in a word, all that a racket-player could desire.

At this point we may perhaps be pardoned for mentioning that the Universities have not done their duty by Rackets. It is only quite lately that Cambridge has built a court fit to play in. But at Oxford, we are ashamed to say, the case is even worse. A few years ago, it is true, a couple of courts existed, but so bad were they that every decent racket-player who went up was forced, after two or three trials, to give up the game in despair as far as Oxford was concerned. So the courts were given over to "Fug-soccer"—a kind of four-a-side football with a miniature ball and goals, in its way an excellent game, but hardly what racket-courts are built for.

This neglect of Rackets at the Universities accounts, to a certain extent, for the number of men who give up the game as soon as they leave school. Many a player, who has loved the game at school and played it well, never touches a racket after he leaves. At Queen's every year you see two or three players of first-class promise, yet perhaps you never hear of them again. However this may be, it is a fact that very few indeed keep up the game after their school days. Many live far away from courts and seldom find a chance of playing. Of those who are in London many cannot leave their work till late in the day, when it is too dark to play in winter and too hot in summer. Of course there are Saturdays and Sundays ; but it is often difficult to collect a "four," while a "single," after a year or two of a comparatively sedentary life, is a bit too killing. Many again, and perhaps they form the majority of the defaulters, prefer, and with very good reason, to take their exercise in the open air ; so you see many a man who once played Rackets as if his life depended on it drifting away in the great "Golf-stream"—and good luck to him, for his is a good cause ; but Rackets suffers. The only profession that allows a man to keep up his Rackets properly and systematically is that of school-mastering.

For those with opportunities and the means to play, Rackets is a splendid game ; and if it can be described as an indoor

exercise, it is by far the best of its kind—except tennis. Certainly more hard exercise can be got in an hour's play at Rackets than from any game of a kindred nature.

Tennis alone of indoor games can be given preference to Rackets. But tennis, though now played more frequently than formerly, cannot be regarded as a game of wide or general interest. There are more tennis-courts than there used to be, but, as the Schools have not got one between them, boys have no

H. K. FOSTER BROTHERS. W. L.
Winners of Amateur Championship, 1898.

opportunity until they leave of learning this most scientific of all games. Besides, tennis is in many respects a game for the few.

The only disadvantage of Rackets we have already mentioned ; it is played indoors. But in every other respect it is a signally attractive game, not least by reason of the neatness of the implements employed and the cleanliness and polish of the conditions under which it is played.

It now remains to offer a few hints that may perhaps be

found useful by the inexperienced. Other racket players more competent for the task than we are have already written all that is really worth writing on the subject. The portion of the Badminton Library devoted to the game is in every way excellent; and in the "All-England Series" there is an admirable article by Colonel Spens, covering every necessary inch of the ground. No one who has read the above treatises can fail to remember much of them, and we for our part hasten to acknowledge our obligations to them in the composition of this chapter.

The first point is your racket and the choice thereof. Be sure to select one that suits your strength, for in a game like Rackets, where quickness is more than half the battle, an unsuitable implement spells failure. The respect in which you are most likely to make a mistake is the matter of weight. With a racket that is too heavy you are sure to lose in quickness and facility. Therefore, be careful to err on the safe side; be at pains to choose one that is light to handle. Remember, a racket that is too heavy tires you sooner than anything.

Next mark that indescribable virtue, balance. Your racket should be neither too heavy nor too light in the head. The weight should be evenly distributed rather than massed in handle or head. On this point the advice of an experienced player will be valuable to you; when in doubt consult one. As to weight, you must judge for yourself, though a knowing player will very likely be able to tell you your proper mark. After playing a bit, you will discover what weight and balance suit you best.

Then again the handle is an important point. Take care that it is neither too large nor too small, but exactly the right size to fit comfortably and handily in your hand. As to the stringing, choose nice clean looking gut. By the way, do rackets break more than formerly? Is the wood bad? Is the gut bad? Or is it that want of practice makes us miss-hit, so that like all bad workmen we blame our tools? No answer. But you must get as good a racket as you can from a good maker. Do not fall into the mistake of think-

ing that the little more or the little less makes no difference. It does; it makes all the difference. The point cannot be too emphatically stated. Weight, balance and grip—look to them all in choosing a racket.

Now you have got to learn the racket-stroke—a stroke of a very special kind. You must master this from the beginning, or you will never make a player. Once and for all put any lawn-tennis or tennis stroke you have learnt clean out of your head. You must conquer racket stroke pure and simple. You must not attempt to put on slice or screw.

The essential conditions for making the proper stroke are :—(1) A correct attitude of the body ; (2) a correct swing of the arm and racket ; (3) correct timing. You must stand right, swing right, and make your racket meet the ball at the right instant.

1. The term "attitude" covers the position both of the body and of the legs and also the distribution of weight.

Unless you stand right you cannot make the correct stroke.

But, first of all, notice that at the time of striking you ought to be stationary. You ought to get to the right place like lightning, and be there stationary for the brief moment of the stroke, and then be on your toes again to move to the next spot where your presence is required by the rapidly travelling ball. It is very difficult to hit a racket ball if you are on the move ; you see it done, but only because the player cannot get to the right spot in time to be standing.

The next point is very important. At the moment of striking your shoulders should be square with the side wall, so that your chest, if it were a plane, would be parallel to the place of the side wall. If you face the front wall you will hit across the ball, and either miss it or pull it.

The distance your legs and feet are apart depends upon circumstances ; they must neither be glued together nor vaguely straddling. You must be comfortable on your feet.

But over and above all the whole of your weight must, from

the very beginning to the very end of the stroke, be upon the leg nearest the front wall: *i.e.*, if you are a right-handed player, upon the left-leg in making the fore-hand stroke and upon the right in making the back-stroke. And *vice versa* for a left-handed player. If your weight is on the wrong leg you cannot make the true stroke; you will pull or make some other mis-stroke.

Pay great attention to where your shoulders are facing and how your weight is distributed. These are essential points; incorrectness here means failure. Sometimes you will have to stoop, sometimes to stand up almost your full height; but an intermediate posture is the most generally useful. You must feel steady and well balanced. You must not be rigid nor must you verge, slide or stagger.

2. Swing includes both the swing of the arm and that of the racket.

But first mark how to hold your racket. Grasp it firmly quite at the end of the grip, so that hardly any of the grip projects from your closed palm as you hold the racket at arm's length pointing to the roof. Never alter your grasp; never slip the hand up the handle in making strokes. A short handle means loss of leverage and loss of power.

In striking let your racket (previously flung well back in good time) swing freely and easily forward—plenty of fling and string, but not a trace of rigidity. The longer the lever, the more power; so in striking, let the racket swing, if possible, at full length. Wrist, elbow and shoulder all come into the stroke, which should be quite smooth and by no manner of means jerky.

You must swing "right through." This is absolutely essential. You must not check the swing either before or after impact. Racket and arm should run freely through to the end of their swinging tether. The head of the racket should chase the ball exactly along the line of flight away to the limit of the swinging tether in that direction. In other words, let the racket follow right through after the ball. Avoid drawing the swing of the racket sideways from the line of the ball's flight. If you are hitting towards a given spot on the front

wall, the line of your racket's swing should be straight for that spot from beginning to end. If the ball comes straight to you from the front wall, you should be able to hit it dead straight back, so that it returns plumb to the striking spot again.

Finally, remember that a proper racket-stroke has no jerk in it, no scoop in it, no dig in it, and no pull in it. Swing full; "half-cock" strokes, though occasionally necessary, are seldom effective.

3. Timing means hitting the ball exactly at the right point in its flight, and exactly at the right point in the swing of the racket.

If you hit too soon you either miss the ball or hit it up high, or make a feeble stroke of some kind. If you hit too late you either "foozle" the ball or bang it on to the floor close in front of you. Lateness is one of the commonest faults, and is generally due to not having the racket back in time; the ball is on you before you can hit.

If you stand correctly, and swing correctly, very few experiments will suffice to show you the point in the flight of the ball where it should be hit.

When a ball is coming towards you, you must, by judgment, guess the spot to which you ought to get in order to make an effective stroke. This is called judging the ball correctly. The quicker you judge the ball's flight the greater chance you have of getting to the effective striking spot.

The ball should be struck clean in the middle of the racket at an instant when it is only a few inches from the floor.

The ball is said to be "volleyed" when hit before it reaches the ground off the front wall; "half-volleyed" when it is hit the moment after it has struck the floor, *i.e.*, it is all but smothered at the pitch. If the ball is neither "volleyed" nor "half-volleyed" it is hit on the bounce, *i.e.*, on the first bounce; and in hitting a bouncing ball the easiest and most effective point is just before it meets the floor again, *i.e.*, on the fall, not on the rise. Of course you have, sometimes, to hit a rising ball, but remember the easier you make the stroke the more likely is it to be effective.

In returning a ball, whether from a service or in a rally, aim at returning it straight on to the front wall without hitting the side walls. By hitting the side wall, you give your adversary more time to get to the ball; indeed, the stroke is in every way less likely to be killing. If you try to beat your man by placing you should beat him by the angle of the ball's flight up to and back from the front wall, without any assistance from the side walls.

Few players cultivate the "volley" enough. Useful in rallies, it is especially so in taking service. By volleying the service you prevent the ball "nicking," *i.e.*, so pitching in the angle formed by floor and wall as to be unplayable. At the same time you may very likely disconcert the server and spoil his length, and in a single you give him less time to move to take your return.

Try also to vary the length and directions of your returns, which tend to confuse your opponent; if your strokes are all of the same kind he will know, after a game or two, exactly where to place himself to advantage. Cultivate resource and versatility.

Should you, in the course of a rally, see the remotest chance of hitting one of the players, do not for an instant hesitate to stop and claim a let, which will always be readily given—and if not, what does it matter? Better far lose a point than risk inflicting a serious injury. Several terrible accidents have occurred through neglect of this point. The better and more experienced a player, the readier is he to exceed on the side of carefulness. When a man is known as dangerous in a court you may be sure he is either a tyro or a very indifferent player. You cannot be too careful.

On the other hand, if you find yourself between the striker and the front wall, put up your racket to guard your head. If you do this you may be hurt, but you will not be killed.

Now with regard to service. There are three kinds in general use:—(1) the under-hand; (2) the over-hand; (3) the back-handed.

Of these, 1 and 3 are the best, in our opinion, because more cut can be imparted to the ball with them than with 2, although the

latter has the advantage of being made with more power. Cut put on a ball tends to make it shoot when it pitches on the floor and drop sharply when it touches a wall, thereby considerably increasing the difficulty of the return. A really good cut-service is practically untakable. Before the service-line on the front wall was raised, cut was even more deadly than now. Peter Latham alone of racket-players finds no difficulty in dealing with a good "nick" service; with a turn of the wrist he can pick the ball out of the corner and return it in a way that is little short of marvellous.

The back-handed service, usually delivered into the right-hand court, is, to our mind, perhaps, the most effective, for this reason—that the whole weight of the body can be brought to bear on the stroke, and the ball will accordingly travel quicker and with more cut on it. This style has become much more popular of late years; ten years ago it was rarely seen. In the early days of the Public School Competition few of the competitors used it; now it is the commonest style. By all means, practise it diligently.

Should you find your best back-hand cut-service volleyed or half-volleyed, serve somewhat shorter, and a little more round—*i.e.*, make the ball strike the side-wall sooner—and you will drive your opponent back to a less aggressive position.

A man in ordinary good condition need not go into training for a racket match. But, since a good wind, staying-power and activity are essential for anything like "form," a certain degree of fitness must be attained before a player can regard himself as likely to do justice to his skill in the game. Remember that, other things being equal, the stayer wins. Personally, we have an idea that cigarette smoking is very bad for the wind, and feel bound to suggest that it is detrimental to tip-top form.

Before a match proper practice games must be played. Do not disregard practice, but—above all—do not over-do it. More matches have been lost through over-practice and consequent staleness than by lack of sufficient work. Never lose that keenness for a game which indicates freedom from staleness.

F. S. Cokayne.

It is, of course, a great advantage to practise in the match court. By no means neglect this. Nearly every court has its peculiarities of light, pace, etc. The advantage a man has who plays in his own court over a player comparatively unfamiliar with it is well-known. In your practice games try to get an opponent superior to yourself. Playing with an inferior induces slack and slovenly habits; whereas if you have to be always going "a bit extra" you are bound to improve. In practice avoid tiring yourself too much. You will be well advised to leave off hungry.

Before a match be sure that you have two or three spare rackets which suit you and to which you are accustomed. Have them ready outside in case you break the one you take into the court. Be sure to do this. Nothing is more disconcerting or more likely to put you off your game than an untried, unfamiliar tool.

H. D. Leveson Gower.

In a match try from the very first stroke to discover the weak points in your adversaries' game. Concentrate your efforts against them. Peg away at them. Use your wits. Keep your head. Be a tactician. Lead matters and refuse to be led. The attacking party

always has a moral advantage. Never lose your temper—fatal in all games; most fatal at Rackets. Never dispute the umpire's decision.

Should you notice any signs of annoyance on your opponent's part try the effect of a "drop" stroke or two. A "drop" stroke is a return so soft that it hardly comes off the front wall at all. You, as it were, hold and caress the ball as you make the stroke. If successful, it is particularly aggravating to your adversary, giving him the idea that you think yourself master of the situation and at liberty to play tricks. Moreover, a good drop-stroke is pretty and effective. Those who have seen Colonel Spens in form know to what perfection the stroke can be brought. It is, however, a risky move, as the least mistake in strength is fatal. By all means try it, but do not use it too often or make a "stand-by" of it.

Never despair, never give up. Bad luck generally turns with trying. A match is never lost till the winning stroke is made.

RACKETS.

The Amateur Championship.

Instituted 1888.

Year.	Winners.
1888	C. D. Buxton.
1889	E. M. Butler.
1890	P. Ashworth.
1891	H. Philipson.
1892	F. D. Longworth.
1893	,, ,,
1894	H. K. Foster.
1895	,, ,,
1896	,, ,,
1897	,, ,,
1898	,, ,,

DOUBLES.

Four-Handed Amateur Championships.

Instituted 1890.

Year.	Winners.
1890	P. Ashworth and W. C. Hedley.
1891	P. Ashworth and E. L. Metcalfe.
1892	E. M. Butler and M. C. Kemp.
1893	F. H. Browning and H. K. Foster.
1894	H. K. Foster and F. G. Ridgeway.
1895	F. D. Longworth and F. H. Browning.
1896	H. K. Foster and P. Ashworth.
1897	H. K. Foster and P. Ashworth.
1898	H. K. and W. L. Foster.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MATCHES.

Instituted Easter, 1868.

Winners of the Challenge Cup.	
1868—Eton	C. J. Ottaway and W. F. Tritton.
1869— ,,	C. J. Ottaway and J. P. Rodger.
1870—Rugby	H. W. Gardner and F. S. Pearson.
1871—Harrow	A. A. Hadow and C. A. Webbe.
1872 ,,	A. A. Hadow and C. A. Webbe.
1873 — ,,	P. F. Hadow and F. D. Leyland.
1874— ,,	F. D. Leyland and C. W. M. Kemp.
1875—Eton	J. Oswald and Douglas Lane.
1876—Harrow	H. E. Meek and L. K. Jarvis.
1877—Eton	Hon. T. Bligh and C. A. C. Ponsonby.
1878— ,,	C. A. C. Ponsonby and J. D. Cobbold.
1879—Harrow	M. C. Kemp and the Hon. F. R. de Moleynes
1880— ,,	M. C. Kemp and E. M. Hadow.
1881— ,,	E. M. Hadow and A. F. Kemp.
1882—Eton	R. H. Pemberton and A. C. Richards.
1883—Harrow	H. E. Crawley and C. D. Buxton.
1884— ,,	C. D. Buxton and E. M. Butler.
1885— ,,	E. M. Butler and E. Crawley.
1886 ,,	E. Crawley and N. T. Holmes.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MATCHES *(continued)*.

1887—Harrow ..	P. Ashworth and R. D. Cheales.
1888 Charterhouse	E. C. Streatfield and — Shelmerdine.
1889—Winchester...	E. J. Neve and T. B. Case.
1890—Harrow ..	A. H. M. Butler and W. F. G. Wyndham.
1891—Wellington...	C. J. Mordaunt and R. H. Raphael.
1892—Malvern ...	H. K. Foster and W. L. Foster.
1893—Charterhouse	E. Garnett and V. H. Pennell.
1894— ,,	V. H. Pennell and E. Garnett.
1895—Harrow ...	J. H. Stogdon and A. S. Crawley.
1896—Rugby ...	W. E. Wilson Johnstone and G. T. Hawes.
1897—Harrow ...	F. W. A. Rattigan and L. F. Andrewes.
1898— ,, ...	L. F. Andrewes and F. W. A. Rattigan.

THE PEAK.

MOUNTAINEERING.

MOUNTAINEERING in the higher Alps, considered as a sport or a serious recreation, dates back barely forty years, and to-day no peak of even secondary importance in the Alps remains unclimbed; there is not a valley which is still unvisited, and the whole of the Alpine ranges are accurately mapped.

Turning to Western Asia, Ararat has been ascended; the Caucasus has been explored, and Elbruz, its highest peak, with many another lesser one has been climbed. In the Himalayas much good work has been done, and the climber of Kabru claims to have reached a height of nearly 24,000 feet. The Andes of South America have surrendered their giants to the assaults of Englishmen, and Chimborazo, Aconcagua and Cotopaxi have been won. In Africa, Kilimanjaro and Kenia have been conquered, but the majestic Ruwenzori, which towers 19,000 feet above the sea as sentinel over the Albert Nyanza and the sources of the Nile, remains a prize yet to be gained. In the Antipodes, Mount Cook, the highest Peak of the New Zealand Alps has been scaled and the greater part of the range explored; while quite recently Mount Elias, the icy outpost of Alaska, has fallen to the assault of the Duc d'Abruzzi.

In the European Alps it is true that Mont Blanc was first climbed in 1786, the Jungfrau in 1811, and the Finsteraarhorn in 1812, but with the exception of these there is no record of the ascent of any first-class peak until the 'fifties.

It is a curious fact that Mountaineering, as we now under-

stand it, received its first impulse from dwellers in the plains and cities. With the one exception of Balmat, who was the first to climb Mont Blanc, I know of no dweller in the mountains who, until quite recent times, has made any serious attempt to reach any of the highest peaks.

This is easily explained—anomalous as it may appear—for until the comparatively recent date since which mountain districts have been opened up by roads and railways, the inhabitants of most of the valleys which abutted on the higher ranges, lived in comparative isolation, owing to the inaccessibility of their districts. They retained therefore, and even now still retain, to some extent, their primitive ideas and superstitions, and believed that every peak was haunted, and that every Alp had its ghost. Their lives alternated between arduous toil in summer and comparative sloth in winter; their principal joys were the skittle-alley, and the schnapps and gossip of the village Gasthaus.

The routes of communication followed the lower and easier passes. The only mountaineers were the hunter and the smuggler, and even they rarely penetrated into the unknown and dreaded ice world.

Almost entirely uneducated, and in many instances dominated by a peasant priesthood, who controlled them not so much by the hope of heaven as by the fear of hell, it is small wonder that they lacked the enterprise to explore the higher recesses of the mountains which awed them, not only by their height, but also by the mystery and superstition in which they were enshrouded. They had but rare opportunities of mixing with the more intelligent populations of the cities, whose intellects had been sharpened by the spirit of enterprise born of competition, and whose superstitions had too often given place to unbelief. And yet in their isolation and their ignorance these mountain dwellers possessed one pre-eminent quality—common to almost every mountain race—their unconquerable love of freedom. It is chiefly due to their possession of this quality that the descendants of these men form the race of guides of to-day, for contact with the outside world which has succeeded their former isolation

has brought with it education and has fostered a spirit of enterprise.

It is not, indeed, too much to say that without these men many, and probably most of the more difficult peaks in the European Alps, would have remained unclimbed. Long centuries had taught them to select the shortest and easiest route on steep and often difficult ground, and had developed their natural instinct for climbing.

Modern Mountaineering, as I have said, may be considered to have commenced in the 'fifties, when a group, including the present Sir Alfred Wills, Professor Tyndall, the Matthews family, Hudson, Kennedy, John Ball, and a dozen other Englishmen, commenced a systematic attack on the higher peaks of the European Alps. In almost every instance these first pioneers were accompanied by men whose lives had been spent in and about the range to be explored; their local knowledge and experience of climbing, their intimacy with the conditions which made snow slopes dangerous or the reverse, their hardihood, and their capacity for carrying heavy weights for many hours on steep ground, made them a necessity to the more gently nurtured, but more enterprising and scientific amateur.

Among the most notable of these early guides, whose names have now become household words, are Balmat, Christian Almer, the Andereggs, Laueners, the Carrels, and Michael Croz.

Rendered hardy by their early training, the companionship of such pioneers as I have named, enabled many of these guides to unite with their practical experience the more scientific knowledge of their employers, and before the combined assaults of employer and guide, peak after peak rapidly succumbed.

The descriptions of these expeditions which appeared in those fascinating volumes "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," and later in the records of the *Alpine Journal*, gave an immense stimulus to Mountaineering, and were mainly instrumental in creating a new form of sport which is now enjoyed by thousands.

At the end of 1857 the Alpine Club was formed, and consisted at first of about thirty members, and by the end of 1858 these had grown to nearly a hundred, and a standard of climbing had been established. To become eligible for membership each candidate was required to have climbed such peaks and passes as were adjudged by the committee sufficient to qualify him for entrance. The keen competition to enter the select band became in turn a fresh incentive to Mountaineering, and the Club has gradually, in the forty years of its existence, increased its numbers to six hundred.

The formation of the original Alpine Club was followed by the formation of other Alpine Clubs in France, Germany, Austria, and Italy; but the qualification for these being almost nominal, they now number in the aggregate many tens of thousands of members.

The rapid development of Mountaineering enforced the necessity of studying the conditions under which it could be most safely and successfully pursued. The observations on the formation and progression of glaciers made by Professors Forbes, Agassiz, Tyndall, and others, had taught us that the main glaciers were gradually, but surely, descending to the valleys at an average rate of from 10 to 20 inches in the 24 hours, and that the glaciers themselves were formed from the upper snows which by pressure, partial melting, and regulation gradually become at a lesser height *nevé*, the name by which the mixture that is no longer snow, and is yet not quite ice, is known. Under further pressure and at a lower level this *nevé* becomes ice, which gradually, in the form of glaciers, pushes its way down into the valleys by the almost imperceptible progress I have described. The discovery of this glacier movement was the key-note to ice-craft.

The friction on the rocks which form the bed and sides of these ice streams retards the movement of the adjacent portions, while those more remote flow on at a greater rate; and where bends are present in the glaciers, greater friction must occur in the outer bend, and thus we not only learn how crevasses

are formed, but we also know where we should meet the transverse and where the lateral ones. A careful study of the fall and curves of a glacier teaches us, therefore, how to select a line of advance, on scientific principles, which will be comparatively free from crevasses, and to avoid another which might be a perfect labyrinth of them. Experience has taught us the best form of tool for step-cutting both in ice and *nevé* under the different conditions, obtaining in cutting, ascending, descending, or transverse steps, and so the modern ice-axe was evolved. The use of the rope, especially on ice and snow, became an axiom in mountain craft, while a minimum of three on a rope was looked upon as a necessity.

This necessity is obvious, as, in the event of one man falling into a snow-covered crevasse and there being but two on the rope, the jerk would probably pull the second man in, or, if this did not happen, he would rarely be strong enough to pull his companion up. Thus he would have to face the horrible alternative of sacrificing his companion by cutting himself free, or remaining at his post as long as his strength held out, and then perishing with him. On difficult rock the rope is of great, even vital importance to the weaker members of a party, and cases occur when it becomes necessary to fasten a rope and leave it to aid in the descent of a place where it was barely possible to ascend owing to the smoothness of the rock, and where a slip while descending might jeopardize the lives of the whole party.

Guides, especially second-class ones, are too prone to insist on a party being roped over comparatively safe and easy rock; and this I consider a mistake, as not only is the rope a most annoying adjunct to a party by its habit of hitching itself over every projection in the path, but it has also a nasty knack of sweeping down stones upon the lower men on the rope. Moreover, the fact of being always roped is prejudicial to good climbing, and within my own experience I have known men who could select a good route over difficult rocks and climb them easily if roped, but who when unroped, though on easier ground, made "very

STEP-CUTTING.

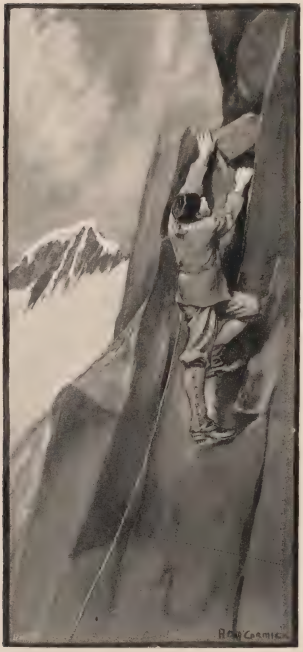
bad weather of it" from a feeling of insecurity in a position to which they were unaccustomed.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to do more than touch on the fringe of a subject so complex as Mountaineering—a subject which has taken a complete volume of over 400 pages of the Badminton Library to exhaust—but it will be readily appreciated from the remarks I have made that ice-craft is a scientific study in itself. There is much also to be learnt from a physical point of view. The art of step-cutting is one in which proficiency is rarely acquired by amateurs, since it requires a long apprenticeship to cut steps rapidly and well in hard ice, and to be equally adept in cutting up, down, or across a steep ice slope. The knowledge of how to plant your feet when ascending or descending a slope with snow in such a condition that any carelessness in the way you tread may start an avalanche, is only acquired after considerable practice.

Nor is rock-climbing by any means without its scientific side. A knowledge of geology, principally in relation to the formation and stratification of rock, is an invaluable aid to the mountaineer in selecting his route. A practised hand will reject at a glance a route which appears easy to a beginner, because he notices that the stratification slopes downwards, or he will select a route up the ridge or *arête* of a mountain which the novice would consider impracticable. His geological knowledge has taught him that the schistose rocks of which it is composed are peculiarly friable, and the constant erosion of the surface by weathering is likely to give good foot and hand-hold.

Instances of this sort may be multiplied indefinitely, and I merely quote these as an illustration of my contention that some geological knowledge is of importance in selecting a route over rocks.

Rock-climbing is to some extent a natural gift; a clumsy man may become an expert on ice, but he rarely develops into a good cragsman. The first essential—as, indeed, it is to a large extent in ice-work—is *balance*, and it is remarkable to watch the difference between the movements of a climber who has this gift



Ascending Difficult Rock.

and one who has it but partially developed. The one moves lightly and easily from one point or ridge of rock to another, he seems instinctively to select the best and easiest foot and hand-hold; there is no scrambling or clutching, and he appears to get over the most difficult rocks with the minimum of physical effort. The other never seems to be sure where to put his hands and feet; he often starts with the wrong foot and makes a comparatively easy passage almost impossible; he never seems to be able to stand upright, but slithers and squats in most unseemly attitudes; he will clutch each hand-hold with the energy of despair, and when at last he surmounts the difficulty he is breathless and exhausted.

A general principle that should govern all ascents, whether on the lower slopes, on difficult rock, or on ice and snow slopes, is, wherever practicable, to zigzag upwards, avoiding too long strides, and never going beyond your pace. Remember that there should always be a reserve of strength to meet a sudden emergency, such as a loose rock giving way under you, or the rapid spring required to avoid a falling stone.

There is no point in connection with Mountaineering which has been more often, or more warmly, debated than the comparative difficulties of ascending or descending a mountain. The question is a complex one, and is, to a large extent, dependent upon the conditions of the

DESCENDING DIFFICULT ROCK.

ROCK, SNOW, AND GLACIER.

climb. I have no doubt, after many years' experience of chamois hunting, where a rope is rarely employed, that to descend smooth rocks with indifferent hand and foot-hold and without the aid of a rope, is infinitely more difficult than to ascend them. In the ascent you select your hand-hold slightly above the level of the eyes for one hand and as high above as is convenient for the other, and at the same time you can choose your foot-hold for at least two steps, with the knowledge that before moving the feet you have a secure hand-grip. In descending you have to seek your foot-hold first, and this is far more difficult, as you frequently have your face to the rock, while the head is farther from the point you have to select, and has frequently to be craned over one or other shoulder to look down. When the foot-hold has been selected, one hand, and frequently both, must be lowered below the level of the shoulder to admit of the descent of the feet to the points selected. The hand-grip is thus far less secure than in ascending. Added to this, there is always the demoralising effect produced by seeing a fall of possibly hundreds, or even thousands, of feet below you should your foot slip or your hand-hold give way. If, however, the rocks are easy and the foot and hand-hold secure, descending is the simpler task, as you are saved the physical strain of the ascent.

With regard to ice-work, I have no doubt that the same rules apply. It is incomparably more difficult and dangerous to descend a steep slope of ice than to ascend it, and the difficulty is greatly increased if you have to cut steps down it instead of utilizing those already cut for the ascent. I have on more than one occasion in days gone by heard one of the best ice-men amongst the Oberland guides say, after cutting up an exceptionally steep ice slope, "Now we must reach the summit and descend on the other side, as we could never descend the ice slope we have cut our way up!"

On the other hand, however, the descent of comparatively gentle slopes of snow and ice is easier and more quickly accom-

Fall of a Cornice. Bad Guiding.

plished than the ascent, and with a smaller expenditure of vital energy.

Although Mountaineering, compared with any other sport, is distinctly dangerous, as its long death roll will testify, yet these dangers may be reduced to a minimum by a careful study of the "rules of the game" and a perfect observance of its principal axiom—"Never be off your guard." Most of the accidents that occur are due to a want of knowledge of these first principles, and to carelessness, and these have been classed in Alpine literature as "preventible accidents," and probably represent three-fourths of the total.

The majority of these take place on the lower ranges, and are generally caused by the novice undertaking an expedition—either alone or accompanied by a friend as inexperienced as himself—which is entirely beyond his powers, and without sufficient knowledge of the conditions of the climb he is making. He gets into a bad place, either on a rock face or some steep grass slope, sun-baked and slippery as ice; a slip occurs and he is lucky if he escapes death at the expense of broken limbs.

To cite an accident the result of carelessness, I may instance the well-known catastrophe on the Lyskamm. The mountain, which is part of the Monte Rosa range, is a snow peak with an overhanging cornice on the Italian side, which falls in an almost sheer descent for many hundreds of feet. These cornices are caused by the prevailing winds continually blowing snow up the slope and over the *arête*, which gradually forms a projecting eave, often many feet in width and entirely unsupported. This particular cornice was well known to exist, as the mountain is frequently climbed, but in spite of this, a party consisting of two amateurs and three guides, while climbing the final slope ventured too near the edge of the *arête*, instead of ascending at a safe distance from it. The cornice gave way under the united weight of the leading men on the rope, who, falling sheer, dragged the whole party with them. Their bodies were found nearly 2,000 feet below.

This accident might and should have been avoided by the

simple precaution of giving a wide berth to the cornice on the slope of the mountain. Probably this would have involved some step-cutting and, in order to avoid the labour involved, the leading guide took an unjustifiable risk, which meant death to the whole party.

The risks that no precautions will always guide against are —avalanches, falling stones, hidden crevasses, and bad weather.

Of these the risk from avalanches is probably the least in high Mountaineering, which is generally carried on in the summer and early autumn when the days are long. At this time of the year the upper snows are much firmer owing to the partial melting that goes on during the day, and the regelation that occurs at night. Fresh snow, the fruitful source of the avalanche, falls comparatively rarely, and if it falls, melts quickly. Avalanche tracks, too, are in most cases clearly marked, and known in the district, and by natural laws they generally follow the course of some depression—gully or *couloir*—and can usually be avoided.

There are, of course, occasions on which an avalanche has swept down from the higher slopes without warning and overwhelmed a party, and it is necessary at times to cross their track, but before doing so the slopes above should be well scanned and all speed made to cross the dangerous zone. Very frequently snow slopes, which in the early morning are quite firm after the lower temperature of the night and perfectly safe to traverse, become extremely dangerous in the afternoon when the sun has reduced the snow to the condition of slush. Here, whenever practicable, the slope is descended directly downwards, for if crossed transversely in this condition, the trough formed by the footsteps of the party cuts the lower part of the slope away from the upper, and an avalanche may thus be easily started.

There is probably no sensation more appalling than that of starting an avalanche. If the mountaineer is overwhelmed from above, he has no time for thought, and is probably buried or thrown free before he has realized the position. But an avalanche at starting moves at first comparatively slowly, with a cracking

hiss which those who have heard it never forget. You have ample time to realize the utter helplessness of your position, and then as the avalanche gains way, massing and caking into large blocks and sweeping downward with irresistible force, every muscle in the body is strained in one desperate struggle to keep the head and legs above the moving mass. If once your head gets down, or the legs are jammed in the snow that is now descending with terrific speed towards the valley, your hope of escape becomes remote indeed.

A party roped together if caught in an avalanche stand fewer chances of escape than if they were free, as the rope is caught in the downward rush of snow, and no individual effort is of much avail, the rope being pretty sure to drag you under.

The danger from avalanches to experienced mountaineers is, however, greatly exaggerated. It is a tradition that has been falsified—like many another—by experience, and the knowledge which we have gained in the last generation of the condition that makes a steep snow slope hazardous or the reverse has reduced the accidents from this cause to a minimum.

The wind created by a large avalanche may be even more destructive than the avalanche itself. The downward rush of an enormous mass of snow not only pushes a huge air-wave forwards and outwards, but by its rapid movement downwards it leaves a partial vacuum in its wake, and the inrush of the surrounding air creates a wind of such enormous force that nothing in its path can withstand it.

We have all of us experienced the rush of wind produced by an express train passing a railway platform. Imagine to yourself a moving mass equal in bulk to a thousand trains and tearing down the mountain at twice their speed, and you may form some faint idea of the force of wind created. I remember seeing the effect of the wind produced by an enormous avalanche which, in the spring of 1877, fell on the south side of Mont Blanc. The valley into which a great portion of it descended was at least half-a-mile wide, and on the opposite side was a pine-clad ridge rising to a height of at least 2,000 feet above the

Swept Down by a Small Avalanche.

valley. The force of the wind produced by this avalanche was so terrific that every pine tree from base to summit, and for a width of four or five hundred yards, had been snapped off as though it were a match-stick.

The danger from hidden crevasses is a real one, which no experience can entirely avert, for frequently no indication of their existence is perceptible. The snow may be perfectly smooth and unbroken, without the smallest depression to warn you that beneath your feet yawns an abyss. Sounding with the ice-axe is not always a certain precaution, as the crust of snow which you are crossing unconscious of danger may be three feet thick or more, and the thrust of the axe would not penetrate this.

The risk from falling stones may be minimized, but cannot be entirely avoided, and probably there is no mountaineer of any experience who has not wondered how comparatively few accidents are caused by them.

Of the risks which I have named, risks which no skill or foresight can entirely obviate, the greatest, in my opinion—and I have unluckily had a personal acquaintance with them all—is that from bad weather.

No one who has not passed through the experience can imagine what "Sturm im Berg" may mean. Let the reader imagine an ice slope so steep that the chest almost touches it as the legs are raised into the steps that the leader is cutting with tremendous labour. The rate of progression is very slow, for although one of the best ice-men of the Oberland is leading, he has to cut deep and broad steps and a hand-hold as well, and the ice is black and hard. For three long hours we have been on this terrible ice slope, and both hands and feet are numbed with cold from contact with the ice. The morning had broken clear and bright, perhaps too bright, and for the last hour heavy clouds had been rolling up enveloping the peak overhead, while each few minutes gusts of wind coming from every quarter swept along the slope—sure portent of bad weather! We were attempting the first ascent of the Aiguille du Midi from the North. No one had attempted it before, and no one, I believe,

has climbed this face since, and all our energies were concentrated on surmounting this ice slope before the storm broke, as we all realized that to descend it under any but the most favourable conditions would be impossible. Above the ice face snow slopes lying at a much less rapid angle led to the final rock peak, which presented no great difficulty, and we knew that once the snow slopes were gained the mountain was won.

It was a desperate race against time, and we had already reached a point where the angle of the slope diminished slightly when the storm burst upon us in all its fury. It was preluded by a blinding flash of lightning, and almost simultaneously a clap of thunder crackled round us, then came a rush of wind of such intense violence that we had to anchor to the slope by driving our axe heads into the ice and lying flat against it, holding on with all our strength to avoid being blown out of our ice step. This was succeeded by a blinding hail storm, and the hailstones, driven by the hurricane now raging, came stinging against our faces, causing intense pain and numbness. It took but a moment before our ice steps were filled with these hailstones as they came rattling down the slope, and our feet were buried in them.

The clouds now completely enveloped us, and were so thick that the last man could barely see the first one on the rope. At every lull in the storm the leader hacked away with almost the energy of despair, as he felt, what we all had realized, that if the gusts increased in force we must inevitably be swept off the ice slope. Step by step we advanced through the pelting hail, enveloped in driving clouds and almost frozen by the piercing wind, and it was veritably a struggle for life! Nearly an hour passed thus, and then, to our intense relief, we heard the crunch of frozen snow as the axe fell. Another dozen steps and we were on the upper snow slopes and our great peril was passed. Our leader, utterly exhausted with the tremendous efforts of the last hour, flung himself on the frozen snow. Poor Andreas! It was you who had led us so staunchly and so well, and we shall never look upon your ruddy, cheery face again! A little slab

in the graveyard at Grindelwald tells the tale. At the foot of the *couloir* on the Wetterhorn, with fingers torn off to the knuckle—pathetic sign of the struggle to "halt his Herr"—Andreas Maurer was found, still roped to his companion, lying stark and cold on the *débris* of the avalanche that must have swept them away.

After the briefest pause for rest, we pushed forward up the snow under the final peak, making for a snow ridge to the left of it which would bring us to ground we knew. All hope of reaching the actual summit had been long ago abandoned, for, although it was within our grasp under normal conditions of weather—and a short hour would have brought us to the top—we knew that with this terrific wind no human being could remain on the exposed upper rocks.

Having topped the snow ridge, we determined to wait under the lee of the rocks in the hope of the weather moderating, since it was impossible to see our line of descent on the side of the mountain we had now reached, and with which two of our party were quite familiar. We dug a big hole in the snow, as much to keep our blood circulating as for shelter from the wind. After waiting for over an hour without any signs of the weather clearing, we determined to start; but here arose the all-important question—which was our line of descent? Both guides were entirely at sea, and each suggested impossible routes, for, though both knew the ground in clear weather, in this thick cloud with a terrific wind and driving snow they were both completely bewildered. And here should come in the superiority of the amateur—of course, I mean an experienced climber—for he has or ought to have the map of the district in his brain, and, whatever the conditions of the weather, he should, by the aid of his compass, be able to determine the general direction of the route to be followed. After considerable discussion, the opinion of the Herren prevailed, and they were right, too! for, after wading down slopes of snow, we eventually reached a steep and very much crevassed glacier. This we descended rapidly, having to jump some of the widest of the crevasses, and, in a

Sturm im Berg.

break of the clouds, we recognized a rock tower on our right which told us we were safe.

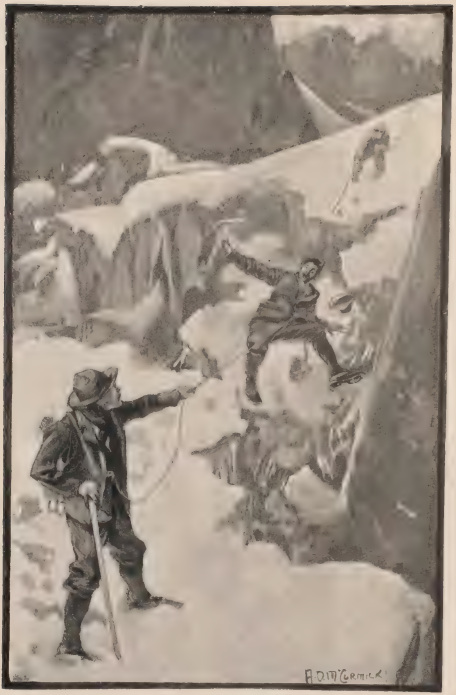
As we reached the ice-fall of the Col de Geant, the clouds began to lift with the extraordinary rapidity so common in mountain districts, and our party, battered, exhausted, and drenched to the skin, trudged down the well-known route to the Montanvert. As we quitted the glacier, the setting sun was bathing the Aiguilles far above in golden glory, and the few light clouds that hung now almost motionless upon their sides were coloured with rose or purple madders and tenderest grey. A few short hours ago we were battling for very life in these same Aiguilles, then storm torn, repellant, terrible! but now, softened by the lovely tints of the dying day, they seemed to us in their majesty of repose the very emblem of eternal peace.

It has often been asked: Has there ever been among amateurs a mountaineer the equal of a first-rate guide. I should say, unquestionably, yes; and probably Mr. Mummery, who lost his life in the Nanga Parbat Range of Kashmir in 1895, was the superior of any guide we have known, with perhaps the exception of Emile Rey.

There may have been better cragsmen, and he may have had his superior in ice-work, others may have excelled him in topographical knowledge and mountain craft, but probably no other man combined these qualities to the same extent, with the exception I have mentioned. Both his physical and constitutional strength were extraordinary; no labour was too great for him, and he hardly knew the meaning of the word fatigue.

There are one or two other amateurs probably equal to the best guides, but Mummery was in a class by himself, and his untimely loss was nothing short of a calamity to the Mountaineering world.

These illustrations of what *may* occur need deter no one from Mountaineering. The axioms of the craft are now so well understood that the dangers of the pursuit are infinitely less than they were a generation ago, and the climber who risks least is he who is never off his guard.



FALL OF AN ICE BRIDGE.

The ideal mountaineer does not exist, but were there one he must be sound in wind and limb, above middle height, but not too tall, light and wiry, possessing both strength and endurance. Ever on the alert he should be able rapidly to gauge a position, or select a route, and having arrived at a decision act upon it without delay. And for his moral qualities he should possess the pluck to dare and the courage to endure. He may have to meet many dangers, the danger which requires a strong nerve to face, and that higher courage which can await without flinching and without dismay, the outcome of a position that may look hopeless.

How often has one been asked: What charm can you find in Mountaineering, with its toil, its hardships, and its discomforts? And what useful purpose does it serve? It is useless to argue the point with such a one; you might as well descant on the beauties of colour to a man who is colour-blind! I may be enthralled with the beauties of a Corot, which you, my friend, may think a "horrid daub;" so I may have a passion for the mountains with their changing moods, their lights and shades, their ice cliffs, and their towering crags. To me they are a revelation, to you they say nothing; you may tolerantly admire them from below, but you do not understand them!

The truth is, that love of the mountains is almost an instinct, and you either possess this instinct, or you do not. Without it you may become a climber, but you will never be a mountaineer; but with it every incident in the assault of some great peak under favourable conditions of weather is a joy in itself.

There is the mountain bivouac high above the din and rattle of the busy world beneath, where with some trusty companion you discuss the plans for the morrow's climb, and watch the light fading on the peaks above. Then gradually, as the stars begin to peep out one by one, the sounds of the little glacier rills become stilled by the keenness of the night air. Now and again the boom of some falling stone breaks the stillness. As the evening advances even these late wanderers

Reaching the Top.

are arrested by the frost that grips them far above, and perfect silence reigns around.

Then the early start, threading your way through ferns and bracken, whose fronds, sprinkled with hoar frost, glisten like gems in the lanthorn light, and as dawn is breaking, and you first set foot upon the ice, you meet the keen fresh air of the glacier, while far above peak after peak becomes radiant with colour as it catches the light from the rising sun. Then comes the climb, the threading of the crevasses, the cutting up the ice fall, and the steady trudge up the steep slopes of *nevé*, till you reach the *couloir* that will land you on the final rocks. And now every muscle is exerted, and every nerve is braced as you follow—or perhaps lead—from the black ice of the *couloir* which you have cut your way up with such labour, to the final rocks. You traverse these rocks to the ridge, to find yourself cut off by an impassable rock tooth; you must descend again and reach the rock chimney, which leads you to a point above the obstacle. Each member of the party knows that upon this rock chimney depends the success or failure of the expedition, and the excitement becomes intense as the leader gradually worms his way upwards with 40 feet of rope paid out. With straining eyes we watch him disappear behind a projecting rock, and wait with bated breath for the verdict. In a minute—that has been an hour to us—he re-appears, and we hear the welcome words, "*Kommen sie nur—es geht*," and we know that the peak is won.

A half-hour's tough climb and we are once more on the *arête*, above the tooth; the mountain falls away in a perilously steep ice slope on the further side, but the ridge itself has a crest of firm snow. Pushing upwards along this ridge and climbing over or round the rocks that crop out along the crest, in another hour we are on the summit.

There is no record of the mountain ever having been climbed before, and we eagerly search the disintegrated and weather-worn rocks that form the actual summit for any signs of previous climbers, but there are none. The sensation of being

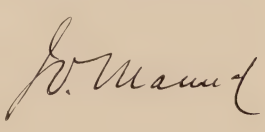
J. O. Maund.

the first human being who, possibly since the dawn of time, has set foot upon this untrodden summit is too complex to describe, and would hardly be understood by those who cannot appreciate what charm there is in facing and overcoming difficulties such as I have attempted to describe at the expense of some "toil, hardship, and discomfort."

Now does Mountaineering serve any "useful purpose?" Distinctly and emphatically—Yes. Its pursuit has served to map vast areas, and open up districts before unknown. It has largely added to our knowledge of the structure and movement of glaciers. A new field has been opened up to the geologist and botanist. Without his mountain experience Tyndal would probably never have given to the world his studies on the development of bacteria at great heights. And the conditions of the atmosphere in relation to rarefaction and their influence on our physical condition would have remained unobserved.

These are but a few of what we may call the scientific "purposes" that Mountaineering has served. But it has done something more than this; it has opened up a new field, which gives not only rest to the brain of thousands of overworked men, but gives them healthy exercise in the purest air, at a comparatively small cost. It teaches us self-reliance, showing us that most difficulties and dangers have only to be faced steadfastly to be overcome, but the great object lesson of the mountains is that which forces upon us the conviction of our utter littleness. To what proportions of insignificance and

impotence we are reduced in the presence of these mighty giants, who, unchanged, and practically unscathed, through countless ages have looked down in stern and solemn silence upon the birth and burial of untold generations, watching unmoved the endless struggle that we call life!



"Persimmon" at Sandringham.

RACING.

"HURRAH! Racing is again within measurable distance" is the mental and often uttered expression of thousands when the "Lincoln Fixture" again monopolises sporting literature in the spring. In this tight little island, where the love of the thoro'-bred and everything appertaining to his rearing, training and management is followed and noted with the keenest interest, this is undoubtedly the prevailing sentiment, and long may it remain so. There are, of course, many reasons why flat-racing is preferred to the other varieties of equine competitions, foremost of all being the fact that flat-racing invariably begins at a reasonable hour when the day has be-

Photo by W. A. Rouch.
HOME THROUGH THE LANE.

come fairly well aired and it is followed by its votaries at a period of the year usually associated either with spring freshness, summer sunshine, or balmy autumnal breezes. Moreover, nowadays, Racing is, thanks to club enclosures and the liberal support of the public, enjoyed in great comfort, old stagers especially being fully alive, notwithstanding occasional grumbles, to the advantages of the good and orderly train services, to the roomy stands and refreshment rooms, which were all but a very few years ago conspicuous by their absence.

Photo by] ON THE TRAINING GROUND. [W. A. Rouch.

In this connection it is only fair to give credit where it is due, for to the enterprise and good taste of Mr. Hwfa Williams in setting the example at Sandown Park we are principally indebted.

Flat-racing has probably never been more popular than it is at the present moment, when old and young—men and women,—the classes and the masses, are equally keen to parti-

cipate in the enjoyment rightly termed the "sport of kings." Not only has the sport become, if possible, more popular, but it has lost the character of exclusiveness which formerly somewhat hedged it in and certainly limited the class of owners to a great extent. To-day it is quite usual to see horses in most of the principal races owned by responsible City men, who are just as jealous of their good name on the turf as "East of Temple Bar," and

Photo by] CLOSE HOME: A FINISH AT KEMPTON PARK. [W. A. Rouch.

they impart an earnestness to the institution which is heartily welcomed.

The chief topic of conversation in racing circles latterly has been the success of Tod Sloan, the American jockey, for whose importation we are indebted to Lord William Beresford, who, in partnership with Mr. Pierre Lorillard, has a notable racing stud at Newmarket, composed almost entirely of horses bred in America on Mr. Lorillard's Stud Farm.

When Tod Sloan first appeared on our race-courses his

Photo by] SANDOWN PARK. [W. A. Rouch.

method of riding was much criticised, owing to its being, in many respects, at complete variance with the practice in favour in this country for a great number of years, and believed, until his advent, to be the best adapted to successful race riding. We refer especially to his alteration in the distribution of weight.

Sloan, however, has successfully demonstrated by example that an improvement on the old system by American methods was not only possible but a reality. He places his saddle far higher up on the horse's withers than our jockeys. Moreover, he rides with far shorter stirrups and seldom uses either whip or spur. He throws his whole weight forward and cranes on to the neck of the horse, at the same time taking a very short grasp of the reins, which he crosses on a system peculiarly his own, so that when leaning forward his whole weight rests on the withers and muscles of the neck and none on the mouth. By craning forward instead of sitting upright he avoids the resistance of the air, and thus gains an advantage variously estimated at from 7 to 14 lbs., especially in a high wind—no slight pull when, say 2 lbs. means at least a head difference at the winning post.

A. J. Schwabe.

Apart from this manifest advantage it is conceded by impartial observers that Sloan's mounts invariably "go kindly" for him, whether on the way to the starting post or returning at full speed. To our mind he gets the maximum of effort with the minimum of exertion, as it is apparent that his mounts appear to be less distressed after a supreme effort than they would be under similar circumstances with other jockeys riding.

Another point of no small importance is conceded, and that is that with him horses invariably run up to their best "home trial" form. As race-horse owners and frequenters of the turf know only too well, the difference displayed between "home form" and the form shown on the race-course is often very puzzling.

Without going any further, it is very evident that Sloan "rides to win," that he is a rare good judge of pace, and that he doesn't follow the latter day practice of dodging about behind the other horses before making his final effort. Finally, we must congratulate him on having aroused a healthy feeling of emulation amongst his competitors, which, in itself, cannot fail to be beneficial.

A. S. Schwartz

ROWING.

METROPOLITAN AND GENERAL.

THERE is no sport the attainment of proficiency in which necessitates the combination of health, strength, and skill to a greater extent than that of boat-racing; nor is there any the practice of which more certainly develops those essentials. Its beneficial effect upon the character of its devotees is equally marked. An oarsman who is a member of a racing crew is bound to observe with the utmost strictness every rule of training, and this of itself necessitates the exercise of constant self-control and self-denial. Any laxity on his part amounts to disloyalty not only to the other members of the crew, whose chance is thereby jeopardised, but also to the club one of whose chosen representatives he has the honour to be. The discipline is exacting, the work entailed severe, the demands upon pluck and endurance extreme.

A sculler, having only himself to consider, can of course take liberties, should he think fit to do so, but in that case he is very unlikely to succeed. Scullers are treated in a separate chapter; oarsmen alone being dealt with in this.

Rowing, as practised at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, is specially described by other writers in this volume, and apart from the increased difficulties attendant upon getting men together, owing to business and other engagements, there is no great difference between Rowing as carried on by members

of metropolitan or provincial clubs, and that at either of the Universities; the former, however, usually have the benefit of broader sheets of water than those to be found on either Cam or Isis, and consequently have the advantage of being able to row races with two or more boats abreast, instead of being compelled to resort to either bumping or time races.

The amount of success in racing which attends the crews of any metropolitan or other large club is vastly dependent upon its captain, who corresponds to the president of a University boat club, and is responsible for everything immediately relating to all matters connected with actual Rowing as distinguished from the management of the club. He selects its representative crews and as much as possible superintends them. If not rowing himself he acts as coach; if rowing himself it devolves upon him to secure the services of the best available coach. In this latter case his responsibility is lightened, but it is not by any means abolished.

Of Rowing clubs the celebrated Leander Club is not only the oldest, but is now the largest and most powerful aquatic club in Great Britain. It is composed mainly of past and present University oarsmen, men who have been at a Public School, and others who have established a reputation upon the river. Its crews generally confine themselves to competition in the principal events at Henley Regatta. In them may usually be found representatives of each University, although this is not invariably the case, its winning crews of 1891, 1892 and 1894 consisting entirely of Oxford oarsmen, whilst that of 1896 contained seven Oxford oarsmen and one old Etonian who was not a member of either University. In 1893 it contained three Cambridge men, the remainder coming from the sister University, whilst in this present year, 1898, its winning crew consisted of three Oxford and the same number of Cambridge oarsmen, one old Etonian, and one old Radleian, neither of whom were University men. They were well and carefully coached by R. P. P. Rowe, an ex-president of the O.U.B.C. Although now in the foremost position upon the river, Leander was for

many years out of favour, being perhaps at its lowest ebb in 1861, when its well-known president, Herbert T. Steward, states that it consisted of no more than ten or twelve members. It now boasts of nearly 900 members, and during the last eight years it has won the Grand Challenge Cup six times, and the Stewards' Cup for Fours, twice, the last previous occasion on which it had met with success in the Stewards' Cup race being as long ago as 1849.

The club next in importance is the London Rowing Club, which was founded in 1856, and now numbers some 700 members. Its first three captains were all members of the Stock Exchange—Frank Playford, James Paine, and Charles Boydell having succeeded one another in that capacity in the order named, whilst Francis Levien, for many years Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, steered the crew which, under the title of "Argonauts," won both the Stewards' and Wyfold Cups at Henley in 1856. It may be incidentally mentioned that Levien scaled 10 st. 4 lbs., whilst his stroke oarsman was 2 lbs. lighter. This crew was prevented by technical reasons from rowing under the colours of the then newly established London Rowing Club, for the rule of the Henley Regatta Committee, which provides that only a crew composed of members "of any Amateur Club established at least one year previous to the day of entry" should be qualified to contend, was even then in existence. The crew, therefore, entered under their qualification as members of the Argonauts' Club, of which they were thus the last representatives at Henley. C. Boydell, James Paine and Frank Playford have all passed away from amongst us, the last survivor being "old Frank," as he was so generally and affectionately termed, who died as recently as 1896, exactly fifty years after he had won the Grand Challenge Cup as a member of the old Thames Club, an institution which ceased to exist very many years ago.

The palmiest days of the L.R.C. are inseparably connected with the name of Francis Stepney Gulston. He was captain of the Club for ten years, from 1869 to 1878 inclusive. His first

appearance at Henley was in 1868, when he stroked the L.R.C. crew for the Grand Challenge Cup, and also rowed in the four for the Stewards' Cup, winning both events. Between that year and 1878 he won the Grand Challenge Cup five times, a feat which in the whole history of the Regatta has only been accomplished by two other men, one of them being his comrade, A. de Lande Long, and the other being J. A. Ford, of Leander. He also won the Stewards' Fours no fewer than ten times in the same period, his runner-up for this event being also A. de Lande Long, who won them eight times in the same crew with Gulston. The latter also won the Silver Goblets five times, the last occasion being in 1879. Of these victories three were shared with A. de Lande Long. These are the only three rowing events open to all amateur oarsmen, and Gulston's achievements in them remain a record to the present day; it would seem not improbable that they may do so for all time. After Gulston's retirement the L.R.C. did not succeed in winning either the Stewards' Cup or the Silver Goblets until 1895, when, with the aid of Guy and Vivian Nickalls, they were once more successful, as well as in 1896. The L.R.C., however, won the Grand Challenge Cup four times in that interval.

The Thames Rowing Club, which contains about 600 members, is London's great rival upon the tideway, but is some years its junior, and did not make its appearance at Henley until 1870, and then only as a competitor for the Wyfold Cup, in which event it was successful. It was not until 1874 that it entered the lists for either the Grand Challenge or Stewards' Cups. Since that date, however, it has succeeded in winning each event several times, the last occasions being in 1889, when it won both the Grand Challenge and the Stewards'; and in 1894, when it won the latter event. The winning of both the Grand and the Stewards' at the same Regatta by the same Club is an event of somewhat rare occurrence. The L.R.C. have succeeded in winning the double event six times; the O.U.B.C. three times; First

Trinity, Cambridge, twice ; University College, Oxford, once ; Oxford Etonians, once ; Jesus, Cambridge, once ; Trinity Hall, once ; Leander, once ; and Thames, once.

The Kingston Rowing Club ought perhaps to have been mentioned before the Thames Rowing Club, inasmuch as it is the senior of the two clubs by many years. It is not, however, so numerically strong as the latter. Thirty years ago Kingston was London's keenest opponent, and it is still the most prominent club above lock which is used by men engaged in business in London. In former times it was largely recruited from University oarsmen, and in 1864 and 1865 it won the Grand Challenge Cup, but it has not been so much in evidence of later years, though signs of returning vitality are not wanting. Its greatest number of victories at Henley were for the Wyfold Cup, which it farmed from 1863 to 1868, inclusive, and has since won several times. Most prominent of its members in later years has been G. E. B. Kennedy, who was captain of the Club for several seasons. Although an excellent oarsman he is best known as a sculler, and his victory over Vivian Nickalls in the Wingfields of 1893 will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the race.

The Molesey Boat Club and the Twickenham Rowing Club have each at times sent excellent crews to Henley, though neither of them has as yet succeeded in winning either the Grand or the Stewards'. In 1883 and 1884 however, Twickenham won the Silver Goblets, being represented by men who had first become known to fame as members of Hertford College, Oxford.

Inasmuch as there is but one perfect style of Rowing, it is curious for how long a period certain differences of form remain distinctive of one University or one Club. This is perhaps not quite so much the case at the present day as it was formerly, and the change is to a great extent attributable to the fact that whereas some twenty years ago, or even less, it was somewhat unusual for a member of one University to coach any but crews of his own University, of late years there has been a change in this

respect. In regard to metropolitan clubs there has also been a change, for it was a rare occurrence in former days to find a Varsity oarsman rowing at Henley under the colours of either of the two leading tideway clubs, London or Thames; there were notable exceptions, but they remained exceptions all the same. Now, however, it is seldom that one sees a Thames Rowing Club crew for the Grand Challenge Cup which does not contain men whose names first came into public notice upon the Cam. At this last Henley Regatta of 1898 the Thames crew contained three such men, one of whom was their stroke-oar, whilst the London crew contained four members who were previously well-known in college crews or in the Trial Eights at Oxford, amongst whom was, similarly, the stroke-oar. The former were coached by S. D. Muttlebury, of Eton and C.U.B.C. fame, and the latter by A. G. Aldous, who had in his time rowed in the Oxford Trial Eights, but who had won the Grand as a representative of the L.R.C. in 1890, whilst Muttlebury had won the Stewards' under the colours of the T.R.C. in 1894. Whilst this fusion of 'Varsity oarsmen with those of metropolitan clubs is an undoubted advantage to the actual crew in which it occurs, it is nevertheless questionable whether in the long run it will not prove detrimental to the Rowing of those clubs; for the junior members, finding that vacancies in representative crews are filled from the ranks of 'Varsity oarsmen, will not have the same incentive to patient perseverance as would otherwise have been the case.

Metropolitan clubs, by-the-bye, would probably do well were they to take a leaf out of the books of their University opponents and devote more time and attention to "tubbing" young and promising oarsmen; it is far easier for a coach to explain to his pupil what he is wanted to do, and the best means of doing it, when that pupil is within a few feet of him, than when the coach is on the bank or in a steam launch, even though he is provided with the fashionable and useful megaphone. Similarly, it is much easier for the pupil to correct his faults when in a "tub," than when stuck in the middle of an eight, with seven other

oarsmen who are perhaps more awkward than himself; under these latter circumstances his attention is fully occupied in the endeavour to keep approximate time. Many a promising young oar is ruined by being coached in this wholesale manner at too early a stage of his apprenticeship.

Amongst provincial clubs the Royal Chester Rowing Club is *facile princeps*. To it belongs the honour of being the first club to introduce keelless boats. It introduced them at Henley Regatta in 1856, and as a natural consequence it won the Grand Challenge Cup. Here, however, its successes in that event began and ended, although it has succeeded in winning the Stewards' Cup on two occasions, namely, in 1855 and 1892. No other provincial club has ever succeeded in winning either of these events.

Of Regattas Royal Henley stands in a class by itself, and is too well known and has too often been alluded to already to need any further notice. Next to it in importance ranks the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta. It is the only Regatta on the tideway, and the fact of its being rowed on a tidal portion of the river suffices to make it unattractive to any but rowing men. It is under the management of the London Rowing Club, and although it is now merely the shadow of its former self, it is to be hoped that it will again, in the near future, be better appreciated than has been the case lately. Kingston, Molesey, Marlow, and Walton Regattas are all fairly successful, as sometimes is the Reading Regatta also. There are several minor Regattas, at Wargrave, Goring, and other places, but these partake more of the nature of pic-nics, and the rowing is not to be regarded too seriously; they afford, however, an excellent afternoon's amusement.

Space does not admit of much reference to International Rowing. It may, however, be mentioned that up to the present date whenever a foreign crew has rowed a *match* in these waters it has invariably met with defeat. There have only been four such events, all of which took place over the Metropolitan four-and-a-quarter-mile course, and were rowed in

four-oared boats; namely, in 1869, when Oxford University Boat Club beat Harvard University, U.S.A., from Putney to Mortlake; in 1872, when the London Rowing Club beat the Atalanta Boat Club of New York, from Mortlake to Putney; in 1876, when the London Rowing Club beat a German crew representing the Frankfort Rowing Club, from Putney to Mortlake; and in 1882, when the Thames Rowing Club beat the Hillsdale Rowing Club, U.S.A., over the same course. At Henley Regatta the Grand Challenge Cup has been attacked several times, but so far has not left this country. Nor has the Stewards' Cup ever left us, although in 1895 a Canadian Four from Toronto was only beaten by a foot or two in the final. The Visitors' Cup, which, however, is not an open event, being restricted to Boat Clubs of Colleges and Public Schools, has been once captured, namely, by Columbia College, U.S.A., in 1878. The Thames Cup, too, which is only a second-class race, was carried off by a good and powerful crew from Amsterdam in 1895. The Goblets have never been in danger, but the Diamond Sculls have once gone to Amsterdam and once to America, in each case to competitors who ought never to have been permitted to start, as their amateur status was far from being assured.

When British crews have gone abroad they have met with varying fortune. In most cases, however, if not in all, the Englishmen have not been at their best, the real, serious business of Henley having come first.

Apropos of amateurs, the Amateur Rowing Association is the Jockey Club of the river. All amateur rowing clubs of any pretention to importance are affiliated to the Association, and matters in dispute are settled by its Committee, which consists of men who have had a vast amount of experience in all matters relating to Rowing. Every amateur Regatta of note is held under its laws. Thanks to its supervision, Rowing has so far been prevented from falling to the low ebb of some other so-called amateur sports.

Of professional Rowing it is sad to be compelled to write—

the less said the better. But it was not always so. Time was when the rivalry between Thames and Tyne produced many an historic struggle, as to the *bona fides* of which no suspicion of a doubt attached. Of how many professional races can this now be said?

In regard to the oft-discussed question as to the relative merits of amateurs and professionals, it seems to be generally conceded that, in the case of sculling, the professional, devoting his entire time to that branch of the sport, and seldom or never handling an oar, would almost invariably defeat the amateur, who seldom confines himself to sculling only, and never gives up his whole time to it. Rather more than thirty years ago a celebrated amateur sculled a match on the Thames against a good second-class professional, with the result that the latter obtained an easy victory. The case of rowing an oar is different however, for uniformity is necessary to a crew, and uniformity cannot well be obtained without style, a characteristic which is almost invariably conspicuous by its absence in the professional. There have been one or two notable exceptions, but these only tend to prove the rule. The number of races for professional crews was never very large, and at this day they have ceased to exist. Previous to the era of steam-launches the umpires at Henley officiated from the stern of an eight rowed by watermen, which usually managed to keep somewhere within half the length of the course of the competing crews. This was probably the only occasion during the whole year upon which professionals rowed in an eight-oared boat. The amateur had far more frequent opportunities of rowing in combination than the professional, and, consequently, could probably beat him with an oar. The only occasion upon which the matter was ever directly put to the test, within the knowledge of the writer, occurred in 1868, when a Newcastle professional four, which was training at Putney for the "Thames Regatta" and had in the previous year won the International Fours at the Paris Regatta, requested a London R.C. Four, which had a few days previously won the

Stewards' Cup at Henley, to row them an impromptu trial spin. This request was granted, with the result that at the end of a mile, when the professional crew ceased rowing, the amateurs had drawn away and were nearly clear of them. A second shorter spin terminated in a similar manner. Nevertheless the Newcastle Four won the prize at the Thames Regatta in the following week with consummate ease. Each crew was steered by a boy, and there was not 2lb. difference in their weights. This was in the days of fixed seats.

Sliding seats are now in general use, and, undoubtedly, when properly utilized, add greatly to the pace to be obtained in a boat. Their principle is too well-known to require explanation here. Swivel row-locks not only prevent the oar "locking" at either the commencement or finish of the stroke, but also abolish the slip of the oar at the end of the stroke. They are at present not much used in any boat propelled by more than four oars; in order to use them to the best advantage a man must be an adept, and it is more difficult to obtain eight such men than to obtain four, added to which the eight being the heavier boat, and the beginning of the stroke being more marked than in a four or any smaller boat, greater rigidity is necessitated in the thowl-pin, and doubts are entertained whether the swivel row-lock would stand the strain.

The question of the length and leverage of oars is one upon which it is very easy to theorize; but even amongst those practical men whose experience adds the greatest weight to their opinion, widely divergent views obtain as to the best length, leverage, and width of blade. The truth seems to be that measurements which suit one crew are not adapted to others; a long and heavy oar, however perfect in balance, is only suitable for a powerful man, and is apt to induce a slow recovery, which makes it difficult for a crew to get together. For an eight perhaps a 12 ft. to 12 ft. 2 in. oar, with 3 ft. 7½ in. or 3 ft. 8 in. leverage, and a blade not exceeding 6 ins. in breadth will be found to suit most crews on Henley waters. On Putney waters, however, with a big powerful crew another inch or even two might be added to

the length, with a 3 ft. 8 in. leverage, and a slightly reduced blade, for the course is a long one, and the stroke less rapid than is required over the shorter Henley course; but in this case great attention must be paid to the recovery.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann has some oars by Donoghue, of Newburgh, New York, which are made on the girder principle, that is to say there is a deep groove on each side of the loom of the oar, extending from just below the leather to just above the commencement of the blade. These oars are as stiff as if made of steel, and weigh some 1½ lbs. or 2 lbs. less than those recently used by the 'Varsity crews at Putney. The blades, however, are too deeply curved, and it would consequently be difficult to clear the water properly.

Much has been written on the build and shape of boats, but one point has hardly met with the attention it deserves, namely, the extent to which the keelson, or kelson, should be "rockered," or, as it is more usually, but incorrectly, termed, "cambered." Dixon Kemp in his well-known "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," gives the following explanation of the respective terms:—"Cambered. When the keel of a vessel has its ends lower than its middle, thus ⌒." "Rockered keel. A keel whose ends curve upwards thus ⌣." Some years ago, for a short time, pairs and sculling boats were built with a certain slight amount of camber, the idea being that the weight of the occupants, coming into the centre of the boat, would tend to depress that centre, thus making the kelson actually level along its whole length. The reverse course to this is now generally adopted, and the kelson is rockered. This is frequently carried to an absurd extent. The effect of a rockered kelson is, of course, to make a boat answer her helm more quickly than if the kelson were continued in a straight line for its whole length; it is undoubtedly necessary on the Cam and Isis, where very sharp turns have to be negotiated at racing speed, and on any other courses where similar conditions exist. But this is not the case either at Putney or at Henley, and although the amount of rocker is of little importance in a flat

calm, yet in a beam wind its effect is severely felt. The natural tendency of a boat in motion, whether it is propelled by oars or by the action of the wind upon its sails, is to "luff," or come up into the wind. In the case of a rockered keel this tendency is obviously accentuated, for the extreme ends of the boat, having no hold of the water, meet with no lateral resistance. For instance, if there is a breeze off the Surrey shore at Putney, boats rowing up towards Hammersmith will point more or less to that shore in proportion to the force of the wind, and if the breeze is a strong one, they will progress crab-fashion—sideways, in spite of the rudder and of the submerged metal fin which is now always fixed with a view to obviate this tendency. It is not necessary to point out that the use of the rudder is distinctly detrimental to the pace of a boat, in addition to making it roll. In such a case as that just instanced a level kelson would be a decided advantage, whilst in calm weather it would not be any disadvantage.

In regard to a boat one often hears the remark "I don't like her; she doesn't run between the strokes." In nine cases out of ten—it would scarcely be too much to say in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—it is the rowing which is in fault, not the boat. Let the coach call for a harder and cleaner finish, with plenty of leg-drive, and let him see that he gets it.

In a recent work on Rowing, the author says that "twenty years ago paddling was an undiscovered art." But he was trusting to other evidence than that afforded by his own experience when he made that statement. The writer of this article can go back in memory for more than thirty Henleys, and he can never remember a time when a London R.C. crew could not paddle well, whilst many could do it to perfection. If, however, the remark as to inability to paddle is limited to 'Varsity crews, it is perhaps almost correct. Paddling was largely inculcated in the London Rowing Club in the 'sixties, as a means of getting a crew together, and it has been so ever since. On one occasion a London eight, in training for Henley, was made to paddle from the boat-house at Putney, against the

tide, up to Teddington lock without an easy. It was then put through the lock, and, without leaving the boat, the crew were made to row a course against time. This feat in paddling is believed to be a record of its kind.

It would be wrong to close this article without making special mention of the performances of Guy Nickalls over the Henley course. His fame, and that of his brother, Vivian, is established wherever the English language is spoken, and, indeed, beyond those limits. Guy's performances are so marvellous that no apology is necessary for mentioning them in detail. They form a wonderful record. Between 1885 and 1897 he rowed or sculled 68 races at Henley Regatta, of which he won no fewer than 57, and in addition rowed one dead heat. He, was, therefore, beaten only ten times. The following is an analysis of these races :—

21	were rowed in	Eights,	of which	he won	15 (1 dead heat)
12	,, ,,	Fours,	,,	,,	11
16	,, ,,	Pairs,	,,	,,	14
19	,, ,,	for the Diamond Sculls			17

He rowed stroke no fewer than 29 times.

For the information of those who wish to arrive at the relative value of the stations, it may be added that he started—

From the Bucks. shore		29	times,	winning	26
,, ,,	Berks. shore	37	,,	,,	29 (1 dead heat)
,, ,,	Centre (old course)	2	,,	,,	2

In addition, he won the Amateur Sculling Championship four times. He was President of the O.U.B.C. in 1890, and Captain of Leander in 1892 and 1897.

His brother, Vivian, was Amateur Champion Sculler for three years, and won the Diamonds once, the Silver Goblets five times, the Stewards' three times, and the Grand once.

It is often alleged that boat racing is a fruitful source of ill-health and even premature death, but statistics do not tend to prove the correctness of this allegation. Provided a man is sound in the first instance, his health and physical

development will be vastly improved by it. If, however, he is unsound, it goes without saying that boat racing, or any other racing, will find out and, perhaps—though not necessarily—increase the unsoundness.

It is seldom that a man who has once been a true lover of boat racing does not remain so to the end of his days. The feeling of brotherhood, too, which exists between votaries of the oar, whether they have "rowed in the same boat" or not, is very remarkable, and forms one of the most charming solaces of later years, when active rowing days have long ceased to be more than a memory. It may not be considered out of place to relate here a pathetic story told of the late Canon Selwyn. When lying upon his deathbed he insisted on wearing the blazer of his old Boat Club, Lady Margaret, Cambridge, and when his brother, the Bishop, who had been himself also a distinguished member of the same Club, visited him for the last time, the Canon pointed to his boating coat, saying, with a smile upon his face, "the old colours for ever!"

Shall it be told, after this, that there is still living an ex-president of one of the 'Varsity Boat Clubs who came up to London on the occasion of a University Boat Race duly provided with a ticket for the umpire's boat, but absented himself from Putney in order that he might call upon his mother-in-law! Ye gods!

In the table at the end of this chapter will be found the names of past and present Stock Exchange men who have won any of the three open events at Henley, *viz.*, Grand Challenge Cup for Eights, Stewards' Cup for Fours, or Silver Goblets for Pairs, or who have represented their University at Putney, or rowed in an International match.

It will be noticed that in addition to winners of the above-mentioned events, the names are also given of winners of the Wyfold Cup at Henley, prior to 1857, the reason being that until that date the race was open to all amateur clubs not composed of resident members of either of the Universities. The result was that in 1855 and 1856 the same crew won both

S. Le Blanc-Smith.

Stewards' and Wyfold. In 1857 the qualification was virtually made a second-class one, and although it has since been more than once altered it still remains restricted.

It will also be seen that mention is made of the fact that in 1852 and 1853 the two Paines won the Visitors' Cup for Fours, rowing as "Argonauts." The qualification for that Cup was then as it is now, identical with that for the Ladies' Plate, which events are now limited to Colleges and Public Schools. In those days the rule regarding qualification was very loosely worded, but in spite of this it is difficult to see how the Argonauts could have been held to comply with it. However, the authorities appear not to have been very particular, and it would seem that in default of a sufficient number of properly qualified entrants, the qualification rule was practically ignored. Upon no other hypothesis can the entry be accounted for.

TABLE OF STOCK EXCHANGE WINNERS OF GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, STEWARDS' CUP, OR GOBLETS, AT HENLEY.

Name.	Principal Clubs Represented.	Dates of Wins at Henley in G.C.C., Stewards', or Goblets.	Dates when Representing his University or Rowing in International Match.	Remarks.
Angle, B. J. ...	T.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1878		
Adcock, P. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1881	...	Capt., L.R.C., 1888.
Barclay, C. T.	C.U.B.C.	Goblets, 1887	Putney, 1886-7. Won	
Begg, F. C. ...	C.U.B.C. and Leander	...	Putney, 1894-5. Lost	Coxswain.
Boydell, C. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1862	...	Capt., L.R.C., 1863. Died in 1868.
Brown, M. M.	O.U.B.C. & K.R.C.	Goblets, 1867	Putney 1864-[illegible], Won	[illegible] 1866.
Butler, H. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1881		
Clark, F. E. C.	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1888-9. Stewards', 1889 and 1891	...	Capt., T.R.C., 1892-3
Crier, J. T. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1883-4		
Fenner, F. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1862. Stewards', 1864. Goblets, 1865	...	Capt., L.R.C., 1867.
Hodgson, A	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1862		
Hood, H. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1862	...	Died, 1896.
Horton, B. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1874 and '77	...	Capt., L.R.C., 1880 to [illegible] L.R.C., 1897 [illegible]
Howell, J. ...	T.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1876 ...	...	Abroad.
Hurrell, A. S. J.	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1883-4	...	Died, 1898.
James, G. B. ...	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1860	On Seine, 1892, v. Paris R.C. Lost	Capt., L.R.C., 1889 to '93
Le Blanc-Smith, S.	L.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1868, '72, '74 '77. Stewards', 1868, '72, '74 to '78. Goblets, 1876	At Putney, 1876, v. Frankfort R.C. Won	[illegible] L.R.C., [illegible]
Levien, F. ...	Argonauts	Stewards', 1856. Wyfold, 1856	...	Coxswain.
Little, A. S. ...	L.R.C. ...	Stewards', 1895		

Name.	Principal Clubs Represented.	Dates of Wins at Henley in G.C.C., Stewards', or Goblets.	Dates when Representing his University or Rowing in International Match.	Remarks.
Looker, B. W. ...	T.R.C. ...	G.C.C., 1888—'89. Stewards', 1886, '89 and 91.		
Morgan, W. A. ...	L.R.C.	... ...	On Seine, 1892, *v.* Paris R.C. Lost	
Mossop, M. W. ...	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1890		
Muttlebury, S. D. ...	C.U.B.C., T.R.C and Leander.	Stewards', 1894. Goblets, 1886-7, 1889	Putney, 1886 to '90. Won 1886 to '89	President, C.U.B.C., 1888 to '90. Capt. T.R.C., 1894-'95.
Nickalls, G	O.U.B.C., Leander, Magdalen Coll., and L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1891-2, 1896. Stewards', 1893, 1895 to '97. Goblets, 1890-1, 1894 to '97	Putney, 1887 to 91. Won in 1890 and 1891	President, O.U.B.C., 1896. Capt. Leander, 1892 and 1897.
Nickalls, V.	O.U.B.C., Leander, Magdalen Coll., and L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1891. Stewards', 1893-95-96. Goblets, 1892 to '96	Putney, 1891 to '93. Won	
Paine, J.	Argonauts and L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1857 & '59. Stewards', 1856 to '58. Visitors', 1852-53 Wyfold, 1856	... ...	Capt., L.R.C., 1857-8. Died, 1887.
Paine, Leeds ...	Argonauts ...	Visitors', 1852-3	... ...	Died, 1898.
Pilkington, M. C. ...	O.U.B.C. and Leander	G.C.C., 1894	Putney, 1893 to '95. Won	President, O.U.B.C., 1895.
Playford, F.	Thames Club and Argonauts	G.C.C., 1846. Goblets, 1849 ...	... ...	Capt., L.R.C., 1856, 1859, 1861-2. Vice-President, L.R.C., 1883 to '94. Died, 1896.
Playford, F. L. ...	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1874, 1877. 1881. Stewards', 1874-'78	At Putney, 1876, L.R.C. *v.* Frankfort R.C. Won	
Playford, H. H., junr. ...	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1881		
Pitman, F. I. ...	C.U.B.C. and Leander	... ...	Putney, 1884 to '86. Won 1884 and 1886	President, C.U.B.C., 1886.

TABLE OF STOCK EXCHANGE WINNERS—*Continued.*

Name.	Principal Clubs Represented	Dates of Wins at Henley in G.C.C., Stewards', or Goblets.	Dates when Representing his University or Rowing in International Match.	Remarks.
Reid, C. S.	C.U.B.C., L.R.C., and Leander	... ...	Putney, 1872 to '74. Won	President, C.U.B.C., 1873
Richards, W. B. ...	L.R.C.	Stewards', 1896		
Rowe, G. D. ...	O.U.B.C. and Leander	... ...	Putney, 1879-80. Won 1880	Pres[illegible], C.U.B.C., 1880.
Rowe, R. P. P. ...	O.U.B.C. and Leander	G.C.C., 1881-2 ...	Putney, 1889 to '92. Won 1890 to '92	President, O.U.B.C., 1892.
Sibthorp, C.	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1857	... ...	Died, 1881.
Serocold, C. S. ...	O.U.B.C. and New College	G.C.C., 1867	Putney, 1895. Won	C[illegible]
Slade, E.	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1857		
Stout, H. W. ...	L.R.C.	Stewards', 1850		
Sutherland, J. C. ...	T.R.C.	G.C.C., 1878		
Weston, F.	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1862. Stewards', 1864	... ...	Coxswain,
Weston, F.	L.R.C.	Stewards', 1868-9	... ...	C[illegible]
Weston, V.	L.R.C.	G.C.C., 1865, 1872 to '74. Stewards', 1871-2	... ...	C[illegible]

P. Le Blanc Smith.

Photo by] UNIVERSITY CREW, 1898. [Stearn, Cambridge.

ROWING AT CAMBRIDGE.

CONSIDERING how much has been written in recent years on Rowing, especially University Rowing, it is difficult to know what to say that is new or how to embrace anything like the whole subject in a short article of this sort.

If we belonged to the sister University we might begin with a description of the beauties of our river; but, unfortunately, these do not exist, and the best that can be said is that in the Cam we have a river on which it is possible to row with a fair amount of success. Most writers on the subject have taken a good deal of trouble to point out her defects and to make her an excuse for the failures of her oarsmen, but that she merits all the abuse which has been heaped upon her we cannot admit. Certainly in the past she was not very savoury (we need not here quote the remark which is said to have been made by a late Master of Trinity), but now that the very primitive methods of sanitation have been done away with and it is possible to see the bottom of the river a foot from the bank, we shall not be surprised if before long it is discovered that the bottom is of gravel.

We must admit that at present one would not choose the Cam as a pleasure resort; but as a nursery for oarsmen she can hold her own, and we have only to look at the long list of Cambridge men who have made a name for themselves on other waters, to realize that there cannot be very much wrong with our river. Indeed, we are inclined to say that in the

list of Cambridge oarsmen there are more who have learned their Rowing at their University than there are among those who hail from Oxford.

Previous to 1826 there is no authentic record of *Rowing at Cambridge*, but there is a tradition that bumping races of a very primitive nature were held. The Dean of Ely in his speech at the Boat Race Commemoration Dinner, in 1881, mentioned that in 1826 there were two eight oars in existence belonging to Trinity and John's. The original bumping races were chance encounters between two boats. The coxswain of one would sound a horn to intimate its whereabouts; thereupon, the other would come up and give chase.

Bumping races as now in vogue appear to have been in full swing after 1827, as a chart for the Boat Races for that year exists in the First Trinity Boat House, while the records of the Trinity Club commence in the previous year. An interesting account of early Rowing at Cambridge is given in the first chapter of the history of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, which was compiled in 1890 by Messrs. Forster and Harris, members of that Club. From it we learn that there were several fours in existence on the Cam in the early 'twenties, but that the first eight-oar did not appear until 1826 when the Lady Margaret was brought from Eton. The first regular bumping races began on Monday, February 26th, 1827, and continued on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, till March 31st, fifteen races in all. There were four crews in the first race, Trinity (ten-oar), Trinity (eight-oar), Lady Margaret (eight-oar), and Jesus (six-oar). These were joined on some of the other nights by Caius, Lady Margaret, Emmanuel, and Trinity Westminster (six oars). Rather a scratch lot we should consider in these days.

The University Boat Club came into existence in 1828, and its earliest minutes record the arrangements for the first race against Oxford, which, as everyone knows, took place at Henley in 1829, and resulted in a win for Oxford. The C.U.B.C. embraces all Cambridge rowing men; every man who belongs

to a college boat club being *de facto* a member. The funds thereof are provided by the college boat clubs by a tax regulated according to the income of each club.

The boating man's existence at Cambridge is one long series of races, which commence soon after the beginning of the October term and end with the May races. It was perhaps natural that in early days bumping races should have been

Photo by] THE LONG REACH. [Stearn, Cambridge.

the only form of contest, but it seems remarkable that there should be so much enthusiasm over them in the present day. Except when an actual bump is made it cannot be said that they are any criterion of the relative merits of the crews engaged. In recent years, at any rate, bumps have been rather few and far between, and many is the occasion on which a crew has had nothing but a row over for its trouble. For instance,

during the years 1883 to 1886, Third Trinity rowed twenty-four races and only made two bumps.

This brings us to the vexed question of distance between the boats. From the time the new railway bridge was opened and the course lengthened early in the 'seventies, until last year, the distance between the starting posts was 175 feet. The result of this was as already stated, that bumps were very hard to make, and as a consequence two colleges practically monopolised the first place in the May races, or, as it is called, the Headship of the River; Jesus College being Head from 1875 to 1885 both years inclusive, and Trinity Hall from 1886 until 1897, with the exception of the year 1889, when Third Trinity were Head. Last year, after due consideration, it was determined to shorten the distance between the boats to 150 feet. All who had the interest of 'Varsity Rowing at heart were glad to see as a result that First Trinity succeeded in wresting the pride of place from Trinity Hall.

It seems hardly necessary to point out that it was not a good thing for University Rowing that one college should remain Head for such a long period. The result of a college being Head of the River is that it attracts to itself the rowing freshmen, and that great enthusiasm for Rowing is stimulated in it with a corresponding decrease of keenness in other colleges. After a college has been Head for a series of years this becomes more marked, and consequently Rowing at the University generally suffers. The chief argument which has been used against the shorter distance is that there is a danger of the crews learning to "bucket." This may be so, but we hardly think that many crews will do so as a natural consequence on a course of a mile-and-a-half. They must always remember that they have the danger of not succeeding in making their bump in the first few hundred yards, and that if they fail to do so they will have to get to the end of the course with probably a crew behind them who have, from the start, been rowing a steady stroke. One has some diffidence about citing Oxford as an argument for what we should do at Cambridge, but although there

the boats row barely a mile, and the distance between them is only 130 feet, or twenty feet less than the present distance at Cambridge, yet no one who has carefully watched the Rowing at Oxford during the last twenty years would say that "bucketing" was a noticeable fault among her crews. There is little doubt that in the future bumps will be more numerous, but while to be bumped occasionally does a college boat club no harm, a

Photo by] SIGNALLING A BUMP. [Stearn, Cambridge.

success stimulates its members to do greater things, more especially if it attains to the position of Head of the River.

We may now leave bumping races and give some account of the various "time" races. Why they are called time races we cannot attempt to explain, as the time in which the races are rowed has no more to do with the result than in an ordinary race starting abreast. In a time race the two or three competitors start opposite separate posts fixed a certain distance apart and

finish at different winning posts fixed the same distance apart, so that each boat rows exactly the same distance. At Cambridge this distance is 100 yards, which is found sufficiently far to prevent the boat behind from being inconvenienced by the wash of the boat in front. Breast races are of course more exciting and give more openings for generalship; but time races have this advantage, that unless the crews are very unequal, they are fought out to the bitter end. Your coach may have a good eye for distance or he may have relays of men posted at various parts of the course a hundred yards apart to show him the position of your adversary, but such measurements are never very exact, and it is rare in a close race that on entering the Long Reach your supporters on the bank will fail to assure you that you have gained. Consequently, until the pistol fires, especially if you have second station, you never quite know when you are beaten—an ignorance which would serve some oarsmen in good stead in a breast race.

There is a rule—or so it used to be—that no one on the bank running with a crew may speak in the earlier part of the race in order that the coach steering you from the bank may be heard. You start off therefore in solemn silence broken only by the occasional "out," "out," "in," "in," of your coach. You spurt up the "Gut" and swing out round "Grassy," accompanied by the steady tramp of innumerable feet. Getting into the Long Reach the enthusiasm of your friends begins to break out and an occasional cheer becomes soon a prolonged roar. At the railway bridge the shouts increase as you strain every muscle, until at the "Pike and Eel" the crowd on the tow path is suddenly cut off by the ferry and you are left to struggle over the last two hundred yards in almost as dead a silence as at the start, while the breathless and anxious crowd watch below for the flash of the pistols.

The principal time race of the year is the Fours, which is rowed over a course of a mile-and-a-half. It was first rowed in 1849, taking the place of a race between the Captains and the

University, which in former years had been held in the October term and was discontinued in that year. As a rule the race is confined to five or six crews, although occasionally there have been as many as eight. It is always most keenly contested, as it is the principal time race open to representative college crews.

In 1844 the Magdalen Silver Oars for pair oars were first competed for, but until the last ten years or so they produced very little interest. The event was decided during the last few days of the May term, after the conclusion of the May Races, and on more than one occasion proved quite a scratch affair, the race being won by a pair who had only had one day's practice together. In recent years the race has taken place at the beginning of the May term, and the crews engaged have been of a much higher class.

In Cambridge aquatics sculling has always held a prominent position, and the University has produced several first-class scullers, among them that fine old oarsman, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, who won the Wingfield Sculls in 1837 from Westminster to Putney, although he only scaled 9 stone 6 pounds. In the same year the Colquhoun sculls were presented to the Lady Margaret Boating Club by Mr. James Colquhoun, a former member of St. John's College. The race was, with the consent of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, opened to members of the University, and was originally rowed on the Thames over the Wingfield course. In 1842, the Colquhoun Sculls were rowed for on the Cam for the first time. They commenced with a series of three bumping races, finishing with a time race which was won by the late Mr. Justice Denman. This system of rowing bumping races as preliminary heats to the time race was customary both in the Fours and the Sculls, and was not abolished in the Fours till 1864, or in the Sculls till 1870.

So much then for College and University races at Cambridge. The aim and object of them all, it would seem, is the production of a University crew worthy to do battle against Oxford.

During the October Term the President is busy making his selections out of the innumerable band of men whom their college captains think worthy of a place in the Trial Eights. After sundry changes he succeeds in choosing two crews who row a breast race at Ely over a three-mile course.

After Christmas the real business of the eight commences and many are the trials and sorrows of a President before he

Photo by] DITTON CORNER. [Stearn, Cambridge.

brings his crew to the post at Putney. So many accounts of the great race have been written that it is hardly necessary to give one here. Suffice it to say that the conditions of the present day are very different from those which existed when the first race was rowed in 1829. In those days the eights must have resembled an elongated and very roomy Thames Randan. It is recorded in the Lady Margaret Boating Club minutes that in 1828 the Rev. R. Gwatkin presented the Club with a "Tin

FRED I. PITMAN.

Panthermanticon," to be carried in their eight on the occasion of picnics and excursions. It would astonish a coxswain of the present day if he were asked to find a place for it between his feet in a racing eight. It was equipped as follows :—2 kettles, 9 cups and saucers, 9 teaspoons, 9 plates, 4 dishes, 4 basins, 1 box, 1 salt ditto, 1 mustard pot, 2 grates, 9 egg holders, 9 egg spoons; also a separate case containing 1 dozen knives and forks, 1 phosphorus box and blow pipe, 1 charcoal bag, 1 canvas bag, 1 canvas table marked "Lady Margaret," 4 irons and screws for legs of ditto, 2 table cloths, and 6 napkins.

Seventy years have now passed since the first University Boat Race was rowed, and during that period Cambridge has produced many good crews and will again, although she has now suffered defeat for nine successive years. At Henley Regatta also, Cambridge crews have competed with very fair success, and in 1887 they made a record by winning every race on the card.

It is impossible to close this article without alluding to the long series of defeats which we have suffered in the

S. D. MUTTLEBURY.

University Boat Race, not for the purpose of attaching blame to anyone, but in the hope that the causes which produced them may be avoided in the future. We have already expressed our opinion as to the disadvantage of one college remaining for a long period at the head of the river, but apart from that there has been the most unnecessary antagonism between the various boat clubs. We think we may say, without fear of contradiction, that these differences would not have been nearly so pronounced had they not been stirred up and fostered by men of the older generation who ought to have known better. There is not the least doubt that to a great extent our defeats have been merited, and that the style of Rowing has been allowed to degenerate in a manner in which it would not have done if there had been less diversity of opinion and more regard for the old established rules of Rowing. Some have imagined that because long slides have been introduced it was necessary to copy the familiar form of the "monkey up a stick," while others, although erring in the right direction, developed such a stiff and stilted style that they were unable to make full use of their slides.

What has been most marked among the majority of the University crews is not want of watermanship or of hard work, but entire ignorance of the elementary principles of Rowing, while many of the oarsmen were apparently quite unaware that they possessed two legs and two arms.

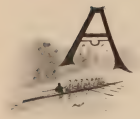
The crew of 1898, under the able coaching of Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, showed a very marked improvement, which we hope will be continued in the future. Let us remember that good form is not the exclusive property of Oxford, and express a hope that before the close of the century Cambridge will have wiped off one at least from the score which stands against her.

Fred. S. Pitman

S. D. Muttlebury

A Bump on the Post.

ROWING AT OXFORD.



A COMPARISON is often made between the conditions that meet the oarsman at Oxford or Cambridge and those that must be faced by the man who rows at Putney as a member of a metropolitan club. This comparison, it is needless to say, is always much in favour of the University man, and it cannot be denied that he has in many ways much the best of it. He has more time at his own disposal and can row at an early hour in the afternoon instead of starting at dusk after probably a long day's work in the city; he has a level depth of water to practise on instead of a tidal reach; he can follow his recreation all the year round, winter and summer alike. On the other hand there is one annoyance from which the University man suffers, but from which the metropolitan is free. I refer, to that drawback to University life "the Dons." For whereas a man may become a member of a Putney rowing club without knowing anything whatever, he who aspires to the membership of a University boat club must prove himself possessed of quite an appreciable smattering of Latin and Greek and other such trifles. Nor having once passed into the University is he allowed peaceably to forget these accomplishments, for at frequent intervals he must undergo the annoying but compulsory ordeal of the "schools." At Cambridge, it is true, the Dons are somewhat broader minded in these matters than at Oxford but even by the former University an eminent oarsman was in

recent years within an ace of being rejected for having spelt the word wife (so the story goes) in three letters, all of them wrong—"yph." As the gentleman in question went up avowedly to row and not to spell, this would appear hardly credible were it not for the fact that at both Universities many promising school oars have met with a similar want of welcome.

Speaking seriously, it is curious to what an extent, in their policy towards the would-be undergraduate, college authorities are divided by conscience and expediency. It is a matter of common knowledge that the practical welfare of a college depends to a very large extent on its athletic prominence and particularly, at Oxford at any rate, to its place on the river. The Dons are sagacious enough to realise the position thus created without openly acknowledging it. When, therefore, a college is athletically prominent, and has in consequence more applicants for admission than it can accept, conscience with its Dons gains the day and the powerful but ignorant oarsman is rejected; when, on the other hand, a college has lost much of its reputation, and probably many places on the river, expediency prevails, and the good oar, refused elsewhere, is often very readily received. To anyone unacquainted with University life the importance thus evidently attached to "physical culture" (as Mr. Sandow would call it) may be a matter of surprise; but looked at from the point of view of the undergraduate—and the undergraduate is after all the person for whom the University was created—it is natural enough. In almost any walk of life the fact that a man gained his "blue" is at least as useful to him as the fact that he took a "first" in schools. Even if he is going to be a schoolmaster—the profession in which, presumably, learning is of more value than in any other—a "blue," added to a moderate class, is admittedly a better recommendation than a "first" and no "blue." It is hardly to be wondered at then that the schoolboy veneration for games should be carried as far as it is into University life. No better illustration of this can be given than the fact that Vincent's—by far the most important of Oxford undergraduate clubs—is arranged

primarily on a basis of athletic distinction. Of the various branches of Oxford athleticism, Rowing comes first by right of seniority, the "blue" for Rowing being older than any other.

The above may appear somewhat of a digression from the strict letter of the subject that heads this article. If so the writer can only excuse himself on the plea that he has been led astray by a desire to go over old ground in a new way. As, however, there must be some to whom the ordinary routine

HEAD OF THE RIVER. STARTING.

of the rowing man's life at Oxford is unfamiliar, a short account of it follows.

Having successfully defeated the Dons at his first encounter with them, the freshman who elects to row will, unless he has already risen to prominence at some rowing school, go down daily to the river to be coached in a tub boat by some member of his college eight. If he is like other freshmen he may begin by proudly observing that he has rowed before—on the sea; thereby implying that he has some knowledge of oarsman-

ship. The coach, if he is like other coaches, having witnessed a few nautical strokes, will, in a few eloquent and convincing words, effectually disabuse him of this notion. Subsequently the freshman will realise gradually and in increasing degree the unexpected difficulties presented by scientific Rowing. After several weeks of steady practice, always under the eye of a coach, he will get his first taste of racing by taking part (probably in a heavy four-oared boat) in a race between crews composed mostly of beginners like himself.

It is the Lent term, however, which, if he is of any promise, brings the freshman his opportunity. Then he may be chosen to represent his college in "the Torpids." This term is applied to certain inter-college eight-oared races of a second class, no man being allowed to row in them who has taken part in the "Eights" of the preceding summer. The Torpids are bumping races, in which all the colleges take part, some being represented by two or even three eights. The ships used are clinker-built and fitted with fixed seats. The crews start in three divisions, which race separately in point of time, the boats, in each division, being stationed one behind another at regular intervals of 160 feet. This, it should be explained, is the distance measured between the starting posts, the actual distance separating the bow of one boat from the stern of the one in front of it being barely over 100 feet, or a little under two lengths. The object of each crew is to catch or "bump" the crew in front of it. This is considered to have been done when any part of one boat has touched any part of the other. When a bump has been effected the two crews concerned draw to one side to allow those behind to pass, and on the following evening change places. The order of the crews to start with is that in which they were left at the close of the Torpids of the previous year. The races take place usually towards the end of February, and last for six nights. The men in practice for them go into strict training some three weeks beforehand, breakfasting and dining together and being restricted to wholesome food and a limited quantity of drink. Smoking, of course, is entirely prohibited, and a walk or run before breakfast

is usually insisted on. As the practice for the races takes place in the heart of the winter it naturally entails many physical discomforts; and, as the seats are fixed, not the least of the Torpidman's troubles will be, for the first week or two, an inability to sit down with any sense of comfort.

In this connection I would call attention to the fact that fixed-seat rowing at Oxford is a practice so firmly established and so thoroughly believed in, that men hardly grumble even at its discomforts. It is regarded as absolutely essential to good oarsmanship that first principles should be taught on a fixed seat, and, until he has been through the mill in the ordinary way, no man is given a trial on a slide. In metropolitan clubs, I am told, one of the greatest difficulties with which coaches have to contend is the strong disinclination of beginners to row at all on fixed seats. Indeed, I believe it is a fact that men often refuse to join a club where they are compelled to begin on fixed seats, and join instead one where they are allowed, without knowing even the rudiments of Rowing, to disport themselves at once on slides. To the Oxford man such a policy as that last indicated seems little short of suicidal, and if it is true that the big metropolitan clubs have done away almost entirely with fixed-seat rowing, it is not to be wondered at that they have nowadays to fill their "Grand" Eights almost entirely with University men and cannot make more use of their home-grown material. This is not said from any wish to disparage Metropolitan Rowing, but solely from a strong conviction that it is in the long run the true interests of these clubs to make use of their own material instead of depending—as much as at the present time they habitually do—on ready-made outside talent.

The summer term at Oxford is of course, for college oarsmen, the great rowing term. About the end of May the "Eights" take place, and subsequently the 'Varsity Sculls and Pairs are decided. In the "Eights" light sliding-seat boats are used, and each college is represented by its best crew or crews (for some colleges put on more than one) without restriction. The Eights are bumping races like the Torpids. The crews

start from posts set 130 feet apart (70 feet being the actual distance of clear water separating the boats) and row in two divisions. No one who goes to see these Oxford summer races can fail to be struck by the extraordinary keenness and excitement with which they are attended. Enthusiasm runs rampant amongst a mob of undergraduates up the tow-path. Every man shouts encouragement to his college crew at the top of his voice from start to finish, and the majority, to add to the din, carry

"EIGHTS" NEAR THE BOATHOUSE.

mechanical and musical (!) implements—revolvers, pistols, horns, rattles, every kind of thing in fact that will make a noise—which they use unsparingly. Where a bump takes place, or is imminent, the noise is deafening, and the return of each successful crew to its barge is an opportunity for more noise and cheering that is very far from wasted.

A point that strikes one with regard to the Eights, and

indeed to Oxford college rowing in general, is the exceedingly wide difference that exists in class of oarsmanship between the best crews and the worst. As a rule there are three or four eights all of them usually near the top of the river—which are, judged even by the highest standard, of fairly good class. After these the bulk of the crews cannot be termed better than moderate, whilst the five or six worst eights are almost inconceivably bad. To have a place in one of these last is calculated to ruin the rowing of any freshman, however promising he may be to start with. It is sometimes as easy to point out a defect in a condition of things as it is difficult to suggest a remedy. In this case, though few will deny that the standard of oarsmanship amongst the lower colleges does not attain so high a level as it should do, it is hard to name any practical means by which it could readily be improved. The cause of it is not far to seek. It undoubtedly lies in the coaching, or rather want of coaching, which many of these crews suffer. If some thoroughly qualified instructor were to take in hand any one of the larger colleges near the bottom of the river, and teach the men right through the year, both on fixed seats and slides, there can be little doubt that in a comparatively short period he could bring the college eight to a fairly high place in the upper division. The truth is that for very few colleges indeed is there obtainable a really good coach who is both willing and able to give up sufficient time to the work. A great deal of good is undoubtedly done by the chief members of the 'Varsity eight, who spend a large part of the intervals between their own rowing in coaching other college crews, but it must be remembered that these young "blues" have not had great experience of coaching, nor have they time to spend in that most important work of all—"tubbing." The result is that the men in the lower crews receive as a whole very inefficient teaching, their regular coaches, though capable perhaps of seeing and pointing out the chief errors committed, lacking that experience that alone enables a man to trace faults to their true cause and thus effectively cure them. The advantage possessed

by a college in a keen and competent man always available for coaching purposes cannot be better illustrated than in the services rendered by Mr. G. C. Bourne to New College, to which, to a very considerable extent, may be ascribed the high level of excellence maintained in recent years by New College crews.

It is true, of course, that Oxford is not peculiar in this inequality of oarsmanship. On the contrary it is a general feature that characterises almost all Rowing. There is probably no other scientific pastime in which the bad man is so bad. The very effort after science seems to produce an extreme reversal of its principles, and from trying ineffectually to adapt his limbs to certain prescribed positions, a man often achieves a series of extravagantly grotesque movements which he must find painfully difficult to execute, and which he could hardly have invented if left entirely to his own devices. Even at Henley, where, if anywhere, Rowing should maintain a certain level of excellence, this glaring inequality of form is to be seen at a glance. Compare, for instance, in an average year, almost any crew in for the Grand with one or two of the worst eights in for the Thames Cup! It is scarcely too much to say that the performances in which some of the oarsmen in these latter crews indulge would be inconceivable were they not actual.

To return to inter-college racing at Oxford, two more events remain to be noticed—the "Coxswainless Fours" and the "Clinkers." The first of these takes place early in November. The crews entered row in light, sliding-seat boats, and, as the name implies, carry no coxswains. There is no restriction as to class of oarsmanship. In the Clinker Fours, on the other hand, in addition to the exception of "blues" and Trial Eights' men, all those are excluded from competing who finished in the upper division of the College Eights in the previous term. Though sliding-seats are used, the boats rowed in are clinker-built, and coxswains are carried.

Since the river at Oxford is in places too narrow to admit of crews racing abreast, both the Coxswainless and the Clinker Fours, and, in fact, all Oxford races except the bumping races

are rowed on the following system. The crews entered row in heats, two at a time, starting from separate starting posts and finishing at separate finishing posts. The posts at start and finish are set equal distances apart. The two crews engaged, row, therefore at the same time, one behind the other, over equal distances of water. A semaphore signal is dropped as each crew passes its own winning post, the signal first to fall declaring the winner.

Catching a Crab.

So much for college racing at Oxford. Trial Eights and the rowing and training of the University crew still remain to be discussed.

The president of the Oxford University Boat Club is elected at a meeting of college captains (every college being represented), held at the beginning of the summer term, *i.e.*, early in May. In his hands rests solely the responsibility of

choosing and arranging the next year's 'Varsity eight. Throughout the practice and racing of the college crews in the summer term he keeps his eyes open for men who may by any possibility be made fit for use in his Trial Eights. At the beginning of the next, or Michaelmas, term a notice is sent round to every college captain asking for the names of his two best oars. The men whose names are received are all given a trial. In addition to these, the president often tries others whom he may have noticed in their college crews as promising, though their names have not been sent in to him. The men from the colleges near the bottom of the river are for the most part tried first. The majority of these prove either so clumsy or so wanting in weight as to be obviously unfitted for places in a 'Varsity crew. A short trial, in some cases for only a journey or two, is therefore their fate. Some three or four, however, of this early lot generally appear sufficiently promising to warrant more serious attention, and the case of a man rowing almost through the term and getting his Trials' cap at the end of it is not infrequent.

After the first fortnight or so, two eights are taken out daily instead of one, each being given two journeys of an afternoon, and some three weeks later the crews are approximately settled. The president naturally makes up his two eights as soon as possible that he may have the more time to spend in improving the men finally selected. The sixteen men who eventually row in Trials are the sixteen best oars in the 'Varsity with the exception only of the president and secretary of the O.U.B.C., who do the coaching throughout, and perhaps one or two blues who are specially excused from taking part. The junior members of the last 'Varsity crew are usually made to row. One end which the president keeps in view is to make his crews as level in pace as possible, and with this object, even after the men have been picked, exchanges are made between one crew and the other. Finally at the end of the term the two eights race against one another at Moulsford. The course is about two miles down stream. The boats used

both in practice and in the race are not of the lightest class but are clinker-built, though sliding seats are of course used.

It is sometimes asserted that favouritism plays a part in the selection of men for Trials and the 'Varsity eight. Speaking from personal knowledge of the choice of crews during the last ten or twelve years, I can say that I have never known a case in which there were any grounds for such an accusation. Of course it is generally a close thing between several candidates for the last place in an eight, and the disappointed oarsman, who just fails to obtain his Trials

An Upset.

cap or his blue, is sure to regard himself as the possessor of a grievance, while his friends are even more certain to spread the story that by right he deserved the place which was given to another. To err is human and mistakes are occasionally made, but nowhere can there be shown a more entire absence of prejudice than in the selection of oarsmen by the presidents of the O.U.B.C. The inferiority of men rowing in the lower college crews has already been pointed out, and the fact that a University eight is

so often composed of oars from a few of the best colleges only, is the natural consequence of a condition of things before described.

At the beginning of the Lent term, or even before it opens, the president takes out a 'Varsity eight. For the first few days he does not usually row himself, but superintends the work of the others, selecting and arranging his men as rapidly as possible. After a week, or thereabouts, he takes his seat in the boat and leaves the duty of instruction to the appointed coach. As a rule three different coaches are employed during the long period of a 'Varsity training, who take the crew in hand successively, each for a few weeks. Every year at Boat Race time the precise principles of a long training are elaborately explained in one or more newspaper articles, so reference will be made to them here in a few words only. Indeed, the system is so simple as to require little description. Strict training does not begin till six weeks before the race—usually on Ash Wednesday. From this time onwards the men rise early every morning for a walk and sprint before breakfast, live on wholesome food, drinking generally either beer or claret (in not too excessive quantity) and a glass of port apiece in the evening, and go to bed betimes. Smoking is, of course, forbidden. As far as the mere training is concerned it is obvious that no great hardship is involved; but the practice in the boat, taking place as it does in the coldest months of the year, entails a considerable amount of discomfort. For one thing the amount of rowing work done is in itself very severe—especially in the earlier weeks at Oxford, when long journeys down to Nuneham or Abingdon Lasher (representing a row of fourteen or sixteen miles at an outing) are indulged in every other day, and the intermediate afternoons are occupied with hard rowing on the home reach. The long course to Abingdon Lasher, with the dreary paddle home afterwards at a snail's pace against a strong stream (interminable it seems!), produces a feeling of thorough emptiness and fatigue that only becomes a joy when one sits down to dinner or gets into bed. The worst part of a 'Varsity eight training is undoubtedly that spent at Oxford. There one rows for some seven or eight weeks

straight on end, doing the same work over the same water week after week, until the routine becomes so monotonous and the labour so wearisome, that the very sight of the river is hateful. Especially is this the case in bitterly cold or snowy weather. One occasion I can remember (at the beginning of the practice in 1891, I believe it was) when, the river being frozen from end to end, the crew skated down daily to Sandford to row on half-a-mile of water that had there been cleared with great difficulty. Up and down this wretched half-mile, in a heavy boat, bumping at intervals against blocks of floating ice, we rowed regularly for the best part of every afternoon, until providence was kind enough to provide a thaw. Every year in fact before the end of practice, several of the eight solemnly vow that they will never be so foolish as again to undergo the trials and troubles of a 'Varsity training. The writer can remember making this vow himself annually. Needless to say such vows are never kept. Distance lends enchantment, and when the practice is over, its discomforts are soon forgotten in a spirit of renewed keenness.

It must not be imagined, however, that a 'Varsity training has only its dark side. If the men are a pleasant sociable lot, and get on well together, there is a spirit of good-fellowship and cheeriness about the proceedings which one looks back on afterwards almost with regret that all is over. A musical man is a great boon to a crew, and an extra "spare man" is sometimes taken to Putney chiefly on account of his musical talent; for, though 'Varsity oars are not peculiarly devoted to music, when eight men have been shut up together for months, anything soothing or that tends to vary the monotony of the life is very welcome. One 'Varsity crew, of which I was a member, gave a public concert. The men composing the crew were not by any means remarkably musical, but by special request, in aid of some charity, they performed for this time only. It was at Cookham that the concert took place, and our mainstay was a friend from Oxford, who could play anything from an ocherina to a violin, and who kindly came over to assist. Owing chiefly to his aid, the performance was an unqualified success. He

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accompanied songs which he had never heard before, and of which the singers hardly knew the tunes; he played and sang solos, and created duets by extemporising a second. A banjo quartet was much admired. It consisted of our talented friend playing a series of lively breakdowns while three others, who knew two chords apiece, played these alternately with dignified resolution. As a crowning effort, a bigotphone chorus, performed by the entire troupe, nearly lifted the roof off the building and brought the concert to a triumphant conclusion.

After the long weeks of practice at Oxford, the move to Putney (or even to Cookham or Bourne End) comes as a welcome relief. At Putney, in addition to the change of scene, the public interest taken in the proceedings of the crews tends to make matters more amusing. Time tests become at once of considerable importance, and comparisons between one's own times and those of one's opponents, form an engrossing topic of conversation. The newspapers, too, with their differing views and various partialities, provide reading matter of daily interest. Fiction is naturally entertaining, and much of it is written concerning the crews and their doings. The race, moreover, is at last almost within sight and one has not the same dreary interminable period of practice in prospect.

When at length the race day comes there is probably not a man in the crew, in spite of his nervousness, who does not welcome it. This nervousness, as a matter of fact, is not so great as might be expected—not nearly so great as that preceding a bumping race or a start at Henley. This is largely due to the

consideration that the course is of such a length that the actual start is not a matter of paramount importance. The race itself, is, as a matter of fact, not nearly so disagreeable as a long trial course, for there is always the excitement to keep one going. To lose after all those weeks of practice is naturally a cruel disappointment, but to win makes it worth the toil and trouble many times over.

Reginald P. P. Rowe.

Henley.

SCULLING.

IN writing a short article on Sculling, not only is it extremely difficult to avoid repeating what one has said in former articles on the subject, but it is also far from easy to provide bright and readable matter. I will, however, endeavour to do my best, and for the sake of conciseness will divide my article into two sections, *viz.*: (1) Sculling in racing boats; which is really the high art in Sculling, and in which pace alone is the object, and stamina and skill are the requisites, and (2) Sculling in gigs and other heavy craft; in which pleasure and exercise are the objects, and in which skill, stamina and watermanship do not necessarily play any part. I shall begin with the higher branch, *i.e.*, Sculling for racing purposes.

The usual boat used for racing is known by the names of "best and best boat," "outrigger," "racing skiff," "funny," "shell," "wager boat," and "sculler's boat." These variously termed craft differ in name only, and are identical in pattern. Their measurements, of course, vary according to the weight of the occupant; those for an ordinary 11-stone man being roughly speaking as follows:—Length over all, 30ft. 6in.; width, 9¾in.; depth amidships, 5¼in.; depth forward, 3¼in.; depth aft, 2½in; weight, 26lbs. all in; and the usual span 4ft. 9in. Sculls do not differ much in pattern. There is the ribless scull made, and I believe invented, by Norris, of Putney, which has an absolutely smooth surface for taking the water, and the ordinary scull with a rib or ridge running down the centre of the blade. Personally I prefer the former for racing purposes. In measurement, sculls vary according to the

fancy of the sculler, in size of blade, in length over all, and in length in board. We may take it, however, that for a boat of the above measurements, one would not be far out in ordering a pair of 9ft. 9in. over all, 2ft. 8½in. in board, with blades 2ft. by 6in. at the end. The above are, roughly speaking, the measurements which have been accepted by amateur scullers up to date. But, if these measurements are the rule with most scullers, a notable exception is to be found in the case of the present amateur champion, B. H. Howell. This gentleman sculled in 1897 with a span of 5ft. and with sculls 9ft. 10in. overall, and 2ft. 8½in. inboard, and in 1898 with a length of 9ft. 10in. overall, and 2ft. 10in. inboard, and a span of 4ft. 11in., measurements decidedly in excess of those in vogue. His success with this rig will, I prophecy, lead to a revolution as to rig, and also as to the pace and comfort of the future sculler. His recent performances are alone sufficient to mark his method of rig as a phenomenal success, for few will deny that he is an untidy, rather clumsy sculler and lacking in watermanship, although undoubtedly possessed of exceptional strength and stamina. It would to the ordinary reader prove tedious and uninteresting were I to dilate in detail on the precise effects of wide span and long sculls. Suffice it to say that with this extra leverage and length of scull the arc described by the extreme end of the scull is larger, and therefore the boat is less likely to be pinched at the beginning and end of the stroke, the whole of one's energy being concentrated in a direct and straight driving of the blade through the water. Personally speaking, I have varied my rig, etc., very little, but I am the last to say that my method could not be improved upon. In fact, I entirely agree with C. M. Pitman in his able article on Sculling in the latest Badminton volume on "Rowing," and believe that a sculler could do much more effective work with a span say of 5ft. 4in., and sculls of 10ft. or over.

Leaving now these technical details, if one glances through the names of the amateur champions of the last half century, one cannot fail to notice how largely past and present members

of the Stock Exchange figure on the list, more largely I may say than the representatives of any other body of men. In 1849, the late Frank Playford, a well-known and well-beloved member, and one of the finest scullers and best sportmen that ever sat in a boat, won the championship. In 1853, another member of the Stock Exchange, J. Paine, was champion, and in the last 25 years present members can count no less than 14 years' holding of the green ribbon and cross sculls. First and foremost among the latter comes F. L. Playford, for five consecutive years Amateur Champion, the finest exponent of the art, some say, who ever handled a pair of sculls, and I feel proud to this day of a remark I once read in the Press that I was one of the best scullers since his time, and that I could almost claim to be his equal as regards stamina, but never as regards style. May his shadow never grow less, and may his son follow in his father's and grandfather's footsteps, is the sincere wish of all who know him. F. I. Pitman, the champion of 1886, is generally remembered for his magnificent spurt after Barnes Bridge, which landed Cambridge a winner in 1886, and for his magnificent races with W. S. Unwin in the Diamond Sculls and Championship of 1885 and in the Diamonds of 1886, which will never be forgotten by those who like myself had the privilege of seeing them. Vivian Nickalls was champion for three years—a loose long-bodied man, whose stamina was undeniable, and who sculled with an enormously long reach and swing that were very effective. The fact of his being unlucky in being badly beated, and of his coming at a time when first-class scullers were the rule and not the exception alone prevented him from having an unbeaten record. G. E. B. Kennedy, a little big 'un, a pocket Hercules, a bottle containing the essence of pluck, was certainly a marvel at his size and weight. He was unlucky enough never to secure the Diamonds, but he was Amateur Champion in 1893 when he sculled down his man in a style worthy the best records of the sport.

But enough of ancient history. To beginners—to those of them at least who are not above taking a hint—I would give the following advice :—Firstly, never attempt to scull on a sliding

seat until you can scull well and efficiently on a fixed seat; secondly, never be afraid of making experiments (even if you lose a few races thereby), especially as to rig and build of boat; and don't argue that because so-and-so was successful with such-and-such a rig, therefore you can be the same—it doesn't follow at all; thirdly, never think because you have been well beaten once or twice that you are therefore no good and in consequence give up Sculling for the easier and lighter work of rowing.

A Houseboat at Henley.

If you only stick to it you can do better than you ever imagined.

I was once asked: "What do you feel like in a race?" and I have found it one of the hardest possible questions to answer; for all races differ, no two are alike in any essential. So much depends upon whether it is a winning or a losing race that you are sculling. I personally feel fearfully nervous before the start, yawn very much, and seem to have a horrid empty feeling about the pit of the stomach, which, however, disappears

immediately the word "go" has been given. I generally scull for all I am worth for about sixty or seventy seconds to see if I have the pace of my opponent, and feel terribly bad at the end of a minute and a half: a sort of tired feeling comes over me and I vow inwardly that this is certainly the last race I shall ever scull. If I don't happen to have the pace of my opponent, which, by-the-bye, I very seldom have had, I settle down and lengthen out with the idea of sculling him down. Many men like the lead and scull better with a lead; they dislike sculling behind and keep forcing the pace to get ahead at all hazards. I differ from these as I can certainly scull with much more effect when behind, for then I can put the whole of my energy into the sculling, and my attention is not divided with watching the other man. I think too, one is often apt, when in front, from sheer nervousness, to lose one's head or go to pieces suddenly on seeing the man behind gaining at every stroke. It is certainly most disconcerting. Sculling a man to a standstill also gives one a much keener sense of gratification than merely romping away from the start and winning hands down. Provided I have the pace of a man I make my lead a long one so as to win easily and reserve my strength for the next event. If you have not the pace of your opponent, and fail to scull him down, the feeling is indescribable, especially in the last quarter-of-a-mile when your wind and muscles have gone, when spurt as you will you can't gain an inch, and your friends call out from the bank "now's your time," "you've got him," "he's dead beat," and other encouraging remarks, quite forgetting that were you not as done as your opponent you would certainly not be behind. At such a moment you feel that to die on the spot would be quite a relief. When the race is over comes the test of condition. It shows itself in how long your recovery takes and in whether you then feel any ill consequences. If you are fit you should not do so, and should be ready to go through the same performance again in three hours' time—at any rate, if yours has been a winning race; for however hard the race that is won, it is the race that is lost that kills.

So much for Sculling as a high art. Sculling in heavy craft, to turn now to the second division of my subject, is a splendid form of both exercise and amusement. It can be enjoyed by all alike (not only by the proficient), and few pleasanter ways of spending a holiday can be devised by anyone than a scull down the river with a jovial party of real hard workers. Single, double, treble, and quadruple scullers may all be seen on the Thames, but to my mind the treble sculler is the true acme of pleasure—a long, low randan, say, with two men seated aft and one forward to take their turn at the work when the other set are thirsty and tired; this, coupled with the prospect of a hearty lunch twenty miles down stream, and of a jovial supper in the evening some twenty miles further still is real bliss.

A man that can sit and scull in a racing ship is not, necessarily speaking, a useful man in a heavy boat, as the knack required to move along the two sorts of craft at their best pace are as different as is chalk from cheese. In the heavy boat one has to remember first of all to keep perfect time, or, if rowing stroke, to set a length that will suit all equally well. The stroke is taken rather differently from that in a light boat off hand. The water is grasped firmly but without any very great pressure or rush; the stroke then increases in strength until the finish, which, to be made really effective, must be honestly hoicked out. This gives a heavy boat, with passengers and perhaps luggage on board, way enough to carry her well over to the next stroke. At the finish great care should be taken to avoid doubling out the elbows akimbo fashion and forcing the blades out of the water with an awkward jab of the wrists downward. Keep the elbows as close to the sides as comfort permits, and so allow the hands to come away easily and quickly. See that your crew all scull with the same hand uppermost, as it makes a great difference to the trim of the boat and the ease of the work. As a rule, a man who is proficient in a racing boat dislikes being steered by anyone in a heavy boat, and will often naturally pull against the turn of the helm. This is either because he has always been used to steering himself, or thinks he knows better than his coxswain the best

and easiest course to take. There is something in this, because the most proficient sculler knows and almost intuitively feels exactly how the boat travels best, though it must be admitted that the gentleman who pursues these tactics does not necessarily adopt the most direct course, and is apt to prove an exasperating companion. Take my advice and let one of the party always steer and he will be the saving of much trouble and bother in the end. In choosing a boat to make a journey in, see that

GUY NICKALLS.

there are straps for the feet on the stretchers, and be sure not to have sliding seats. Also choose the longest boat. Boat-builders as a rule have very few long boats to let, as they avoid keeping them owing to the amount of housing room they take up; in fact, nearly all river gigs are built too short. A long boat travels better, steers straighter, and keeps her way better than a short one. Before starting on a journey see that the sculls match and do not overlap too much, and that there is a supply of grease in

the boat to prevent that irritating squeaking noise caused by an ungreased button. When sculling down stream keep to the middle as much as possible, leaving the bays and back eddies for boats working up stream; use the boat-hook as little as possible; avoid all racing from lock to lock; and your enjoyment will be complete. Sculling in a randan between two men rowing is not to be recommended from the scullers' point of view.

Double scullers will go faster than two rowers. In fact a good pair of scullers in a light racing-boat will hold a first-class four for quite a long way, even when both are fully extended, and I fancy eight scullers would go much faster than eight oars of the same class, though I doubt if they would last as long at full pressure, as no one tires more quickly or more suddenly than a sculler at full speed. But my space does not permit me to write more on this fascinating subject. In conclusion let me say that Sculling is by far the finest and hardest exercise that I know, as every muscle in the body has to be used, and that a day spent on the river sculling, or learning to scull, is by no means a day wasted, as it will teach one many virtues and keep one from many vices. Never go on the river though, unless you can swim well.

Table of Stock Exchange winners of the Amateur Championship (Wingfield's) and Diamond Sculls:—

Winners of "Wingfields."		Winners of "Diamonds."	
F. Playford	1849	F. L. Playford	1876
J. Paine	1853	F. I. Pitman	1886
F. L. Playford ...	1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879	Guy Nickalls ...	1888, 1889, 1890, 1893, 1894
F. I. Pitman	1886	V. Nickalls	1891
Guy Nickalls ...	1887, 1888, 1889, 1891		
V. Nickalls ...	1892, 1894, 1895		
G. E. B. Kennedy ...	1893		

Guy Nickalls.

SKATING—BANDY.

THE particular form of Skating taken up by a person must to a great extent depend upon that person's surroundings in the way of Skating facilities. In the neighbourhood of Skating Clubs where there is a pavilion and a club enclosure, such as the London Skating Club, Wimbledon, Thames Valley, Crystal Palace, and so on, figure skating is generally the one idea, partly from the fact that there is hardly room on these pieces of water for anything else, and also from the opportunities people get of watching the various members practising combined and other figures. The people who watch, becoming keen to follow, pick up a great many useful hints. If they are taken in hand by a good skater, they may soon become efficient, provided they have not started too late in life. To qualify as a member of a Skating Club it is necessary to pass a test more or less severe, thereby becoming a skater of some standing, especially as in recent years the test for most clubs has been re-adjusted to a higher standard. Where no club exists, the average skater is content with the ordinary humdrum amusement of skating up and down, or round and round the pond, as the case may be, either alone, or hand in hand with a lady. This is much simpler and pleasanter work than retiring to a secluded corner of the ice by oneself to practise figures, which takes a good deal of persistent hard work and thought to be at all effective, and then only if the skater has an aptitude for it. On any pond that is accessible

to the public, especially near any large town, there is usually a game of hockey indulged in by the younger and rougher class of skaters, much to the inconvenience and sometimes to the danger of the more quietly disposed skaters. Such a game generally consists of slogging the ball, or bung, in any direction with anything that can be used as an apology for a stick. The sides, if there are any (it is more often a case of all against all), in the meantime get larger and larger as more people arrive at the ice, until the "non-hockeyites" have to clear off the pond, or play, and the ice, if not very thick, gets broken up and spoilt for any further skating.

Hockey on the ice is all very well in its proper place, and that place is where the area of the ice is considerable, giving room for everyone to indulge in his or her own particular kind of exercise, whether figure skating, hand-in-hand, or hockey. On such a piece of ice, where there is no difficulty in monopolizing a large piece for the game, hockey, or "Bandy" as we shall henceforth call it, is one of the very best of games, both from a scientific and from an athletic point of view. Bandy, as perhaps everybody is not aware, is the name given to "Hockey on the ice" (rather a mouthful) by the skaters of the Fen districts, who we may consider are *the* great enthusiasts at the game. The name has been definitely adopted by the metropolitan players. There is now in existence a "Bandy Association," formed some seven years ago, with rules and regulations as to the size of sticks, balls, etc. The formation of the Association was really the outcome of various matches played, chiefly at Virginia Water and at Englemere, Ascot, between the Virginia Water team and scratch teams recruited from Figure Skating and land Hockey Clubs.

Before the Association was formed, the Virginia Water Club always played with thin ash sticks and a bung, which was really a very poor substitute for the present game, played with broad sticks and a ball. The origin of the Bandy Association, and the adoption by it of the ball and big sticks, dated practically from a rather celebrated match played

at Virginia Water in January, 1891, between Dr. Goodman's team from the Fens and the Virginia Water eleven, in which combination, it is only fair to say, were a few of the principal players from some of the scratch teams mentioned above. Although the weather on the day of the match was unfavourable, owing to a slight drizzle, and had all the appearance of a thaw setting in, the ice in consequence being rather soft, a large number of people were present to witness the game. I ought to mention that one of the conditions of the match was that for the first half of the game ash sticks and the bung of the home team, were to be used, and in the second half, the wide sticks and ball as used by the Fen men. Both teams played eleven a side. The match lasted one hour and a half, or three-quarters of an hour each way; and, after a very fast game, resulted in a win for the home team by 8 goals to 3. All but one of the goals were scored in the second half of the game, when playing with the ball. It was apparent to every one that the game with the ball was far finer than that with the bung, with which much of the science and also the pace of the game are lost, owing to the erratic manner in which it travels along the ice. It often happens that, after a successful run with the bung, it will, not from any fault of the player, get up on one edge and sheer off at an angle, possibly just robbing one of an almost certain goal. This may be considered by some people to add to the fun of the game, but it certainly robs it of one of its best elements, accuracy. With the ball, if a bad pass or shot at goal is made it is the fault of the player, for on good ice, the ball, if struck or pushed, never deviates in the slightest from the direction in which it first starts; this makes it equally easy for a player to intercept a pass or shot at goal. I used the word "pushed" in the last sentence, as with the modern stick (or "bandy" as it is called) hitting to a great extent is done away with, and the action of passing a ball consists of a sweep of the bandy.

A very noticeable feature in the opposing sides of this match was the difference in the players' skates, the Fen men

using flat runners, with rather dangerous-looking turned-up toes, and their opponents figure skates, with a 7ft. radius. The size of the piece of ice played on had at the last moment, owing to the thaw, slightly to be curtailed, which was a little against the Fen style of skating. The local team showed superiority in speed for short runs, and also turned and stopped themselves better, but the Fen skaters, in a long run, showed greater pace, and when once they got away they were not to be caught; and in such a case the Virginia Water players had to depend solely on their backs. Apart from the skating, the home team showed better combination, and passed fairly well, whilst the visitors relied too much on individual runs. A selfish game never pays on a large ground where there is plenty of room to pass. The rules usually played by the opposing sides were not quite the same, so there had to be a certain amount of give and take. One rule, in particular, of which the Virginia Water players fought rather shy was that of being allowed to kick the ball, then in vogue in the Fen country, especially as their opponents' skates stuck out about three inches in front of the toe of the boot. Then, again, the Fen men had not been accustomed to fielding the ball with the hand, but throughout the game there were very few appeals for infringements of rules.

During that winter a meeting of those interested in the game was called at Anderton's Hotel with the idea of drawing up a code of rules that could be adopted by clubs all over the country to facilitate the arrangement of matches. The meeting was well attended and was fairly representative, a strong contingent coming from the Fens. The subject was discussed, with the result that a Bandy Association was formed, and a small committee appointed to draw up a set of rules. At a subsequent meeting the same winter, the committee presented their code of rules, which, with a few slight alterations, was adopted. One of the main points was the adoption of the Fen system of playing with a ball and the bandy, which has a regulation width of two inches. Another was that the ground or ice for play should, if possible, be 200 by 100 yards, but in spaces where room would

not permit of such a piece the "ground" and number of players could be reduced proportionately. The rules were practically those governing land hockey, with a few exceptions, as far as they could be applied to the game on the ice. Until then there had been no generally recognised rules amongst clubs in the metropolitan districts, and every team had a style of play of its own, so that matches were more difficult to arrange in consequence. As long ago as 1882 a member of the Tebbutt family and another gentleman from the Fens drew up some rules which were accepted and utilized in that part of the country until 1891, when the new rules came into force.

Since the formation of the Association a good many matches have been played. The Virginia Water Club paid a visit to St. Neots and played a very hard game with Mr. Tebbutt's Eleven on Bury Fen. This game ended in a draw of two goals all. During the severe winter of 1894-95 as many as fifteen matches took place on Englemere alone between the Virginia Water Eleven and various other combinations, and of course the same sort of thing was going on in many other parts of the country. Thanks chiefly to Mr. Arnold Tebbutt, Bandy is now played in Holland to a greater extent than formerly. On two occasions he has taken over an English team to play against the Dutchmen, who, though expert skaters, are a little inexperienced in the science of the game. In 1894 a Dutch team had arranged to visit England, but owing to a thaw the scheme had to be abandoned. Only last year the writer had a letter from Copenhagen, asking him to send out several copies of the Association rules for the guidance of players there. Mr. Tebbutt tried, evidently with some success, to introduce Bandy at Copenhagen in 1895. St. Moritz and Davos are the scenes of a good many matches. The game is also played in Norway and Sweden.

Bandy in a modified form has of late become a rage on some of the London skating rinks. Of course it is quite a different game from the real article, and owing to the limited space, many alterations in the rules are necessary. The number of

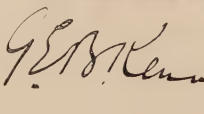
players a side has to be reduced from eleven to five. The ordinary bandies are used, but the ball is superseded by a "Puck" (as used in Canada) or "cat," a sort of angular indiarubber bung, which has the advantage of not travelling so quickly, but at the same time the disadvantage of being very inaccurate in the direction of its flight. On a piece of ice like that of Prince's Skating Club which is a right angular parallelogram, boarded along the sides, there is quite an art in playing and taking the bung off the side wall. This is not such a prominent feature of the game on the Niagara or Hengler's rinks, where the ice area is in the form of a circle. The ice on these rinks is very often much harder than that ordinarily found in this country, and it is better to use right-angled blades in preference to those with bevelled edges mostly used in England. During the last two winters there have been competitions arranged at Niagara and at Prince's between the various Bandy teams.

Given good ice and plenty of room there is no doubt that Bandy as a game is one of the very finest, and if it were not for the uncertainty of our English climate it would be taken up seriously by a great many more people. One never knows from one day to another whether the ice will last, and consequently matches are very difficult to arrange at a moment's notice, unless a club has already been formed and all the playing members and their addresses are known to the captain, in which case he can arrange a match by wire and so lose as little time as possible.

Bandy has the advantage over land hockey and football, in that it is a much faster game; there is so little effort required to dribble the ball with the bandy that the player can do so while skating at his very top speed. Accidents, as in other games, very rarely happen among good players, but one duffer will cause a lot of trouble by falling, and tripping up, possibly, several other players at the same time, and a fall when travelling at such a pace is often rather serious. One of the greatest mistakes in arranging a match is to have too many players a side for the size of the "ground." When there is no room

to make and take passes, the game becomes a scramble from beginning to end, with every man for himself. Lucky is the man who gets the chance of playing in a good match of eleven a side, where the "ground" is full size—200 by 100 yards — properly marked out, the ice in good condition (the same term should apply to himself), well kept, and where the rules are understood and rarely infringed.

Anyone who has enjoyed a game under the above conditions will find it very hard to place a game in order of merit in front of that of Bandy.



SKATING—FIGURE.

ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

IT is worthy of record that we have, amongst the members of the Stock Exchange, that sterling good figure-skater, Mr. H. E. Vandervell, the father of English Figure Skating, who, some thirty years ago, named and invented many of the movements which are nowadays skated by all aspirants to good Figure Skating, and he also gave a great impetus to the art by his well-known book.

Good form followed as a natural sequence to good skating, and during the last twenty years the stiff knee, straight leg style, has been adopted as the essential point of good English Figure Skating, but there is little doubt to the careful critic of the present style of skating that the straight knee, approximation of heels, and erect attitude of body, are giving way, so far as rink-skating is concerned, to the more showy style of swinging the unemployed leg and bending the body, which generally makes the onlooker imagine that the skater is doing marvels, whereas the straight-leg style is really the more difficult of the two. The reasons for this are not far to seek. I attribute it to the introduction of ice-rinks in London and elsewhere. The ice-rink is the daily *rendezvous* of many ladies and gentlemen—the former, perhaps, predominate—and the instruction they receive is almost entirely at the hands of foreign professors, who naturally teach the easy and more attractive style, showing off the ladies they skate with to the best advantage.

What is more graceful than to see a well-matched couple waltzing with perfect ease, or performing some hand-in-hand movements at Prince's or Niagara rinks.

The same applies to the rigid English style. Watch a first-class four on Wimbledon Lake, the time, swing and size of figure skated are all in harmony. This is far more difficult to do well than any rink combination, and far and away more difficult than waltzing, but you cannot get away from the fact that the ice-rink skating and waltzing are more attractive to watch, and please both sexes, as well as onlookers and skaters. Combined Figure Skating will not become popular in enclosed buildings, great space and fast good ice are both necessary, and I have also noticed combined figures are best in the open air. The keen air tends to keep one going, and the calls can be distinctly heard. Music is essential to rinks. Many ladies stop skating when the band stops. It is like dancing to them ; they prefer the easy and graceful part of Figure Skating to the difficult.

How very few ladies progress far into the art of Figure Skating, their ambition being to waltz well before they can do the cross roll backwards, or hold the back inside edge after a forward three turn. Few indeed arrive at sufficient proficiency to pass the second-class test of the National Skating Association, and those who hold the first-class badge can be numbered on the fingers of the hands.

Since ice rinks have been opened in London, a few ladies have come forward for the higher tests, and I may mention that amongst them one lady still in her teens, having mastered all branches of Figure Skating, bids fair to become lady champion.

Hand-in-Hand Skating is the most delightful form of skating that I would recommend ice-rink frequenters to study, as it can be practised without interfering with one another, and the subject is inexhaustible. Threes, Qs, Brackets, Rockers, Counters, Mohawks, and Choctaws, can all be worked in by a couple who will devote serious attention to this branch of Figure Skating.

Both styles can be adopted, the easy upright bearing and the strokes being long gliding curves, with the effort concealed, or the couple can adopt the more violent style, with less control over their movements, inclining over to the extreme limit of the edge, the stroke being shorter and the pace faster.

To English ideas the former is quieter and more suited to ladies. The latter is admirable, judged from another standpoint, but it is not good style in public rinks, and has an appearance of showing off. Mr. N. Tompson and Miss L. Cannan have done much to promote hand-in-hand skating, giving the subject much serious attention, and reducing hand-in-hand skating to some sort of system like that obtained by combined Figure Skating, which, since the committee of the Skating Club inaugurated it in 1882, has been found to produce uniformity in regard to nomenclature.

Such a system is necessary to give effective aid to all skaters, who would master the intricacies of hand-in-hand skating, and to assist those who have little opportunity of obtaining instruction from experts. There is undoubtedly room nowadays for the lady expert to give instruction in hand-in-hand skating at the London rinks. I believe Prince's Club has made some effort in this direction, and a new field for ladies is thereby opened up.

A great number of gentlemen would jump at the chance of instruction in hand-in-hand skating from a lady expert, who knows what to do and how to do it, and what positions to take up in skating, the various evolutions, thereby avoiding falls, which arise from ignorance of this most important point. Serious falls have arisen from the partner not being in proper position, and experience has taught me not to execute the movement, if I find the lady in an incorrect position, as both you and the partner come a bad cropper—a very bad one—generally falling over one another.

Lady experts, who know these points, and have had much experience in hand-in-hand skating, would command a great deal of attention.

ROGER H. FULLER.

A few words may be said on what might be termed "common" faults with hand-in-hand skaters. It frequently happens that the leader is greatly hampered by his partner in making such a turn as a forward outside rocker, the result being that he is either thrown off his edge or the go of the figure is lost. This is due to one of two causes: either his partner is not in line with him before making the turn, or retards him at the critical moment by not taking the same strength of stroke. The skater following should, in fact, so work in sympathy with the leader that the latter may have a perfectly free action in all the turns. There are some skaters who never know when to release hands on executing a pass. They grasp their partner's hand so tightly that they are insensible to the struggles on his or her part to be released, this being specially the case when three or more are skating together. When only two persons are skating together, I consider skating "echelon" style the easiest to maintain the correct positions, and one which lends itself most readily to all movements. In the "echelon" method the gentleman skates behind the lady, tandem style, but the former must close up either one side or the other of the latter.

Continuous Figure Skating has also made great strides since ice rinks were opened, and the Amateur Figure Skating Championship Meeting, held at Henglers' this year, and honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, brought out three of the best amateur figure skaters, who gave the finest exhibition of Continuous Figure Skating ever seen,

H. Grenander, Stockholms Allmanna Skridskoclubb, being placed first; G. Hugel, Wiener Eislauf Verein, second; and G. Fuchs, Munchener Eislauf Verein, third. This branch of skating has many adherents, as it is always easy to practise hard by oneself, although considered slightly selfish, but it has the advantage of occupying little space. I trust, in conclusion, that the coming winter may give this healthy pastime a chance, as this year only two ice rinks are open in London.

Roger H. Fuller.

"Father O'Flynn"—Cecil Grenfell 17th.

STEEPLECHASING.

A KEEN interest has always been shown by members of the Stock Exchange in Steeplechasing. This is proved by the good horses many of them have owned—"Ballot Box" of Sir Patteson Nickalls, "Cestus" of W. Robson, "Manifesto" of Geo. Bulteel, "Soliman" of H. I. and D. E. Higham, "Xylophone" of Mr. Murray Griffiths, and my horse "Father O'Flynn." Moreover, we have had meetings of our own at Lingfield, and also point-to-point races. We should always be ready to support these social and sporting gatherings, counting, as we do, amongst us so many good riders. I might mention several, but Lord Hardwicke, Capt. Barry, and Mr. Schwabe have proved themselves as good jockeys in public. I am not referring to the host of good horsemen we have in men of general renown in the hunting field, riders of such proficiency as Mr. Harry Burke and Mr. Granville Farquhar, for this article is to deal merely with Steeplechasing.

The difficulty of holding meetings such as we have of recent years is that to obtain good fields we must induce members to run their hunters, and few people like to run them in Steeplechases, not only because it is a totally different game for the horse—for the best of hunters is probably useless on a steeplechase course—but because it is almost inhuman to ask a generous horse to go through the preparation necessary for the struggle that must take place in a race at the end of a hunting season, say in March, when he has probably been carrying his master

to hounds ever since November ; nor can some of the best men to hounds be induced to get up and ride in a Steeplechase. I must confess that they are right, for though good men to hounds will make good steeplechase riders, yet the two styles of riding are totally different. I always think the best race for hunting men would be to run a drag which would bring them in sight of the winning post, on seeing which they could leave the hounds and then race home, but I pity the poor hounds if this suggestion is ever carried out. I think I shall interest my readers if I tell them something of the horses I have ridden, and more especially of the races I have taken part in at Aintree, or Liverpool as it is commonly called.

I have already mentioned Cestus, by Ringleader out of Nova Scotia ; as a 4-year-old, in 1893, I won the Stock Exchange Light Weight at Lingfield on him. I then bought a half share in him, and almost in succession we won a National Hunt Flat Race at Portsmouth Park, another at Windsor, beating Red Rube (on whom 3 to 1 was laid) ; the Christmas Hurdle Handicap at Hurst Park, another flat race at Portsmouth, ending up in 1894 with the Stanley Five Year Old Steeplechase at Liverpool. We were only beaten by a head, too, in the £200 National Hunt Flat Race at Warwick, which some thought I should have won. Our tactics were always to wait and then come with a dash, as Cestus had a great turn of speed and little staying power ; but on this occasion as we came up the straight there were four or five horses in line in front of me, and I could not get an opening and thought I should be right out of the race. Eventually I was just given room on the rails, but owing to the excitement of the people, who were all leaning over them, Cestus would not jump in till I hit him ; his hanging back, though only a stride or two, probably lost us the race, for the verdict was only a head against him with the same between us and the third, Ben Wyvis, ridden by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who thought he had certainly won. It was a real good race, but I shall never forget the tearful remonstrance of Robson's boy, who said in reply to my inquiry

if I had won, as he led Cestus back to the paddock, "No," adding "Oh, sir! What was you at?"

I used often to ride Wild Man from Borneo at exercise when he was trained at Alfriston by Galland; I never thought him a good horse, but he certainly was an extraordinarily good plucked one and a beautiful jumper. The Saturday morning before the Grand National of 1895 was a memorable one, for as I was hacking over the Downs to Alfriston to ride Father O'Flynn I came across Viney, who was trying Euclid for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and going further on rode my horse with the Wild Man in their wind up gallop for the National, which Wild Man from Borneo won, as did Euclid the Lincoln; the latter's trial was the most curious one I ever saw, for Viney tried him with a stop watch, and there were no horses galloping alongside Euclid, though, if my memory is correct, there were two or three following about 50 yards behind him. Viney was, however, quite content with the result, and so good was the time that he confidently anticipated the victory he achieved on the following Wednesday.

Father O'Flynn was a wonderful little horse, and, as my readers mostly know, won the Grand National in 1892, carrying 10st. 3lb., and was second in 1896, carrying 10st. 13lb., when he was only beaten a length and a half by the Soarer, to whom he was giving over a stone in weight. He won many other races, and I rode him to victory in the autumn of 1893, in the Joliffe Steeplechase at Liverpool, when he gave 5lbs. to the Wild Man from Borneo and beat him. I shall never forget that race; it was my first ride over Liverpool, and the fences really looked enormous on so little a horse, for he is barely 15-2¼. He tried to cut it when he had gone half way, and I had to hit him down the left shoulder to keep him straight. I fortunately got him in front after the Canal turn, but as he neared the last two fences Wild Man from Borneo drew up to his girths. I well remember the look Father O'Flynn gave him, a look of rage and contempt, and gathering himself together he raced at the last two fences, as much as to say "do

that if you dare," and going on won in a canter, to the disgust of everybody except myself and bookmakers, for knowing his waywardness and my inexperience no one had backed him. On that running he should have won the Grand National of 1894, and my disappointment was great when he fell with me in it, and as I was riding back bruised and shaken I saw Wild Man from Borneo and Why Not fighting out the finish.

Father O'Flynn was quite the worst tempered horse I ever rode. I did everything to conciliate him, and made a regular pet of him, so that he would follow me anywhere, and knew my voice as well as a dog knows his master's whistle; I could do almost anything with him at home, but he sold me dreadfully in public; I tried hunting him, and he carried me pretty well one day with the Cottesmore, but later on, with the Belvoir, he stopped at a drain, certainly not 3-ft. wide, for an hour, and I only then got him over by getting off and dragging him after me. It seems incredible what he could do and what he would do. One day as I was riding him to the post poor Mawson said "most old horses want new legs, but yours, sir, wants a new head"—and he was pretty well right, I think. No one knew Father O'Flynn better than that gallant and beautiful rider, Captain Roddy Owen, and the nicest letter I got after the Grand National of 1896 was from him, written just before he died in Egypt, in which he commiserated with me on having been second in the Grand National. Roddy Owen richly deserved the Grand National he won in 1892, and few people who saw him laughing and joking in the paddock before the race knew what a severe preparation he had undergone to ride 10st. 3lb.; he had had practically nothing to eat or drink; his breakfast consisted of one teaspoonful of tea and half a teaspoonful of marmalade, and he had nothing else all day; he had been to Aintree from Liverpool early in the morning, ridden at exercise, and run back to the hotel he was staying at in sweaters, holding on to the back of the trap he had come out in, a distance of five miles. Remember that the race is not run until 3.45 p.m. and that the distance is 4½ miles over 32 fences, and

you will be able to form some estimate of Owen's pluck and endurance.

From a Photo] CAPTAIN RODDY OWEN. [by Walery.

The Grand National is certainly a wonderful race, and it is run at a wonderful pace, the distance being covered as a rule in

9 mins. 45 secs. The spectators number annually 50,000. Not only are the stands all full, but every available inch of ground on the rails all round the course is occupied, and at most of the fences the onlookers are crowded ten deep on either side, who all yell and cheer as the horses approach. Imagine that, coupled with the thunder of thirty horses crashing into the old growers of the fences, some falling, others getting over, and you will be able to realise the noise that is dinned into the ears of the riders. Before my first ride at Liverpool, an old veteran told me two things: (1) "Sit back further than you ever have before"; (2) "Take no notice of the noise; you will think every horse down but your own." The excitement, however, is not confined to the riders; my friend, Mr. Cecil Fane, sent me an excellent account of a "treat" he gave two foreigners, and I think it will serve to amuse my readers and will at the same time throw a side light on the pleasures of racing if I quote him in full.

Mr. Fane says:—"I was taking a little gentle exercise" (and from what the writer knows of Mr. Fane it is not likely to have been *very* violent) "down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne one morning in February, 1896, with a view to raising an appetite for the excellent breakfast which my nose had told me that my host's, Col. D. D.'s, cook was preparing, when I met an acquaintance, le Comte C. de B., who enquired of me where was the best place in *la perfide Albion* from which he and his pal, le Comte d'H. (a considerable owner of race-horses in France, and master of a pack of stag and wolf hounds) could combine a sight of '*une chasse à Melton*' and of '*le National Steeple*.'

"With that unbounded hospitality which, as you know, characterizes me, and with a view to consolidate the '*entente cordiale*' which, alas, just now is so lamentably wanting in force, I assured him that I should be most delighted to do the whole trick for them by putting them up myself at Melton, showing them a *chasse* (in a fly!), and taking them in a special to Liverpool.

"Accordingly, on the day arranged, they arrived full of

ardour for the chase and steeple ditto. They were very much '*épatés*' by the horses, by the hounds, by a sight of the fox, and by the extra affable manners of the noble Master of the Quorn, and very much '*émotionnés*' by an accident to the pole of the fly, which snapped off like a carrot whilst charging across a ridge and furrow pasture near Scraptoft. They were also much chagrined because '*après la seconde attaque*' (by which they meant our second draw), they saw no more of the sport, which was not astonishing considering the state of the pole and the fact that a Leicestershire 'bottom' interposed itself between them and the direction selected by the raw material of the chase. So much for '*la chasse à courre*.'

"I will spare you a description of the scenery passed through between Melton and Liverpool, and of the menu of the delicious breakfast which we ate *out* of a basket and *with* our fingers, owing to my servant having refused to trust me with the silver, and will get on with my work. The struggle to get into the paddock was fearful, and I had the satisfaction of seeing one of our greatest friends and most universally respected and richest of brother members of the S.E.* relieved of a £50 note and his watch without, in spite of his 6-ft. 4-in., being able to move hand or foot. However, that little experience over (which should have opened the eyes of M. d'H. to the evanescent properties of bank-notes on an English racecourse), I got them safely landed, free, gratis, for nothing, through the kindness of one of the stewards, in the stewards' stand, and, in case of their wishing to bet, pointed out to them that fairest and most clerical-looking of bookmakers, Mr. Williams, of Shrewsbury, who was in position at the foot of the steps, and then, thinking they might like to run about and play by themselves, turned *them* loose in the paddock and *my* attention to the first two or three races. Presently, after losing several bets, I ran across friend d'H., with his generally genial face as long as Piccadilly, and on asking him if he was

* Mr. Granville Farquhar will forgive my saying that he answers to this description.—ED.

not amusing himself, received the reply, '*on m'a fait mon portefeuille*,' or, in English, 'some adjective noun has pinched my adjective pocket-book,' which contained, it appeared, 1,500 francs! This was a most disastrous beginning, but I assured him that he'd get it all back by backing your mount, Father O'Flynn, on which my two quid and hopes of fortune were pinned, and hurried my two friends up to the stand to see the great race, and, as I hoped, your triumphant victory.

"Alas for the vanity of racecourse hopes. The race proceeded and the further the horses went the higher rose my hopes of financial ambition fulfilled and friendship gratified, for 'The Father' was going wonderfully well. As you approached the post and I was yelling 'Father O'Flynn wins,' and 'go on, Cecil' (altho' I saw you'd be second), the gentleman of France commenced to dance and yell '*le Soaraire gagne. Vive le Soaraire.*' I thought this unfriendly, and rather crossly, the Soarer having won, asked him 'what adjective difference it made to him that that adjective horse should win?'

"'*Parbleu*,' says he, 'I back him for £2 at 33, because I like the way he walk in the paddock.' Immediately remembering the loss of his portfolio and of his £60, I warmly congratulated him, and asked if he had given his custom to my reverend friend Williams. 'Oh no, I bet with *un particulier dans le paddock*,' was his reply!

"Needless to say '*le particulier*' in question had directly after the race '*fichu le camp*,' in English, 'done a guy,' and so my friend had had his pocket picked of £60, and been welshed of another £60. But it was none of my fault (for I had no opportunity of standing in, not knowing the operators), and my friends left the next day with profuse protestations of how much they had enjoyed '*la chasse*' and '*le Grand National Steeple.*' I may add that I observed with great pleasure that Comte d'H. on the following Sunday won an £800 race with his good horse, Cherbourg, which I hope compensated him for his expensive day among our 'boys' at Liverpool."

The best steeplechase horse I have ever ridden is Manifesto,

who won the Grand National for Mr. Dyas in 1897, and previously the Manchester Steeplechase of £3,000. He is as different as possible from Father O'Flynn, being a big, strong horse, 16-2 in height, and as generous and game as anything that was ever foaled, in fact he has never been ridden in spurs

"Ballot Box."

or hit with a whip; he has the nicest disposition of any horse I have ever had anything to do with, and it was piteous to see the tears that Mr. Dyas' Irish boy shed when he heard that his favourite was sold. Mr. Bulteel had very bad luck in the horse going wrong before the Grand National this year, as I think he would certainly have won, and it was a most plucky purchase of

his, which I hope may turn out a wise one in the end. There was great excitement over the sale of Mr. Dyas' horses last spring, and some amusement, for our only fear as regards Manifesto was as to his constitution; he seemed a nervous horse, which might be easily upset by change of stable, so Moore, who trains him for Mr. Bulteel, asked Mr. Dyas after the sale "how the horse fed?" It gave rise to an Irish bull, for the reply was "I can assure ye, that from one year to another, he never misses an oat." Then ensued a pause and Mr. Dyas added, "But, Moore, if he is not feeding *don't* gallop him."

Sir Patteson Nickalls had a very remarkable horse in Ballot Box, which only stood 15-1 and yet was perhaps the best steeplechase horse of his day; he was by Candidat out of Susan; Candidat was by Gladiateur out of Fille de l'Air. He bought him in 1883, and, training him himself, won all the local races. Sir Patteson says the only way he could give Ballot Box a gallop was by posting his boys on ponies and harness horses at intervals of half-a-mile to bring him along. During the winter of 1883-84, Ballot Box was regularly hunted with the Baron's Staghounds, and it was not till 1886 that he was entered in the Grand National and sent to Darlings; he unfortunately fell at the fourth fence, otherwise, as he had only 10-5 to carry and Roddy Owen to ride him, the result of the race might have been different. This is borne out by the fact that in 1888 he got third carrying 12-4, when evidently "amiss," as three weeks later he won the Sandown Grand International (4 miles), carrying 12-7, beating the Fawn (10-6), Gamecock, and about a dozen others. As the Fawn had just beaten Frigate at Punchestown, it is not to be wondered that Sir Patteson should still think that, had his little horse been well at Liverpool, he would have won the Grand National. However, though Sir Patteson did not secure what is probably the ambition of his life, he won 28 races out of 58 with his little champion, including the Grand Metropolitan at Croydon, and the Grand International twice at Sandown.

The brothers H. I. and D. E. Higham have as wonderful a horse in Soliman, by St. Simon out of Alibech, which was bought

and trained for them by that good sportsman Mr. Charles Howard. This wonderful little horse, a cast-off of Lord Durham's, was purchased for £350, won the Highams several flat races, including the Gatwick Handicap of £1,000 in 1896, the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom of £1,000 in 1897, and proved almost invincible over hurdles, winning several in England and the Grand Course de Haies of £3,000 (3 miles 1 furlong) at Auteuil, when he beat the best horses in France. Marise, which was then second to him, afterwards won the Big Steeplechase at the same place. Soliman, too, would no doubt have won the highest honours of the steeplechasing world had he not unfortunately been put temporarily *hors de combat* by hitting his leg. I am glad to say that, after being a year and a half on the shelf, he has just come out and won the 1½-mile November Handicap at Warwick.

May I, without presumption, give a few words of advice to those who wish to become Steeplechase riders, of course I mean as amateurs. Firstly be sure and place yourself in a good stable; go to someone like Mr. Willy Moore or Mr. John Dormer, both of whom were first-class riders, and are now first-class trainers; do not buy a horse and then seek a trainer, but go to your trainer first and tell him what you can afford, and get him to buy you a confidential old horse, which will teach you. You can also purchase a young horse or two, whose education will be complete when yours is. The advantages of being in a good stable are very great, for the young amateur is sure to be in request, and if he shapes well, he will have the advantage of riding other horses trained in the same stable, both in public and at exercise; there is no better fun than a good morning's work at a training stable; I have often ridden 10 miles over fences before breakfast and shall never forget a morning when I rode Father O'Flynn 3 miles over fences, Specs 2 miles over hurdles, Soarer 2½ miles over fences, and Ruric and others canters on the flat; whilst after lunch there were more gallops to ride. That sort of work coupled with punching the ball and perhaps a short run will make one so fit that no horse seems to go fast enough, and no horse can pull or

make one turn a hair even if heavily clad. To ride a good race,

"SOLIMAN"—CAPTAIN BEWICKE UP.*

two things are essential, the rider must be fit and he must ride gallops.

*Taken immediately after winning by four lengths easily, the Grande Course de Haies d'Auteuil, 3 miles 1 fur. long. Time, 6 mins. 42 secs., 9th June, 1897.

Nothing but riding at exercise will get him really fit, and the best exercise to combine with it is walking, boxing, and short, sharp runs. It is not necessary to run far, though occasionally a good mile run may be indulged in, but a few quick sprints of 150 yards, with a walk in between, will be found the best training, for the great thing is to get into the saddle fresh and strong with an absolutely clear wind; therefore, sharp work and healthy exercise will be better than long, slow, tiring

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work. Let me conclude this by saying that the beginner is apt to lose races by trying to win too soon, whereas the more experienced perhaps lose them by waiting too long. Never do what I did once at Birmingham, when, thinking I had won, I eased Father O'Flynn and was shot on the post by Mawson, on Vander Burg, whom I had last seen standing on his head three fences back. Remember, as Custance often told me, that you can give weight away but you cannot give distance, so lay pretty well up, unless you have strong reasons for not doing so.

Learn to ride at County meetings before appearing at Sandown, Kempton, and Liverpool. Do not be discouraged by failure, or fear professionals—there are no nicer men to ride with than the best of them. You can be sure that men like the Nightingales, Geo. Williamson, Sensier, Dollery, Mawson, and many others that I could mention, will never "cart" you—they ride straight, and I have always found them more likely to give way and help you out of a difficulty than riders less experienced.

I do hope that we may always see amateurs competing for our big Steeplechases, and that they may always be English gentlemen, such as Lord Manners, the Coventrys, Bay Middleton, J. M. Richardson, the Beasleys, Roddy Owen, G. Davies, Atkinson, Capt. Bewicke, Lushington, David Campbell, etc., ready to show their nerve, patience, and perseverance by riding and winning, or trying to win, the Grand National.

Cecil Grenfell

SWIMMING.

OF all branches of athletics Swimming has certainly made the greatest strides in the last few years. And when I say this I do not mean merely with regard to its popularity, but also with regard to the immense improvement to be noted in it as an art. One has only to glance at the times which were records in the 'eighties and then compare them with the present-day records to be assured of this fact. No doubt the introduction of swimming baths all over the country has had much to do with this improvement, but, at the same time, I consider it is chiefly due to the fact that men have come to appreciate the enormous opportunities Swimming offers, not only as a healthful recreation, but also as an invigorating and a manly sport. I may be said to be prejudiced in favour of this branch of athletics which I have chiefly followed, but I shall always maintain that the man who can do his 100 yards or quarter-mile in the water in good form is as good an athlete as the man who can do likewise on the cinder path. The one requires as good an amount of muscle, as much self-denial in getting fit, and as much pluck in fighting out a close finish as the other. It might seem almost superfluous to make the above remark were it not that we cannot hide our eyes from the fact that Swimming—in comparison with other forms of sport—is, or at any rate was until quite lately, looked down upon at our Universities and Public Schools.

When I first went up to Cambridge in 1892, it is true there was a 'Varsity Swimming Club and some annual Inter-'Varsity

sports and water polo, but the club was scarcely recognised and no "blue," or even "half-blue," was awarded to the competitors; further, not even the proverbial putty medal or a memento of any sort was awarded to the man who upheld the honour of his University by beating his rival in the water, although the man who represented the 'Varsity by throwing the hammer or by putting the shot received his "full blue" (should he be the first string) and a gold medal if he won. It would be invidious, perhaps, to draw a distinction between the skill, pluck, and preparation required for putting a shot so many feet

Spring-Board Diving—G. E. B. Kennedy.

and swimming, say, quarter of a mile in so many minutes, to say nothing of the utility of the one accomplishment as compared with the other, and I therefore refrain from doing so.

What obtained at the Universities in 1892 is still the rule now. My brother, who is this year President of the Oxford University S.C., tried last year to come to some arrangement whereby the victors in the Inter-'Varsity Swimming matches should receive a medal or some memento of their victory; but it all fell through, and the men thereby lost what would undoubtedly have been to them in years to come a pleasant memento. Before I leave this part of my subject it is only fair, however, to note one great

improvement with regard to the Inter-'Varsity match. In the years 1892 to 1894, when I swam for Cambridge, the contest took place in St. George's Baths before an audience of, perhaps, fifty people who took a direct interest in Swimming. It was a very cold and cheerless show, and a very fair example of the interest taken in the sport by our undergrads. generally. But the last two years the annual match has taken place at the Bath Club, under the presidency of the Oxford athlete, W. H. Grenfell, and before a crowded audience, of whom certainly half were ladies, whose appreciation of the efforts made by the rival

Spring-Board Diving.

"blues" was a splendid token of the increased interest now taken in Swimming by the community at large.

At cricket, football, rowing and running, Oxford and Cambridge have turned out our foremost champions, and with encouragement they may do likewise at swimming, but they certainly have not done so up to now, chiefly, I think, because they have not thought it worth their while. I consider it lamentable that this should be so, for far and away above its value as a delightful recreation and as a sport, it is the one branch of athletics which at any moment may be called upon for the preservation of human life. From this point of view the

Life Saving Society deserves the highest praise. It is an organization founded to educate swimmers in the best methods of rescuing and resuscitating people who are in peril of drowning, and no one, until he has tried, knows how difficult it is to bring to shore a drowning person, should he persist in struggling. By means of the drill through which swimmers are put by this Society, the risk, however, is considerably reduced.

Before I proceed to consider the various strokes which are used in getting through the water, I should like to make this observation:—It is not given to all men to be runners, cricketers, oarsmen or football players, but it is given to all men to be

Spring-Board Diving.

swimmers, and good swimmers, too, if they will only take the trouble; and whereas in most sports—if you would excel—it is necessary to begin in early boyhood, experience shows us that a man may learn the art of Swimming at a much later period, and become an expert in a couple of years.

In my opinion, the best place to learn Swimming is in a bath; for good instruction, as a rule, can only be obtained there, and the chances of success depend greatly on being well taught at the outset. If a man gets into a slovenly stroke, it is hard to get rid of it, like all bad habits; and his progress through the

water depends far more upon the neatness and correctness of that stroke than upon mere physical strength, however important that may be.

What is known as the "breast stroke" is, in general, the first learnt, and is certainly the easiest. For sprinting, however, it is quite obsolete, and never employed.

The "over-arm" stroke is the next to be considered, and, in racing, is invaluable. In long distances it is almost always

DIVING ON THE WEY.

employed; the "trudgen" stroke, to which I shall refer later on, being too fatiguing for anything except short distances. The ex-Amateur Champion (Tyers) never used any other stroke, even for 50 yards, than the "over-arm" stroke, and that splendid swimmer, Mr. A. A. Green, adopts it for every distance.

The last stroke to which I shall refer is the "trudgen," so called from one of that name having introduced it. It is, undoubtedly, when employed by a proficient, the fastest of all.

With this stroke J. H. Derbyshire won the 100 yards Championship this year in the record time of 60½ seconds, a feat which would have been deemed well nigh impossible in the ante-trudgen days, when 100 yards in 1 min. 12 secs. was deemed a very creditable performance even in the Championship. This stroke is an exceedingly fatiguing one as I have already said, but some men, notably Mr. H. W. Allason, a late president of the Cambridge University S.C., will trudge as much as one mile.

Diving on the Wey.

This stroke is also invaluable for water-polo, as it enables the swimmer to keep his eye always on the ball.

One thing which undoubtedly handicapped Swimming before 1883 was that there was no game which could be played in the water. You could race as much as you liked, but there was an end of it. In that year, however, the now well-known game of water polo came into existence, and Swimming thereby became doubly valuable and enjoyable. It is really impossible

R. G. F. Cohen.

to overrate what the introduction of this game did for Swimming. I have not the space here to describe the game, and it is now so universally played that it would be superfluous to do so, even if I had. Suffice it to say that it is a game which requires perfect condition, and that one must be thoroughly at home in the water before one is any good. There is no Swimming Club now but has its water polo team, and a game between two well-known clubs will ensure as good and enthusiastic an audience as even a Rugby match.

To show the improvement which has come about in pace; in 1888 the 100 yards record was 1 min. 6½ secs., made by J. P. Nuttall, who has since turned professional. The present 100 yards record is 1 min. 4-5th secs., made by J. H. Derbyshire this season. An improvement of two or three minutes has also been made on the one-mile record in the last few years.

Before concluding this article I would like to say one word with respect to the manner in which the races for the Championship are carried out, and that one word is that they should be swum in open water. I know that there are many reasons why they should be swum as they are now in baths, and it will be urged that by this means the races can be competed for at night when a man, however busy, can get away from work, and hosts of other reasons. I will admit all these advantages, but they do not in my opinion outweigh the disadvantages. A race should be a race dependent on speed, and I think ought to be swum between two given points, and not as now, in a bath of some 30 or 40 yards long, which necessitates, even in a 100 yards race, two or three turns. In last year's race for the 100 yards

Championship, which was swum in a bath 44 yards long, Hellings was leading by one yard at the last turn, and if the race had been straight on he could not have lost, as there was only 12 yards farther to go. Tyers and Derbyshire however, who are experts at turning, just managed to defeat him. In long-distance races the course is much longer, so that the result in these is seldom affected through a turn. There are plenty of sheets of open water all over the country where such a course could be made, and if holding the race in such places should diminish "the gate," so much the better for real amateurism.

R. G. L. Cohen.

SHOOTING.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

"WE had a capital day, birds flew very well indeed, and hardly a low one all the time." This is what every host would like to hear his guests remark after shooting his coverts, as it implies that the day has been well thought out, well managed, and has consequently been successful.

Pheasants by nature prefer running to flying, and will not rise unless obliged to. This fact is not as a rule taken sufficient advantage of. If pheasants start running in covert in front of a line of beaters they will continue to run for a great distance if not pressed too hard, or stopped in any way. The highest pheasants will generally be those that are flying towards their home after having been driven away from it, and the further they have been driven, the higher they will fly on their way back. A low pheasant is not worth shooting at, and, therefore, your whole endeavour should be to make them fly as high as possible. If the ground is hilly this is generally fairly easy, as birds can be persuaded to fly from the top of one hill to the top of another by preventing them from running down hill, and then you can get them as high as you like by placing the guns in the valley. On the flat it is a different matter. Here your object should be as far as possible to push the birds before you out of the main wood into some small outlying spinney, then, placing the guns midway between the two, send the beaters round beyond the spinney, and kill the birds as they fly back. If there is no outlying spinney, a gorse cover or even a field of roots will

do, if you can get the birds to run on into it, though it requires a bold man, and one quite independent of his keeper, to do it. Be careful not to place the guns too near the small covert out of which you wish to kill the birds, or they will not have time to rise to any height before they come over the line. If you are obliged to kill your birds in the big wood itself, drive them towards a corner or convenient place, then, dropping a net behind them, send the beaters round to bring them back, and place the

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

A Cross Shot.

guns well back from the net, so that they cannot be seen by the birds. The effect will be that the birds, rising at the net, will be well on the wing and over the tops of the trees on their way home, before they come over the line, when, if they are flying down wind, they will take some stopping. In any circumstances, unless the lie of the ground is very favourable, to rise your birds over a net placed 30 or 40 yards from the end of the covert will give the best results. On the other hand, if you let them run on

to the end, so that they can see the guns outside, they will hardly ever go forward well. If the corner you are driving to is thickly planted, they *may* possibly go where you want them, but they are much more certain to do so if you use a net inside the covert. The net should be placed in a half circle, and not in a straight line if you can avoid it. If it is straight the birds are apt to run along it and rise at either end.

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

MARK OVER.

We do not in any way wish to convey that pheasants must always be driven so that they shall be shot when flying towards their home. On the contrary, there are frequently places either inside or outside coverts where the birds will naturally go forward well and high, and if there are such places they should be taken every advantage of; but where such places do not exist, it will usually be found best to head them and kill them flying back. Should your woods hold a good deal of ground game it is as well to devote a day specially to killing it, as it is never very satisfactory to try to kill both pheasants and ground game in large quantities at the same shoot. Late in the year is the best time to kill the rabbits, as, the woods being bare, you can see them easier. The stops should be placed early in

the morning, or the birds will be out in the fields before they arrive. It is usual to employ boys as stops, but women are much better, as they generally walk up and down talking to each other in a loud voice at a distance of 50 yards or more, or camp under an umbrella and knit ; in either case the birds think twice before they try to pass anything so strange and uncanny to them. As the stops have a poor time of it, especially if it is wet, or very cold, a good hot dinner for them in the middle of the day, if it can be managed, is much appreciated.

Photo by W. A. Rouch. CROSSING THE STUBBLE.

Most keepers wish to see their birds killed, no matter how. If, therefore, a shoot is left to them to arrange, the guns are not likely to get very high birds ; they have not always much faith in the performances of the guns, and would sooner have 100 low birds killed, than 100 high ones shot at, of which 30 may escape. Their idea, as a rule, is to save themselves as much trouble as possible, after the first shooting parties are over, in

feeding the birds that remain, and more especially in night watching.

The guns should be placed in the open if it can be managed, as the birds are easier to see, and far easier to gather, which is an important thing, as much time is lost by trying to pick up the birds shot during a big rise from thick brambles, and the greater part have usually to be left till next day, when they get very much spoilt should the night be wet, or should the rats find them out. It is perhaps unnecessary, or should be so, to warn people against shooting at low birds going forward if you are walking inside the covert with the beaters. Even if the bird is killed there is no "kudos" attaching to the feat; and, as a matter of fact, it is much more likely to be a strong runner, whilst it is almost a certainty that that bird would have come well and high to the forward guns. Guns inside with the beaters should only shoot at winged game flying back or flying towards the enemy's ground, on the outside edge of a covert. They are primarily sent with the beaters to kill what ground game there is, and should, therefore, stand still when within 40 yards of the end of the beat, as the rabbits almost always run back at the last, and a certain number of pheasants come back as well. A dog is not of much use in a big day's covert shooting, and may upset everything if he is not very steady.

It is advisable to have more than one plan for beating your covers, as a strong wind blowing from an unexpected quarter may otherwise spoil your rises. Pheasants cannot face a strong wind. Unless, therefore, you are prepared for an alteration of your plans at short notice, your day may be spoiled.

Out of the many sorts of shooting with which our readers are more or less acquainted, we have selected the Shooting of Pheasants and Partridges as the subject of this article, as it is the kind most frequently indulged in by business men, who are not always able to go far afield in order to gratify their love of sport. We are well aware that nearly every man has his own theory on this engrossing subject, and that no hard and

fast rules can be laid down ; but our personal experience has led us to believe that certain general principles may be adhered to with advantage, and we have, therefore, endeavoured to apply them in the course of our remarks.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING.

So much has been written about this most fascinating and difficult branch of sport by so many able writers that it is almost impossible to write anything fresh on the subject worth reading. Perhaps, however, a few remarks based on the personal experience and observation of two enthusiasts may be of interest and possibly of assistance to those who care to read them.

Successful partridge driving is a high art, so high in fact that few attain it. By successful driving we here mean inducing the largest number of birds belonging to any given bit of ground to fly over the guns, and being able to repeat this manœuvre without losing them, and what is more important without killing too many off any one beat.

To achieve this desirable result many factors have to be taken into consideration, such as, for instance, the natural flight of the birds, the proximity of your boundary, the nature of the crops, the lie of the ground, the force and direction of the wind, and also, the time of day. The direction of the wind is extremely important and is most commonly disregarded. Partridges will never fly very far away from the spot where they are bred, even when flying down wind ; it is almost impossible to make them fly up wind when first driven in the morning. Bearing this fact in mind, it is a good rough and ready rule, when possible, to start the day with two drives in succession down wind and then a return drive up wind, which birds will face however strong, if they have their heads turned towards home. This drive is generally a very killing one, as most of the birds have already had one flight, many of them two, and all are flying against the wind, and being scattered come in one's and two's or small lots.

Always stick to the lot of birds you have just driven, follow them up, and have them driven again as quickly as possible, so as to get them on the move before they have had time to collect together. To keep them on the move, two parties of beaters are frequently used—one party waiting at the far end of the field to which you are driving, and therefore ready to bring the birds back immediately without losing any time, whilst the others who have just driven are getting into position to bring the third drive.

Photo by W. A. Rouch.

BAGGING A BRACE.

If one party has red flags and the other white, they will not get mixed up. It is best to have two lots, even if they are few in numbers. Two small lots of beaters will give a better day than one big lot. They may be started by a whistle or horn, which is made for the purpose, and may be bought at any gun-makers. One blast may be given to start the reds, two the whites, and *three* for either lot to stand still, which is sometimes necessary in the middle of a drive, owing to restive horses passing down the road,

or perhaps a traction engine, or something that may turn the birds or prevent shooting for a few minutes. Everyone knows that in the morning and late afternoon the birds will be found on their feeding grounds, whilst in the middle of the day they will mostly be in cover of some sort. This somewhat elementary fact is very commonly disregarded; a field of roots being often driven the first thing in the morning over guns standing in the adjoining stubble, when the birds are feeding and calling behind them all the while.

It is best never to settle overnight how the ground is to be driven in the morning, as a change of wind may upset all your plans. To ensure success every wind should be provided for, and the host can then decide, on seeing the direction of the wind in the morning, how the birds can best be worked. That is to say provided they go right; should they go wrong—and how often they do—then generalship comes in and host and keeper have to decide, and that quickly, the best way to get them right again. Nothing will teach a man this, it is a case of "*nascitur non fit*" combined, of course, with a thorough knowledge of the ground. To the host who manages his own shooting, a day's driving is an anxious time, and here we may remark that driving is rarely well done when left entirely to the keeper. The working of the birds is, in many ways, more interesting than the actual shooting, and nothing gives one greater pleasure than to see how any individual drive fits in with the following one, or is filled up by the preceding one, a series of several drives being worked only as parts of one larger plan, to the success of which all contribute. A series of disconnected drives ends in losing your birds and in general vexation of spirit and uncertainty. If you keep a central idea in view as much as possible all through the day, you will find it easier to make up for some drive which does not come off. It is not advisable to have very long drives, especially early in the season, as many of the birds will go back and not come to the guns at all, and the latter have to wait so long that they get cold and don't shoot well, or they get together and talk, thereby spoiling the drive. Short drives, and plenty of them, are usually

more conducive to a big bag. The birds, getting hustled and scattered and having no time to collect, come over in one's and two's, and are "mopped up." When birds are driven off their ground, they are sure to be back again in an hour's time at the outside. The ground that has been shot over in the morning should usually provide the afternoon sport as well, when the morning's mistakes may be corrected, and also many wounded birds picked up.

A Well-known Shot.

Always try to begin on the boundary and work your birds towards the middle of your ground; though this is not always possible, as the boundary may be the down wind end of your beat. In this case, if you are afraid that by driving birds towards the boundary to begin with, you run too great a risk of their passing off your ground on to your neighbour's, it is not a bad plan for the guns and beaters to walk in line, starting with their backs to the boundary and making a certain amount of noise. By this means you will very likely get the birds forward, as there will be no talking or shooting in front of them. If they cannot or will not face the wind, but, swinging with it, come charging down over the line, you will have some very pretty shooting at them as they come over, and they come as a rule pretty high under such conditions. Even if they go off your ground you will probably take toll of them to some extent on the way, and, in

any case, you are better off than if you had had the orthodox drive, with the beaters remarking at the end of it, "Ah, sir, you ought to have been along of we."

A few French partridges are very often a great help in driving, as, when they do rise, they almost invariably fly straight forward and frequently come singly, or in pairs, and you can take revenge on them for any previous misses you have made. You will have a good chance of doing this, as they always look very big and don't fly so fast as the English birds. Birds on the ground, moreover, will very often rise when a Frenchman flies over them and follow him forward. There is nothing the partridge—or, for the matter of that, all game—dislikes and avoids so much as the sound of the human voice. Low whistling or even loud they do not appear to mind, but speak a few words and you will generally see them stop feeding and start running away from whence the sound comes. You cannot, therefore, be too silent during a day's driving, especially if you are trying to bring the birds up-wind. Shouting at dogs that run in is quite fatal and does far more harm than the dog will do nine times out of ten, as the birds would not see the dog until they came over the fence, when they could not turn back without your getting in two barrels at them anyhow. Moreover, a dog running around is sure to pick up a bird somewhere pretty soon and return with it when he can be secured. Dogs are most useful when driving, as nothing puts a man off so much as being unable to gather his birds after a drive. They are hard enough to bring down, but to have to leave them there for want of a dog is most annoying, and generally ends in your looking aimlessly about till somebody comes up with one, and by this time you have so trampled the ground all round that you don't give the poor beast much chance, after which you are obliged to hurry off to the next drive, arriving late, flustered and angry, and unable to do yourself justice for a bit. Every keeper and underkeeper should have a dog when out driving, even though not a very good one, as it is extraordinary how many pricked birds and runners they will pick up in the stubbles and out of the hedges when

allowed to hunt about with the drivers during the drive, especially in the afternoon when going over the same ground as you have been on in the morning.

If the fence you are standing behind is fairly high, stand well back, unless the birds are coming up wind (in case of which stand close up), as you will probably be able to get in one barrel and perhaps both in front of you where the birds are more easily and cleanly killed ; should they see you and throw up, as they

Photo by] WORKING HEDGEROWS. [W. A. Rouch.

frequently do, you will have comparatively easy shots, the bird's whole body being seen clear against the sky, though you have little time to think about it. If you are standing behind a fence low enough to shoot over, always shoot at the birds coming towards you, and begin to shoot when they are what seems to you to be a long way off. By the time your shot meets them, they will be several feet nearer to you, and if you put the shot in the

right place, well in front of them, the collision that ensues is usually disastrous to the bird, and he is not likely to be a runner. If you can get off both barrels before they reach the fence you have time to get your second gun and give them two more as they depart, though, if your loader is a bit slow, the last barrel is apt to be a longish one and very likely ineffectual if the birds have passed close to you, for they will be end on to you and going almost as fast as the shot.

Personally we do not believe in too free a use of flags. If birds are going right, they are hardly necessary at all; and if used sparingly they have much more effect when really wanted to turn birds inclined to go wrong, and the proper moment to turn them is to let them see the flags as they rise from the ground as they may then be started in the right direction. Partridges, however, are not so easily turned by flags as grouse are, in fact there are days when they pay no attention to them.

"Half-mooning" is a pretty variation of driving, but it is not often practised on account of the difficulty of getting the beaters to do it properly. You must walk up wind, with both flanks very far advanced, and the guns massed in the centre. Each flank beater should have a flag and walk quietly along the hedge next him; the next man to them should follow at about ten yards interval, keeping a straight course up the field about six or seven yards away from the fence, each succeeding man does the same, the last to move being the guns. When the flankers arrive at the top of the field they turn inwards and walk towards each other till they almost meet, then stand still, their followers do the same, and thus a complete circle is formed. The guns keep moving forward till all the birds in the field have been put up. It is marvellous how close they will lie when worked in this manner. The roots should be walked *across* the drills, as then the birds see the flank men pass them and make up their minds not to go forward, but, rise and turning on the wind, come back over the centre where the guns are, and they come high too, for they can see the guns all the time and rise to avoid them. After the whole line has started, two or three men

with dogs should follow at a distance of about 70 yards, as that is where all the birds will fall, and they will be able to gather them without the line having to stop. Once the half-moon is in motion it should keep moving till the field is finished, for birds will not sit for ever, especially late in the season ; you can ensure against delay by having the men following to pick up what is shot.

To have good driving it is first necessary to have enough partridges, and much care and management are necessary to secure this desirable result. Vermin must be well kept down, a comparatively easy matter as far as rats, stoats, etc., are concerned, but the rook, quite the worst of nest robbers, is far more difficult to contend with. Probably one of the best ways to keep them off is to cut a dead rook in pieces and leave the bits round about the partridge's nest if it is at all in an exposed place, but it is not advisable to do this near a footpath or road, as it may attract the attention of an egg-stealer. Nests in thick places are more or less safe from rooks.

A fox will take every old bird off its nest, all the way down a fence in a single night, but this may be prevented by fixing three long pegs round the nest and running a wire round the tops of them, or by placing short stakes about twenty yards apart along a fence where there are known to be a good many nests, and running a wire loosely from one to the other. Various compounds are now advertised for the same purpose, but, as we have never tried them, we cannot say what the result of using them may be. The whole estate should be well watched

in the nesting season. The wages of a few extra men for a few weeks do not come to much, and if they prevent the eggs being stolen the money is well laid out. The keepers may be provided with field-glasses, as with their aid they can spy a good deal of country and watch the movements of the people working in the fields, especially the women, who are often employed to carry off the eggs stolen by the male poacher, as suspicion does not so easily fall on them.

Birds will often stop away from their nests for days when laying, sometimes even as long as a fortnight, and will then come back. Eggs should not be moved before that period has elapsed; but once the hen is sitting, and, being disturbed, does not immediately return, the eggs must be taken up and put under hens. This all requires continual watching and attention to the nests on the part of the keeper. It is an excellent plan to distribute the eggs of those nests that are cut out when mowing, or taken up from sundry causes, amongst other nests which have not their full complement of eggs, preferably at another part of the property. Nests can be made up to eighteen, or even twenty, so that as few eggs as possible are left to be hatched under hens. When no more eggs can be worked in, then only recourse must be had to hens, or incubators. A good partridge keeper knows pretty nearly how many nests there are on his beat and when they are due to hatch off. If any bird does not hatch out her full complement of eggs, the keeper may make her young ones up to, say, eighteen or twenty, by adding the required number from the chicks hatched under hens, care being taken that they are exactly the same age as the wild brood. When put down near her, the old bird will take them all off together. This saves artificial rearing, which is not often satisfactory, and at the same time it has the effect of introducing new blood throughout the estate.

A dinner to all the labourers and their wives on the estate at Christmas will often enlist them on your side and result in a surprising increase of birds the following year. It invariably answers to consider the beaters as much as you can, for it is on

PERCY LAMING

them that the success or failure of the day in a great measure depends.

Here we may remark that the practice of buying eggs, except from a game farm, is most reprehensible, as it is almost certain that such eggs have been stolen, possibly from the buyer's own estate, or from that of some neighbour whose ground is not so well watched, for it stands to reason that no one would steal eggs if they could not find a purchaser for them. The required change of blood may be obtained by exchanging eggs with a neighbour, or even from one part of your own estate to another.

One great cause of accidents, when partridge driving, arises from the guns not being in a straight line, owing to the formation of the fence behind which they are placed. This may be rectified by having some butts made, each consisting of two hurdles placed like an arrow-head, with broom or gorse fastened to the top to make them about 5 ft. high. These butts may be placed at a sufficient distance behind the hedge to make them all in a line. There will then be no excuse for the guns to fire a dangerous shot, as both your right and left hand neighbours can be clearly seen. If hur-

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

dles are not available, oak boughs, cut about 6 ft. in length during the summer, may be placed in the ground in a semi-circle, the cut end being sharpened for the purpose and driven in about a foot. As the leaves will be on they will afford a good screen and, if put into position about the beginning of September, the birds will not mind them in the least, though they will not often face them if they have only been put up a day or two beforehand.

Percy Lanning

Thomas K. Trowbridge

SHOOTING.

WOOD-PIGEON.

IT has struck me that people who have a good many wood-pigeons, or at all events the chance of shooting them, neglect their opportunities, either because they think the game not worth the candle, or because they do not know how to set about it. I happened one season to be the lessee of some seven thousand acres of land, moor and arable. This was fairly stocked with the usual varieties of game, about which I have nothing to say here. There were, however, in the centre, round the house, about seven hundred acres of woods. These, the agent told me, were not worth the trouble of beating, as the rabbits had been rigidly kept down and no pheasants reared for ten years past, so I took the place, regarding the covers as worthless for sport.

Directly I arrived I noticed the number of pigeons about, and knew at once that some sport was possible out of them. I found the seven hundred acres of cover, though fairly well together, consisted really of some half-dozen different woods, but all connected by belts—some broad, some narrow. In some woods there were fine broad rides, quite wide enough to shoot even fast birds overhead; the narrow rides, one could see at a glance, would do for rabbit shooting, but were quite useless for birds. As I had never seen the place before, it took me some time to find my way about the woods, but an exact map of

the estate was a help. Moreover, I had to make out unaided the best way the place could be beaten, and where my guns were to be posted for each beat. To find out how the place had been beaten years before, when pheasants were plentiful, would have been no help for my present purpose.

One has to recollect that after the birds come in, the latter part of the day, the light does not last long, so time only allows the best bits of cover to be attacked.

I soon had my plan of campaign settled, two guns asked, and found the sport all I had anticipated.

We used four or five beaters, each man with a pair of wooden clappers, the five men covering as much ground as twenty beaters would in ordinary cover shooting.

Every afternoon or evening we went out we had excellent sporting shots; a very easy one seldom occurred, there being scarcely any quite young birds at that time of year.

The average number of birds bagged on each occasion was forty-two, the average number of guns being three. Of course, this is not in any sense a heavy bag, but the time was short and practically every shot worth killing.

We were all of us constantly shooting pheasants that autumn at various places round, and we often remarked how comparatively easy fairly high pheasants seemed after an evening at the pigeons.

As time went on, I had exactly to reverse some of the beats, as I found the birds would only fly one way; sometimes it took a little longer, the beaters having to go round.

Some wind is necessary for good sport, otherwise pigeons cross the open too high to kill. One of our best days was still, but there was a misty drizzle, which always keeps birds lower. In this sort of shooting, the guns must stand very close to the cover, or the birds coming over the trees will spot them, and turn before they are within range. There was a great deal of high old beech in the woods, said to be two hundred years old, forty-year-old larch in clumps, famous for roosting, and a quantity of Scotch fir; birds kept quite high enough on the

stormiest days, the big trees being mixed up with the smaller ones.

We had many birds which fell to the shot, but stuck in the larches and could not be gathered. I myself shot four at one beat, which *all* stuck in trees. I happened, however, to be in such a position that I could see the fall of each, so a little climbing did the rest; in many places these birds would have been lost. Owing to the shortness of time at our disposal, we never stopped to search for birds that could not be gathered *at once*; thus, far more were shot than bagged. The beaters and foresters told me that they saw carcases of pigeons all over the woods. Some people may deem it a pity to shoot birds and not take plenty of time to gather them; but one should recollect that in the farmer's estimation the pigeon is his worst enemy, so that I never scruple to fire at a pigeon at such distances that, were he a grouse or a partridge, I should not raise my gun. It is well to point out here that it will not do to beat the same covers for pigeons too often, otherwise, they will seek fresh places; about once a week I beat the same woods—generally at longer intervals. Less harm is done by choosing stormy days, as the noise of the firing does not disturb the birds so much.

In other seasons I have often had places with covers holding many pigeons, but there were pheasants too, and one cannot flush pigeons with clappers without scaring one's pheasants all over the country. In this case the pigeons can be shot by other methods, which I will speak of presently, and the shooting will be found decidedly easier. Many years' experience at duck as well as pigeons, had taught me that the height at which both birds fly is the chief thing the gun has to contend with, and that No. 4 is the best shot to meet the difficulty. The season I have been mentioning, my friends began with fives and sixes, and it was satisfactory to me to find that, before the end, every one who accepted an invitation for an evening at the pigeons brought No. 4 in his cartridge bag.

I had some sport, too, at the pigeons in another way.

About half-a-mile from the covers was a line of hills, beyond which were miles of arable land with scarcely a tree ; there was a pass between two of these hills, and a nice high wall across it. I happened to be sitting there one Sunday evening when the corn was nearly ripe, and noticed numbers of pigeons going

THROUGH THE HEDGE.

home to the woods, but out of shot, high over head ; I thought to myself that I would return there some evening, when there was a strong breeze against them. The opportunity soon came, and I took home ten couple ; I found the best of the flight only lasted three-quarters of an hour. Another evening I took a

friend there, a noted shot, and he pronounced that while it lasted it was as good as driven grouse. After the corn had been carried I found this place little use, as only an occasional bird passed, but I had several nice evenings there before that.

One day, while having a tramp after partridges towards the end of September, I came to the wall bounding a barley stubble of about twenty acres, and saw a blue cloud of pigeons rise off the ground and the stooks; there were plenty of oat stubbles round, studded with stooks, but no birds in them. I took note that about the centre of the barley field, there was the very place for a hide, a sort of oasis, a few rocks, with whin bushes between them and rough long grass, about twenty yards long by ten broad. I had not long to wait for a windy day, and after breakfast drove off for the field, armed with a dead pigeon, a fir bough or two, and some soft wire. The fact of there not being a single pigeon in the field did not disappoint me, nor were there any to be seen in the sky, for I knew they had had breakfast at daybreak, and had gone to digest it in the woods a mile or more away.

With my back to a rock, a whin-bush in front, and a fir bough on either side, a few minutes saw a nice hide ready for a seated gunner, and with the help of the wire, I soon had my pigeon, looking life-like enough, perched on a stook, about twenty-five yards from the hide, with his head *up*wind. Still seeing no birds about, seated in my hide, I pulled out the newspaper, and had read it nearly through, when the noise of wings past my head made me drop the paper, seize the gun, and with a fluky shot bring down the pigeon; it had seen me and was hurrying off. Picking him up, wiring him, and placing him on the ground this time, was the work of a moment, but my watch told me I had been forty minutes shooting one bird. However, now I began to see black specks in the air in the distance, all coming from the same direction—the big woods—and I then knew I should be busy ere long. Each bird I shot, I ran out and wired, until I had a little flock of half-a-dozen, some on stooks and some on the ground, but all in about

a twenty yard circle. After that I did not trouble to pick up any more, unless they lay on their *backs* too near the decoys, and so would be likely to scare coming birds. Towards the middle of the morning pigeons came fast enough to keep me amused, many merely swept over the field, making for other feeding grounds; when I saw that these would only pass *just* within shot, and had no tendency to notice the decoys, I fired as I sat; to rise would have put them out of shot before I could fire. Most single birds, however, and many pairs, swooped towards the decoys; as soon as they were well within shot, I rose, and killed them either on the swoop, or as they turned to make off on seeing me. One must recollect it is necessary to shoot *under* the bird on the swoop, which is a little awkward for anyone new to this work. Farmers generally make their hide of stooks in a circle, with a straw roof; they wait for the birds to light on the ground near the decoys, and so make *sure* of their shot, often killing two or three at once, but they lose all the fun of the passing overhead birds; moreover, their way shows no sort of sport. I always take care to have a couple of men at work during the time I am in hiding. They each take a separate beat, and visit every cornfield within a mile or so, so as to flush birds feeding elsewhere; they should take care to enter each field so as to drive birds in the direction of the gun.

When birds alight in the field where the shooting is going on, but out of shot, the gunner must make a noise to put them up, and, if necessary, even show himself. If allowed to remain, they will act as counter decoys to his, and so interfere with the sport.

After shooting about three hours and a half, I reckoned I had dropped sixty pigeons, and put a signal up for the men to return. We could, however, only gather forty-seven, two more were picked up the next day. The rest must have crawled under stooks, etc., with which the field was covered; dogs have great difficulty in retrieving a lot of pigeons when they have been shot some time. There is not much scent, and they get a long way off in an hour or two. I dropped a bird at my feet

one day, the other side of a wall, into a ploughed field ; I saw it going down the furrow, and by the time the beaters arrived, some five minutes afterwards, that bird had reached the other end of the field, two hundred and fifty yards off: I could see it all the way. This goes to show the difficulty of gathering all one's birds when one is shooting from a hide, and staying there a considerable time.

If decoying is often done it is wise to change the field, or the birds will become shy ; a bean stubble is best ; next to that, a barley stubble. When the corn is ripening is also a time for decoying, with the birds placed on the walls or fences. It is not very satisfactory, as so many birds fall into the standing crops and cannot be gathered, unless you want to make the farmers your enemies.

The autumn I have been speaking of showed a bag of close on eight hundred pigeons; it might have been far more, had I been able to devote more time to them, but I was called away so much to shoot elsewhere. Anyhow, I hope I have said enough to show that where pigeons abound, a good deal of sport can be got out of them.

TENNIS.

IN THE DEDANS AT PRINCE'S CLUB, BRIGHTON.

Before the Match.

WELL, Mr. Reporter, I think I understand why you have sought me out. You wish, before this great match commences, to obtain some general information of the game of Tennis, and in particular of its history. I will do my best to satisfy you before play begins.

I assume that you are writing for the initiated, and consequently I will spare you the lengthy terminology of the game and a description of the rules, because any of your readers wishing to refer to them will find them *in extenso* in the "Annals of Tennis" by Mr. Julian Marshall, in the contribution by Mr. Heathcote to the Badminton series, and in the new book on Tennis published in Paris, and written by Messieurs. E. de Nauteuil, G. de Saint Clair and Delahaye.

It is, I must confess, owing to the careful reading of these three books and to my intimacy with Delahaye, otherwise known as Biboche, the famous player of yore, that I am in a position to supply you with some material for your article.

Games played with a ball are the ancestors of Tennis, and who knows but that Adam and Eve may not have tested the skill of throwing and catching before they ate the famous apple—source of so many woes. Were we certain of the fact it would at

least dispel the myth that Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinous, King of Phoeacia, sung by Homer and Sophocles, invented the game of ball then called *Tevvis* and supposed by some to be the origin of the word tennis.

It would be easy to quote passages from the ancient writers, from Martial, for instance, from Pliny, Plautus, Horace, and others, alluding to various games at ball—but we are concerned with the game of Tennis only. With regard to the origin of the word, some claim that it is derived from the name of Tennois, a place where the game was known to have been played. I, however, would give the preference to the explanation that it is derived from the French word *tenez*, or a corruption from the word *tamis*, the instrument used to strike the ball in the *jeu de tamis*, or from the word *tamis* used in the *jeu de la longue Paume* and meaning the gut stringing of the racket. (See the definitions of *longue Paume* in M. de Nauteuil's book "*Toucher la balle en tête; la prendre dans le haut du tamis.*")

The earliest records of Tennis are to be found in French literature, and that the game, as it exists to-day, or *Jeu de Paume* as it is called on the other side of the silver streak, has a French origin is amply proved by the mere fact that most of the terms peculiar to Tennis are French, such as *tambour, grille, chasse* and *dedans*, where we are now sitting.

The first *jeux de Paume* were open courts without walls or roof, and without net or rope to divide them in the centre. They are still in use in France; in fact the game, though mostly played in the North, can be witnessed in the Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris. The open courts without walls were at a later date qualified as *jeux de longue Paume* to distinguish them from the enclosed Tennis courts called *Courte Paume*. *Longue Paume*, known as Field Tennis, ceased to be played in England at the end of the last or beginning of the present century. It is a pity, as from the mere fact of being played with chases gives it a superiority over Lawn Tennis. The game ought to be revived at Hurlingham or Ranelagh. A full description of the game and its rules is given in M. de Nauteuil's book already alluded to.

It is difficult to give the precise date of the birth of *Courte Paume*. (*Courte* is another word which has entered the English vocabulary of Tennis, being the origin of the word Court.) It is, however, almost beyond doubt that Louis X. le Hutin, King of France, died from a chill in 1316, after playing *Longue Paume*, and that Charles VIII. died in 1498, from striking his head against the gallery roof in entering the *Courte Paume* to witness a game in the Chateau of Amboise. The mere fact of the existence of galleries proves that *Courte Paume* was even then no more in an embryonic stage and that it must have existed and been evolving for some considerable time. *Courte Paume* or Tennis was evidently first played in the moats of old castles. To this may be traced the derivation of some of the terms, such as "tambour," a word used in architectural phraseology in relation to the construction of forts. This explanation of the word seems to me at least more satisfactory than that generally put forward, and suggests that the tambours were first made of wood and resounded like a drum when struck by the ball. It is further borne out by the similar and unchallenged origin of the pepper-box in the Eton fives court.

The first artificial courts in France and in England were without roofs, and this explains why in the former country Tennis courts are still built with a slight slope in the floor towards the net. This was evidently done for the purpose of draining the floors. The fact that this peculiarity in the structure of courts still prevails in France shows that, as far as Tennis is concerned —and I wish I could generalise the remark—France has been more conservative in preserving the old rules and traditions of the game. Thus, there exists at the present day a few differences in the game as played in the two countries, through modifications introduced in the English rules, upon which I cannot bestow the qualification of improvements.

I will not quibble about the *chasse* off, though the oldest French written rules, dated 1559, and those of C. Hulpeau (1632), both agreeing with those of the Italian player, Scannio (1555), state that the *chasse* must be played over again by the player

whose ball falls on the same spot where the *chasse* has been marked, be it on the floor or in the opening. I must, however, avail myself of this opportunity of protesting most energetically against the modern rule, counting as a fault a service ball which does not touch the second half of the pent-house. If this rule were effective in stopping the so-called underhand service and the still worse American service, both of which lead to constant forcing and prevent any "classy" Tennis first stroke, it would indeed deserve to find supporters. But it does not, and a stroke that the marker can judge neither by sound nor sight cannot be too severely condemned. Where Pettitt gives his American service there is many a ball unchallenged, the course of which on the second half of the pent-house is, to say the least, doubtful.

For clearness sake I will repeat the rules which always have governed a service and always should.

The ball must be struck with the racket. The player must not have overstepped the second gallery line; if he has done so it is a let.

The ball must touch the side pent-house before striking any other part of the court, except the service side wall, and on leaving either of the pent-houses it must drop on the floor in the space confined between the back wall, the hazard line and the pass line, or one of these lines.

But to return to the history of the game. Towards the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, Tennis made considerable progress, owing principally to the improvements in the racket. The ball had at first been struck with the unprotected hand, then with a glove, later on with a wooden palette, and at last with a racket, which was at first a hoop covered with parchment but subsequently strung with gut. It is true that the racket of the sixteenth century differed from the present implement, as the spinette differed from the pianoforte; still it is from that epoch that the game of kings deserves to be styled the "king of games."

That Tennis was not only a game of kings is borne out by the testimony of the Venetian Ambassador, Lippopamo, in a letter

written from Paris in the reign of Henry III. of France, in which he states that that capital alone counted over 1,800 courts. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the *jeux de Paume* became known in France under the name of "*tripots*" the origin of which still remains to be solved.

None but the educated few know that the word "*tripot*," which is to-day commonly applied to low gambling houses, owes its origin to Tennis. Indeed, the game in those times was not, as in our days, mainly resorted to for the amusing and healthy display of activity and skill. The *naquets* and the *matois* (markers and sharpers) had a good time of it. Every game was made the pretext of heavy betting, not only between the players but also between the lookers-on. Alas, for the reputation of the former; the best man did not always win. History repeats itself and we see legislation in 1530 as busily engaged with the suppression of *tripots* as it is with the suppression of gambling hells at the present time.

So far I have principally confined myself to the history of Tennis in France, though it is only right to mention that it was equally popular in Italy, indeed it is presumed that it was played there even before being introduced into France. What is certain is that the first known written rules emanated from the pen of an Italian player, Scannio, who visited France during the latter part of the reign of Francis I., or under his successor, Henri II., the kingly Tennis champion. Scannio certainly took his ideas from the model court which the first of these kings had built at Fontainebleau.

It is now time to devote a little attention to Tennis in England.

When the game was first introduced into our country is a moot point. Circumstantial evidence—the only evidence we have at our command—would lead us to believe that it was in the thirteenth century.

In the fourteenth century the game was a very popular one amongst all classes of society, as is amply borne out by the numerous allusions to it in the authors of the time. All

Tennis players are familiar with the passage of Troylus and Cryseyde, written by Chaucer between 1373 and 1384:

> "But-canstow player racket to and fro
> Nettle in dokke out now this now that Pandare."

This passage is all the more interesting as showing that the racket was already then in common use in England. In the same century we find the first legislative measure relating to Tennis, an Act passed under Edward III., with the avowed purpose of discouraging such games as Tennis, and of promoting more soldier-like sports, such as archery. A quarter-of-a-century later further enactments were promulgated against the game, and these—like the edict of 1639, mentioned above—assumed the character of class legislation, prohibiting the game to all but noblemen. It is not, however, unreasonable to suppose that a nobler motive lay hidden below the arbitrary context of the law.

Be this as it may, *tripots* and Tennis courts continued to flourish, and gambling went on unabated. Do we not, for instance, see, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a market woman, *commère des halles*, offer the Duc de Beaufort, then playing in the Tripot du Marai du Temple, 200 ecus, in case he should be short of money to accept his opponent's challenge?

The very interesting engraving of the Tennis court at Windsor, which Mr. Marshall reproduces in his "Annals of Tennis," shows us a court of very primitive nature compared with the *jeu de Paume* which Francis I. was to build a few years later at Fontainebleau. In this engraving between the castle and the walls of the court are written the two words "Temys Courte." This goes to prove the possible derivation of the word Tennis from tamys, then temys, afterwards tenys, finally Tennis.

The construction of the *jeu de Paume*, at Fontainebleau, by Francis I., and of the covered court at Hampton Court, by Henry VIII., marks a decisive epoch in the history of Tennis. Tennis, indeed, was played before, but not our Tennis; whilst the game—as described by Scannio—has, practically, not varied

up to the present day. Of the three necessary implements of the game, the building, the ball, and the racket, the last is the only one in which the layman's eye would, at a glance, detect a decided change and improvement.

For fear of being taxed with ignorance, I must, however, call your attention to the fact that, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, if not later, two different kinds of courts existed—the *jeu carré* and the *jeu de dedans*. The first is illustrated by the *Frontispice du jeu royal de la Paume*, by C. Hulpeau, and by the better known engraving, showing the Duke of York playing Tennis in about 1648. The *jeu de dedans* is the same as we are now looking upon. To enter into the technical differences of the two games is, at present, out of the question, and would only be trespassing upon ground so ably explored by Mr. Marshall. Let it only be said, however, that the *jeu de dedans* has alone survived, thus once more illustrating in things material Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. It is quite evident to any player who gives the matter a little thought that, with the improved racket and the fast services which ensued therefrom, the hazard side player would be seriously handicapped had he no *dedans* opening to play for.

The improvements in the construction of the Tennis court were far more successful in stopping the growth of the game and gradually confining it to the higher classes of society than all the repressive laws. Only kings and the richest of their subjects could afford the luxury of a private Tennis court, which had now become a large and expensive building with artificial walls well roofed in; whilst none but the noblemen and gentry could well afford the expense of playing in a public court, whose fortunate proprietor was naturally bent on turning his invested capital to profit.

Longue Paume, therefore, became the game of the country folk and peasants in France and in England, whilst *Courte Paume* continued to flourish for several centuries amongst the higher classes of both countries.

Kings bestowed much time upon the game, and courtiers followed in their footsteps. The decadence of Tennis in France dates from the second half of the reign of Louis XIV. or the end of the sixteenth century, though this monarch built the court at Versailles, which was to be indeed the mausoleum of his dynasty. It is at that time that billiards came into vogue. *Le Roi Soleil* took a great fancy to the new game, and his flattering courtiers were not long in imitating his example, giving it the preference to Tennis. Louis XV. was too lazy and dissipated to devote much time to the game, and Louis XVI. preferred chiselling a lock to cutting a ball.

In 1780, of the 1,800 courts which Lippopamo had counted in Paris only ten remained, and with the "*serment du jeu de paume*" Tennis dealt its last card in the history of France, when Mirabeau might well have said, like King Henry:

> "Tell him that he hath made a match with such a wrangler
> That all the courts of France will be disturbed with chases."

He, however, preferred to use his own words, the famous: "*Allez dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici de par la volonté du peuple et n'en sortirons que par la force des baïonnettes*," quite as appropriate as history has shown to cause a racket.

In 1837, Paris only possessed one Tennis court, in the Passage Sendrié, but it could boast of the best man who ever held a racket—"Barre." More fortunate than Napoleon, he never met with his Waterloo.

There are now two twin courts in Paris, in the Jardin des Tuileries.

In England, both the Stuarts and the Hanoverian family professed much fondness for the game, and the annals of Tennis in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are so voluminous as to form quite a book and a history of themselves. In the eighteenth century, the game claimed its last royal victim in the person of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died from a cancer caused by the stroke of a Tennis ball. According to Mr. Marshall, the "Sporting Magazine" of September 29th, 1793, gives us the last record of *Longue Paume*, or field tennis in England.

Whilst up to contemporary times the players themselves formed only dim figures in the history of Tennis (and this is why I have left unnamed and unnoticed Pierre Gentil, Louis XIII.'s coach, Lalande St. Germain Ansley and many of their predecessors and successors). Modern Tennis or the Tennis of the nineteenth century is the history of its players and of their matches.

Since the early part of the century a healthy state of rivalry has prevailed between English and French amateurs and professionals. Barcelon, Cox, Amedée Charrier, the great Barre, the Tomkins, Biboche, Lambert, Saunders, Ferdinand, Biscon, Punch, and last but not least Tom Pettitt, the American champion, and Peter Latham, the defender of the World's Championship, are household names amongst professionals, whilst amongst the most celebrated amateurs we may name Mr. C. C. Taylor, Mr. Boichard, Mr. Mosneron, Mr. Heathcote, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Brinquant, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Crawley, Mr. Bazin, Mr. Miles, Mr. Bailey Akroyd, and Mr. E. B. Curtis.

MR. BAILEY AKROYD,
WINNER OF THE SILVER RACKET, 1896.

But here come Latham and Pettitt, so I must postpone what more I have to say until after the match, when I will give you my views on some past championship matches as well as on the play in the match now about to commence.

After the Match.

The match which is just over exemplifies in a wonderful way the change that has come over the game of Tennis in the last thirty years. It is true that the French balls may rather tend to prevent the heavy cut stroke, of which George Lambert and Saunders were the chief exponents; yet, with the English ball, also, the game would have been much the fastest ever played, and it is doubtful whether any previous players could have held their own against Peter Latham. Of course it is possible that they might have changed their game to a faster one, but the old style of play could never have competed successfully with modern Tennis; the older players trusted chiefly to their heavy cut stroke. I do not wish to imply that the openings should be entirely used or should be made use of so much as Pettitt is in the habit of doing; probably if he cut the ball more instead of trusting entirely to his power of placing the ball accurately in the corners of the court, varied by forcing for the dedans, he would improve his game. The ball should be cut when it can, but the chief thing is to get it over the net and to have no scruples as to how you make your chase or score your point, just as one ought to have no scruples in putting one's adversary's ball into the pocket at billiards. Latham teaches a beginner to cut the ball when the ball has risen to its highest point; this enables you to cut the ball at a great pace, as it is obvious that the nearer the ball is to the level of the net the harder it can be hit without fear of dropping it into the net. The old method was to teach you to strike the ball as it was dropping, and though this might have the advantage of giving you time to get a better position and deliver a heavier cut stroke, yet there was more chance of your hitting into the net. By adopting Latham's method you get at the ball much quicker, and, therefore, the game is made faster, and leaves your opponent less time to find out where you intend sending your ball. Any loss, therefore, that is suffered by your not having time to get quite the right position is more than made up by the rapidity of return. It is noticeable that the faster game has always been successful

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.
PETER LATHAM.

in the championship matches played within the last eighteen years, and, as I have seen nearly all the matches and played with three of the champions, it may interest you to have a short detail of the various championships, as they ought to lead to some conclusion as to which champion has reached the highest degree of merit. All the four championship matches were played the best of 13 sets, 4 sets being played each alternate day in one week, and 5 sets would have been played the last day if it had ever been necessary. In the first match Lambert, who was handicapped by being over forty, whilst Pettitt was some twenty years or more younger, was beaten :—

1st day.	2nd day.	3rd day.
1 to 3.	2 all.	4 to love.

Lambert was very stiff the third day, and his supporters were of opinion that he lost the match on this account. It must be remembered that this match was played with English balls, and

the other two matches in which Pettitt competed were played with French balls. It is also the opinion of well-known players that though Lambert was no doubt stiff and suffering from the strain of playing three days, yet this cannot entirely account for his defeat, as Pettitt visibly improved half fifteen, and it is evidenced by the first two days' play that even when Lambert was fresh the "going" was of an even character, so that at no time during the encounter could there have been much difference between the two. No doubt the ultimate victory was the result of youth, activity, and nerve, aided by the improvement made during the match.

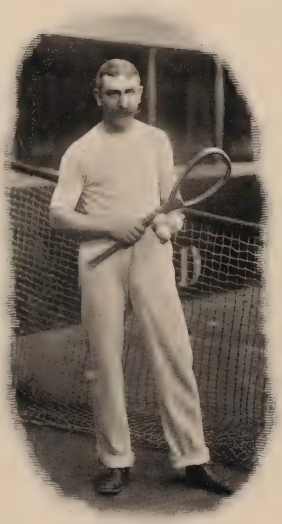

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.
TOM PETTITT.

The second championship match, Pettitt *v.* Saunders, was played at Lord Iveagh's court in Dublin, and resulted in Pettitt winning again :—

1st day.	2nd day.	3rd day.
1 to 3.	3 to 1	3 to 1.

The conditions of this match were somewhat peculiar; neither player being allowed to strike a ball in the court before actually beginning the match, though neither of the two had ever played in the court before. Pettitt's game was more adapted to any peculiarity of the court, as he relied on activity, power of resource, and his underhand service; Saunders, on the other hand, relied on his heavy cut stroke, giraff and drop service. Both of these services were rendered practically useless by a net, which was suspended over the court, besides which the floor was marble and the balls were French; on the first day Pettitt lost. Then, as in his previous match with George Lambert, he had been serving his railroad underhand service, which either hits the ground before it hits the back wall and twists back into the side wall, or strikes the back wall first and either kicks or slides back near the winning gallery wall; this latter service can only be effectively returned by boasting under the winning gallery wall or hitting for the dedans. The first day, Pettitt served hitting the ground first, and then the back wall. This service "Charlie" Saunders cut down into the corners, and kept to the floor during the whole day, and won by superior power of cutting the ball. On the second day and third day, Pettitt adopted different tactics, taking care to give his service so as to hit the back wall first, and "Charlie" Saunders was obliged to force for the dedans and never was allowed to settle down to his cut stroke. Pettitt won the match by superior activity and great resources. It is doubtful, however, what the result might have been if the game had been played with English balls in an ordinary court. Pettitt, shortly after this match, resigned the championship, Saunders, therefore, claimed it, and a few years later was challenged by Peter Latham, who had gradually been creeping up to him. Saunders, probably, was not at his best, as, a few months later he had to give up Tennis entirely having quite lost the use of his legs (as far as playing any game was concerned). The match was played with English balls at Brighton, and resulted in a win for Peter:—

1st day.	2nd day.	3rd day.
3 to 1.	3 to 1	1 to love.

"Charlie" was too slow about the court, and was handicapped by the court being small, which made it very hard to get the ball away from his more active opponent, who, by his marvellous return, simply wore down "Charlie" Saunders. Peter Latham, who now enjoyed the honour of being both racket and tennis champion at the same time, was not satisfied till he had tempted Pettitt out of his seclusion to try his strength against him. Pettitt, thinking that his railroad overhand service had more than made up for any loss of activity, issued a challenge and the match you have just seen was the result, the balls used again being French. The overhand service, Pettitt told me before the match, had put on fifteen for a bisque to his game. It is much the same in effect as the underhand service, but clings closer to the wall and is faster. It is, however, more strain on the arm; I fancy Pettitt rather under-estimated Latham's play, as he had last seen the latter in America, just after the racket championship, when he was obviously out of form for Tennis; at any rate, Peter "collared" the service, and, when once in the rally, was superior to Pettitt, in spite of some marvellous forcing on Pettitt's part. The service was boasted under the winning gallery wall and made short chases in the right hand court of the service side. Pettitt had lost some of his old activity and confidence, and his railroad service did not have nearly the effect he expected. The result of the match, which reads like a hollow victory for Latham, was in reality a close fought contest. Pettitt played with his

Photo by A. H. Fry, Brighton.
CHARLES SAUNDERS.

W. H. Cohen.

usual pluck and good temper, never losing heart as ball after ball was returned. His forcing on the second day was terrific, but Peter stopped and returned with marvellous accuracy, never, so far as I could see, putting a really easy ball into the net. Pettitt, on the contrary, let several down that he might well have returned; they were simply missed through want of accuracy. Pettitt's play was greatly for the openings, when aiming at the dedans using the straight force, whereas Peter boasts when he uses the dedans, and confines his play more to the floor than his opponent, cutting the ball well at times, but not so severely as George Lambert or "Charlie" Saunders. He plays, however, magnificently for all the openings, and one great feature of his play is the use he makes of the back-hand boast across the court to make a short chase.

The result of the match was as follows:—

1st Day.	2nd Day.	3rd Day.
4 to love.	3 to love.	No play as the match was over.

Now you want a few words about amateurs, roughly you can separate them as follows:—The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. J. M. Heathcote come first; neither is in real practice now, though the former plays occasionally. Either of these players would probably have given half fifteen to Mr. Ernest Crawley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. J. B. Gribble, Mr. E. H. Miles (modern players), and Mr. Bailey Akroyd, Mr. E. B. Curtis, Mr. A. J. Webb (more or less their contemporaries). This class of player would hold the gold or silver racket unless there were a Heathcote or a Lyttelton in the field. Then comes a class about half-fifteen below these players. This class generally enters the contest

A. E. R. Kennedy.

at Lords and is more or less before the public. It includes such players as Mr. F. W. Beauclerk, Mr. N. A. B. Chapman, Mr. P. Ashworth, and Mr. W. M. Cazalet. I believe that most amateurs with a fair aptitude for games could reach this class, but to do so requires perseverance and a good teacher. To learn, you should begin at 18 to 22; having played rackets will probably be a help, whereas Lawn Tennis would be the reverse. Nearly every good player has a distinctive style of his own. None can exactly adopt the style of his teacher, his natural proclivities will always come to the front, yet it is a good thing to be well grounded in order to get rid of as many bad faults as possible.

To conclude, anyone who can afford to play cricket, lawn tennis, rackets, etc., need not be deterred by the expense of the game, as for £30 to £40 a year he will be able to play twice a week, once with a friend and once with the marker, and this would include club subscriptions and all extras, provided, as is probable, he only plays regularly nine months in the year. If once the game is taken up and the initial stage passed through, there is every probability that the beginner will continue and find it one of the best games, if not the best, he has ever played.

A. E. R. Kennedy

W. H. Collier

TENNIS.

LAWN.

IT is now some twelve years since advertisements of houses to let in the suburbs and in the country made a great point of "good tennis lawn," "four tennis courts," and so on. Now-a-days one reads instead "golf links close by," "excellent roads for cycling." This fact is significant, I fear; it can only mean that, as a pastime amongst the general public, Lawn Tennis has, at all events for a time, lost its hold on the class that formerly could not have too much of it. In the 'eighties one could see a tennis net in the summer on nearly every lawn, and there were few evenings on which games were not everywhere in full swing. Now, one may drive or cycle through the suburbs without once hearing the sound of the racket, or, perhaps, even seeing a court marked out. Let me be quite understood here: I refer only to the class who would play merely for the sake of a friendly game, and not to those who compete for prizes and generally practise on grounds more or less public. It is a curious fact that, though the number of players throughout the country has decreased so much, the number of those who compete at prize meetings (I speak from hearsay) is greater than ever; how this comes about is beyond me to explain. It would be sad to think that Englishmen are not so fond of hard exercise as they used to be, even in a game; and real Lawn Tennis is the hardest work I know. The fact remains, however, that the same class of young men, from eighteen to, perhaps, thirty years of age, that once played Tennis,

I now see going a quiet round of golf, or gently gliding about on a bicycle. Far be it from me to say one word against either of those delightful pursuits; I spend a good deal of my time in the summer on a bicycle, and a good deal more on a golf course, but then I am nearer fifty than forty, and can claim to have done at least my fair share of hard exercise.

One thing I desire specially to point out is, that for young men in business—at the bar, etc.—a round of golf or a gentle dozen miles on a bicycle before dinner will not take the place of that splendid sweat to be had from an hour or two's hard Tennis; the delicious feeling after a game like that, and a bath to follow, is alone sufficient reward. It may be hard to believe, but it is true, that to the young man in good condition, this hard work actually freshens him up. Some of the years that I was playing Tennis most were also the years I was working hardest, rushing about the City all day. I went down to Wimbledon about five o'clock almost daily in the summer, and often felt so tired at the station that I took a cab to the ground only half-a-mile off. The first quarter-of-an-hour's play generally did wonders, and the end of two hours would find me as fresh as I had been in the morning; every atom of business weariness had passed away. This is the chief reason why I should be very sorry to see Lawn Tennis in any way die out, for I know nothing to quite take its place—nothing that will give a man such fine exercise in so short a time in open air and generally at his own door, should he be lucky enough to live out of town. Moreover, in interest it is at least equal to any other game, and compels a player to forget his business worries and cares, at all events for the time. It is obviously impossible within the limits of this short article to deal with *how* the game should be played; it is unnecessary also, seeing that more than one book has been published giving the fullest information and excellent advice; all I can do is to give a hint or two to those who intend playing matches on points I have not seen touched on elsewhere.

Although all players should make the same strokes in the same way, all players must not play the same *game*. The game

that will be successfully played by the light, active man will not do for the more powerful heavy weight. The latter should always be on the attack; that is, he must make his strokes as severe as possible, and risk both hitting the top of the net and going just beyond the outside lines; in fact he must, to win, make his lighter opponent run farther and faster than he does himself. Being heavier, he is probably slower about the court, and, if the skill of the players is equal, the heavier man, if continually on the defensive, will assuredly lose the match.

The active man, on the other hand, when faced by a powerful hitter, but, compared to himself, a slow runner, should adopt different tactics. Instead of trying to make crushing strokes himself, he should rather trust to his agility to reach and return his opponent's thunder bolts, until one goes into the net or out of court: his own strokes should not *just* shave the net, and not *just* touch the side lines, and above all things should be a good length, that is, within a yard or so of the back line.

The active player, too, will be able to volley many a ball, and thus bustle his opponent; balls that the heavy man cannot start quickly enough to reach. Slow players should only volley to finally kill; that is, when they see a weak stroke coming that they can easily run in and smash.

Above all things do not let anyone go in for one style of play. If I hear a man spoken of as a "back court player" or as a "volleyer," I know at once that he cannot be quite first-class, for one part of his game is cultivated at the expense of the other. No one ever heard of Pim, the Irishman, as a "volleyer" or as a "back court player," for the simple reason that he was equally good in both departments of the game, and employed either style of play according to the exigencies of the moment, his style having the perfection of both grace and power.

It is a curious thing about Lawn Tennis that a man may play a very strong game and yet not be good to watch or to copy. I believe I was generally considered a somewhat clumsy player, possibly it was owing to my weight—well over thirteen stone—but more probably to the fact that I did not take up the game

until I was twenty-six, much too old to acquire style. The most graceful players I have ever seen, Pim, E. Renshaw, and others, all began to play in their teens. W. Renshaw was not so graceful as his brother, though a stronger and much more consistent player; but his nerve was admirable, and he never lost his head at a critical moment. Much play as I have seen, I have never come across the equal of some of those above mentioned when they were respectively at their best; that they did not happen to be at their best at the same time is a pity. Again, for the benefit of possible match players, I am going to say something that at first sight sounds rather daring—it is that it is not always wise to play your best Tennis. I do not mean "roping," or anything of that sort, I mean if you *want* to win. I will give an illustration of what I mean, showing how I won a big match by playing bad Tennis, when I had almost lost it by playing properly.

It was one of the summers when Prince's Championship, as it was called, was considered here only second to Wimbledon in importance. We had been playing all the week on fine dry courts, when on Saturday morning a thunderstorm broke over the ground, and it rained in torrents for two hours. At lunch time the principal courts were nearly under water, and the final, in which I had to compete, being fixed for four o'clock, looked to be impossible, and many who had come early to get good seats left the ground. Such a hot sun came out, however, that it soon dried the surface of the court, and it began to *look* quite nice, and the match was started only half-an-hour after time. Having met my most dangerous opponents earlier in the week I had that day to contend against a player with whom I often played friendly games, giving points, so I felt quite confident as to the result of the present match. Soon, however, I did not feel so comfortable; our feet wore through the dry film on the surface of the court, and we were playing on the mud underneath. I was playing much as usual, but my strokes *would not* come off; balls *just* into the net or *just* out of court told the usual tale, and I was soon one set to the bad. The

second set was a repetition of the first, my opponent playing a wonderfully steady game, getting up everything within reach, all his strokes the perfection of length, but risking nothing by going too close to the net or too near the side lines, in fact I killed myself every rest. The loss of the first two sets was a lesson to me ; it taught me that it was *impossible* to make *very* accurate strokes with balls of different weights, some wet, some dry. Moreover, if a rest started with a dry ball it was heavy and dead before half-a-dozen strokes had been played. I will not spin out the story ; I abandoned all idea of fine play and instead, in three hours and seven minutes, won by playing the worst Tennis I was ever guilty of in public. My strokes were quite a yard above the net, but a good length, monotonous in the extreme to the spectators. I was told that one rest was eighty-one strokes, and you may be sure I did not feel proud of that.

It is no doubt a weak point about out-of-door Lawn Tennis that grass courts suffer so much from the weather. What is a fine display of skill on a dry court, becomes simply mud-larking on a wet one, and the match almost a certainty to the lighter man, if the two are about equal in skill. I think finer play has been witnessed on asphalt courts—the covered courts at Wimbledon for instance—than has ever been seen on grass ; you can count to a certainty on what the ball will do, and thus strike with greater freedom. The arm cannot be raised to its fullest extent if one fears a false bound, and thus a cramped style results. Continual play on bad courts would ruin any style. I once spent a winter playing on the sand courts at Cannes, and capital games we had in that fine climate, but the roughness of the sand stopped the ball, and produced a hang, which detracted from the beauty of the game.

The greatest compliment I was ever paid was an unconscious one, and by one who, knowing nothing of the game, was keenly interested, watching every stroke. She said in my hearing, after a match for the Championship in Dublin, in which I had happened to play *above* my game, "Well, I don't call Mr. Lawford at all a good player, he hits every ball nearly out of court."

A few words as to training for Lawn Tennis—and let no one imagine he can go successfully through a whole week's matches without being really fit; he *may* play well for one hard match in his ordinary condition, but should he meet another very strong player the next day he will be stale and unable to do himself justice. One should be as fit for a week of this sort as if one were going to run ten miles. The first few times I entered for the Irish Championship I stayed at an hotel in Dublin, lunched, dined, and sometimes danced at different houses and clubs the whole week and did *not* win. The next three years I stayed at a fine hotel at Kingstown, on the sea, had my swim and my run every morning and *won*. It does not of course *follow* that the result was consequent on the process, but if one takes a lot of trouble to enter and practise for these competitions, one may as well have *every* chance. Irish hospitality is proverbial, and certainly the Tennis players from this side were most warmly welcomed, and so much entertained that it was only by being some miles off that one could escape the kindness of one's friends. One must recollect that when the body tires the eye loses its accuracy; even if a man's constitution is strong enough to prevent his *showing* any signs of exhaustion, if he feels it, his eye will suffer.

I have seen this so often in long days *walking* after grouse or partridges: towards the end of the day men who could hardly miss a shot in the morning begin to deteriorate. The first sign is that of hitting birds and not killing clean, then comes missing entirely; it simply means the eye is affected from over fatigue.

On the other hand, when driving partridges or grouse, my experience is that the shooting all round, if anything, improves as the day goes on, for shooting driven birds is practically no exertion to a man in good bodily health. If the above is correct about the slow exercise of walking, even on difficult ground, how much more must the eye be affected by the tremendous exertion of a Tennis match, and how necessary some sort of training must be to keep the eye as clear at the end of five hard sets as at the start.

H. F. LAWFORD.

Not many amusing things occur at Tennis matches, the game is too business-like for that; but we had in my day a genial Irishman who often entertained us with his original remarks. He was not a first-class player, but used to enter for most of the big events, and each match in which he played was always sure of some "gallery," as something funny was as likely as not to occur. Moreover, he was popular with everyone, players and spectators. I recollect once in Dublin, after my own match, I went to my friend's court to see how he was getting on, and between the games inquired. "Getting smashed to blazes" was his reply, "Who could play on such courts as these?" About five weeks afterwards, at the Wimbledon meeting, I again strolled up to his court, and found him trying to tackle a very much stronger player, and put the same question as to how he was faring. "Shockingly, old man, shockingly," he cried, "After that d——d Dublin one expects a ball to bound false, and it doesn't."

In justice to Dublin, I should say the courts were relaid soon afterwards, and became excellent.

At every game one finds players ingenious at inventing excuses for their own short-comings, but in my shorter career at golf I have found the inventive faculty more developed. I was playing a round at Wimbledon one day with an opponent who was not doing all he ought, and he confided to me, in all

seriousness, that he was off his game because he had a strange *caddie*. Some one looking over my shoulder says the above has no business here, but ought to be in the golf article, so it must go to show only once more that I am now "Jack of all trades and master of none," and have no right to try to write about Lawn Tennis.

WALKING.

WALKING is the most universal, the most natural, and the most generally useful form of exercise. Looked at as a sport it is the most healthy and the least artificial of the many in which Englishmen excel. It is within reach of all, old and young, rich and poor. There is no expensive outfit necessary, nature has provided each of us with all that we need, and though devoid of the fierce excitement which is found in those forms of sport into which personal emulation enters, I think that there are few greater pleasures than reeling off mile after mile at a fair pace on a good road and a fine day.

To the follower of almost every sport or pastime walking is most essential, whether he trudges the furrows in search of the wily partridge, risks his neck among the Alpine glaciers, or is satisfied with playing a couple of rounds at his suburban golf club, whilst, as a means of getting oneself into condition for more violent forms of exercise, such as boxing, rowing, or running, it is absolutely indispensable. I have no doubt that there are many men in the "House" better qualified than I am to deal with so wide a subject, but the request of the compiler of this volume and a sincere love for this particular branch of athletics, must prove my best excuses for these few lines on walking and walkers.

Long-distance walking on the road has, for most people, an attraction which is not associated with sprint walking on the path. They are apt to look on the latter as a more or less

artificial mode of progression, though, in reality, the apparent difference in style is due more than anything to the difference in pace.

To the eye unaccustomed to the sight of men covering a mile in about seven minutes, a sort of optical illusion is presented, the chief reasons being that the arm action is necessarily much more pronounced in racing than in ordinary walking, and that the hip movement is brought much more prominently into play. I do not say that racing men never walk unfairly; far from it, but the judges can always be relied on to stop anything really flagrant; and I am of opinion, from personal experience, that what is technically termed "lifting" is, except perhaps in a final burst, seldom of any real advantage, and is generally the last resort of a beaten man trying to keep up with his faster competitors.

The average spectator, it is to be feared, is far from the best judge in this connection, though never slow to appreciate a really good style. Still in many cases the fact that a man is going along on the path at double the pace which he would show on the road is proof positive to them that the foot racer is not walking fairly. Yet I will undertake to say that men do quite frequently walk unfairly at a slow pace. The bent knee and the shuffle, neither of which can be considered consistent with fair walking, may often be seen in ordinary city men as they hurry across London Bridge at the alarming pace of four-and-a-half miles an hour, whilst if I show a friend what seven-and-a-half miles an hour is, going with the most scrupulous fairness, the chances are much in favour of his remarking, "But you don't call that walking?"

To any who care to improve their style I would suggest as useful hints: (1) To carry the body in as upright a position as possible; (2) To use the arms more, bringing them well across the chest when going at a really high speed and carrying them in a more downward position, with a sort of "fore and aft" movement in ordinary walking; (3) To walk from the heel as far as possible, thus insensibly lengthening the stride, as anyone can

easily prove for himself, and, last but not least, never to be afraid of walking fast. I am certain that many men who now walk three-and-a-half or four miles an hour could add at least half-a-mile to their score and be no more tired at the day's end, whilst my own experience is that to walk one's miles in about thirteen minutes is not a bit more tiring than to take fifteen minutes over them, all that is necessary being to make up one's mind at the start that the faster rate is that at which you intend to travel.

Training is a subject on which a great deal has from time to time been written by men who have every right to be considered experts, and though, like all who have trained themselves and others, I have my own views on the subject, I will not dilate upon them here. After all, there is only one way of getting fit for long-distance walking, and that is constant practice. Nothing else is needed and nothing else will suffice to get one's legs and feet really hard and one's lungs in good working order, whilst, unless he is fairly fit, no man can expect to get one-half of the enjoyment and benefit that can be found in a day's walk.

And now for a few references to some of the men who have made their mark in the walking world. I do not purpose devoting much space to professional walkers, because from their point of view it is naturally more of a business than a pastime, and it is a well-known fact that much which has passed as walking among them would earn disqualification for the amateur of to-day. Still, many professionals have been both fast and fair, and the records of Perkins and Raby at the shorter distances are better than even the figures recently put on the record book by W. J. Sturgess, who has eclipsed all previous amateur times from one mile to thirteen, whilst really long-distance walking on the path is practically confined to men who walk for money.

Though now fallen on evil days, professional walking was once a far from unprofitable game, for while men like Chas. Rowell and E. P. Weston were making small fortunes out of

the public craze for six days' go-as-you-please races and walking contests of equal or greater length, the pedestrian of average merit could certainly make a fair living out of his abilities. Unfortunately, this is no longer the case, and professional walking is as dead as the late lamented Queen Anne.

As an example of the class of men who walked as professionals in the good old days I may mention the late Chas. Westhall, who was the first to walk twenty-one miles inside three hours. He was a fine athlete, his style beautifully fair, and his social standing and education considerably superior to those of the average amateur of the present day.

Turning to the amateur ranks, we find that the present champion, W. J. Sturgess, is certainly the fastest man who ever competed under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association. As previously mentioned, he holds all records from one mile to thirteen, and has also crowded 8 miles 270 yards into the hour.

As all these splendid performances have passed the judges, it seems ungracious to carp at them; but I must confess that Sturgess's style has never appealed to me as even approaching the ideal, and many good judges consider that he compares very unfavourably in that respect with (among others) his immediate predecessor in championship honours, Harry Curtis.

The first amateur walking championship was decided in 1866, the distance, as in every succeeding year up to and including 1893, being seven miles, after which it was altered to four. The late G. G. Chambers, a fair and plucky walker and a splendid oarsman, won the initial race in 59.32. In the following year the time was reduced to 58.12, and in 1868, when Walter Rye (founder and president of the first cross-country club in England) proved successful, a further reduction to 57.40 was marked. Since then the improvement in pace has been immense, till now Sturgess has placed the figures for the distance at 51.27, which he did in October, 1895, when going on for the hour's record.

As far back as 1876 the Thames Hares and Hounds offered silver medals to all who could cover twenty-five miles inside five hours in a race at that distance which they promoted. To the

surprise of the executive about thirty out of the forty starters succeeded in this not very arduous task. The race itself was won by J. Berry, of the London Athletic Club, who did 4.2.48, a record which stood till 1880, when W. E. W. Coston brought down the figures to 3.53.35, at which they still stand to his credit.

Among the competitors who got medals on this occasion was J. E. Dixon, who subsequently walked 50 miles in 8.54.40, and 100 miles in 20.36.8, both of which times were then amateur records. These performances in conjunction with the 50-mile running record, which he still retains, stamped him as a wonderful stayer, and although twenty-two years have elapsed since then he still enjoys a cross-country run as much as ever, and would start off on a 50-mile walk to-day with as light a heart as when he commenced his dreary journey of 100 miles round Lillie Bridge track.

Long-distance walking on the road has been almost confined to performances on the historic highway from London to Brighton. It is not easy to tabulate them, as several different starting and finishing points have been used, and slight variations in the route add to the difficulty.

Good performances were done by the Brothers Chinnery, Charles Smith and C. L. O'Mally in a more or less casual way, when amateur athletics were still in their infancy, but for a long time the record was held by J. A. McIntosh, who, in April, 1886, walked from the Westminster Clock Tower to Brighton Aquarium in 9.25.8. This splendid performance was done on a terribly wet day, and at half distance McIntosh had worn down most of the men who should have been served by their superior pace. It is, however, much to be feared that his exertions on this occasion, combined with the fearful weather, had much to do with the illness to which he soon after fell a victim. His time, after standing for eleven years, was beaten by one of the finest walkers we have ever had, E. Knott, of the South London Harriers, who, walking with scrupulous fairness, covered the same 52¼ miles in 8.56.44 as recently as April, 1897.

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On the same road, but making a longer journey, E. H. Cuthbertson, most of whose walking had previously been done in Shorter's Court, did a particularly good performance in a match against time which he won easily. From Hatchett's to the "Old Ship" (close on 55 miles as he walked) in 10.6, would be very creditable to any man, but the peculiar merit of his victory lay in the fact that he had never done any path walking, that in comparison with most of the other men who have distinguished themselves on this road he was distinctly slow, and that he was quite unaccustomed to serious training. For a man with no previous experience, barely capable of walking seven miles in an hour at highest pressure, to do the long and trying journey at a pace that averages practically five-and-a-half miles an hour from start to finish, is a feat of which one may well be proud.

In conclusion, I would again point out that a man does not need to give up walking with advancing years, as is the case with so many other forms of sport, and therefore it must surely be worth while to learn to do well what we may hope to do for so long; and, although in these days of high pressure the superior speed of the bicycle seems to insure its ever-increasing popularity, I sincerely trust that it will not cause the rising generation to despise a day's walk as a means to enjoy a day's pleasure.

Fred A Cohen

WILD-FOWLING.

WILD-FOWLING is a sport which is for many reasons unique. It requires, for one thing, a special outfit that is of practically no service for any other kind of shooting. Without this outfit, not only the pleasure but also the success of this finest of all sports is greatly minimised. It takes years and a great deal of bitter experience before one can say to oneself there is nothing more to improve, and even then all sorts of deficiencies and weaknesses crop up, for one has not only to circumvent the most wily and suspicious of all game (not even excepting deer) but also to fight all the most vicious humours of the elements. I purpose giving a very short account of my first shot with a punt gun. From the disastrous results and small return, it would have afforded a good excuse for anybody to give up wild-fowl shooting altogether; but one is very keen at the age of eighteen.

I had built myself a hut of a very primitive kind at a certain spot on the sand dunes of the East coast. Expense in those days was a very great factor, and I lived in the plainest way, my meals being cooked by a fisherman and his family with whom I resided. Two or three months every winter, I always spent there, my amusements being all sorts of long-shore fishing in the daytime and wild-fowl shooting, chiefly flighting and stalking when possible. But I sadly felt the want of a punt, as there were always birds using the place in the open water where it was impossible for me to get at them, so after

great consultations and arguments, the above-mentioned fisherman and I commenced building a punt, which was truly a curious work of almost pre-historic origin when completed. However, the chief features were that it would float and only drew an inch more water than we intended. Of course, I was delighted.

I quite made up my mind that such an excellent thing in punts had never been built before and promptly set to work practising with the hand paddles, as the water was too deep in places for poling. I do not suppose many who may read this have ever tried lying on their stomachs with arms stretched out over the sides of a punt moving her along (to say nothing of keeping her straight with a side wind) with two small hand paddles which have to be worked entirely from the wrist. Those who have tried know the experiences of a beginner.

To those who are ambitious to try, my advice is, take it easy at first, for probably you will find you have had quite enough of it after a quarter-of-an-hour. However, not having been warned, I went at it with most indifferent success and innumerable easies for the best part of that memorable day on which she was launched But there was no punting or practice of any kind the next day, for I was so stiff that I could hardly move.

However, to get on to the shot, after another practice I thought I was perfect, and, having previously bought a punt gun, that had an enormous reputation in the neighbourhood, for the ruinous sum of £3, I thought there was nothing further to do than get things ready for a start. This took the remainder of the day, what with loading and fixing up the breeching for this formidable weapon, which took half a pound of shot (what I then thought a most terrible charge). It turned out a lovely night, but, as I have since learnt, not at all a good night for punting. There was a sharp frost; it was absolutely still and quite bright overhead, whereas one wanted a little breeze, enough to ripple the water. About 11 o'clock I started off, having eaten a good

supper, full of confidence, and paddled away with the oars. I got very thirsty before going far, what with excitement and breathing with my mouth wide open, on tenter hooks to catch the slightest sound of duck, widgeon, or teal, among the many different noises all round me. At last I spotted the welcome sound of an old mallard in the direction of a low flat covered with rushes and then under water, and, although I had a considerable distance to go before getting there, I laid in the oars and got out the hand paddles, hardly seeming to move. I was clean done before I got within 300 yards, and decided on having a rest. I could distinctly hear the birds washing as they fed, there being, I should say, about thirty or forty of them.

A Bit of Marsh.

This was too much for me, so I wired in again and at last got within a very short distance of the rushes and apparently right on the top of the duck, but for the life of me I could not make out what were duck and what rushes. The perspiration by this time was pouring off me, chiefly, I think, from excitement. At

last, after straining my eyes for at least ten minutes, in the direction where I heard the birds feeding, I thought I saw something move and could stand the tension no longer, so seizing hold of the gun, I took most careful aim and pulled for all I was worth. The next moment I felt the water creeping up all round my ribs, the punt turned on one side and I was swimming.

This I had not taken into my calculations as being part of the amusement, and what with surprise and the sudden ducking in the icy cold water I arrived at the flat thoroughly blown, and commenced looking about for the dead and crippled, which were, however, conspicuous by their absence. Next I thought of the punt, and had to go in again and tow her to the flat, where I shoved an oar into the mud and made her fast to it with the painter. I then made tracks for home, as by that time I was shivering and my teeth were chattering with the cold. I had still the best part of a quarter-of-a-mile to wade over submerged mud flats and innumerable creeks before getting to dry land. However, everything good and bad has an ending, and I got back about 2.30 in the morning, feeling very miserable. I jumped straight into bed, having swallowed a very stiff glass of brandy, and soon forgot all my troubles. The next morning I took a rowing boat to retrieve the toy that had played me such a scurvy trick, but it was no fault of the punt, as I found that my shot had blown her head clean off. My 12-bore, which I had had with me as a cripple stopper, I afterwards managed to get with an eel spear. I found a wounded duck two days afterwards within one mile of the spot!

This experience, read in cold blood, would probably not induce many men to go in for Wild-fowl Shooting, but I always look back on it as the commencement of some of the most exciting and enjoyable moments of my life. The variety and the innumerable features of interest by which one is surrounded in following it up cannot be met with or equalled in any other sport with the gun. I have been lying in my punt for hours listening to all the weird calls on every side, trying to put a

name to the different birds, on a night which at any other sport would be considered unfit for any human being to be out of doors, practically without feeling the cold, though there has been a ring of ice formed round the handles of the paddles where they dipped in the water. I can only explain this by the fact that from the moment you get into your punt every nerve and feeling you possess are at high tension, and given a big rout of birds some two or three hundred yards in front of your punt, which, in the uncertain light, might easily be mistaken for a solid stone wall on the water, there is no question of cold; but it is utterly beyond my powers to describe the sensation further than by saying that, having once experienced it, you would go through almost anything to repeat the dose. But I must stop ventilating my feelings as to punting proper. I use the term "proper" as, unfortunately, owing to the ties of business, I have been unable of late to spare the time to go in for it properly, and, being loth to give up this glorious sport entirely, am reduced to playing at Wild-fowling; for my present amusement is no more like the genuine article than ducks are like elephants. However, it provides fresh air, a few birds, and, although one still longs for the old thing, is better than nothing.

Firstly, since I must be within easy reach of London, it is needless to say the place is cruelly overshot by shore shooters and punters.

Secondly, since I can only spare a day or two at a time, and consequently have to take the weather as it comes, it is frequently such as no punt would live in for five minutes.

Thirdly, in consequence of the excessive shooting on the shores, there is very little chance of doing any good within miles of it, and a fairly good sea boat is necessary. Indeed I have frequently shot geese quite ten miles out at sea.

The above are the chief excuses for what my friends have christened "the Ironclad." She was built by John Samuel White, of Cowes, for Mr. John Mackie, from whom I bought her. She is quite a work of art and exactly suited to the style

of shooting I get now. She is 30ft. long over all, with 6ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. draught, built of galvanized steel. She has really two skins, as there are watertight compartments fore and aft, and along each side; these compartments are for the purpose of immersing the boat bodily, so that when filled she presents the appearance of an ordinary duck punt, when empty they practically make the boat a lifeboat. She is fitted with compound surface condensing engines of 18 horse power, and

a powerful Tangye pump capable of filling the compartments in five minutes and emptying them in six minutes, and so arranged as to supply or withdraw the water equally or independently from each compartment.

Originally she only carried one gun placed forward, but this I found quite impossible to work in the open water out at sea, as not only the gun, but also I myself got simply drowned. I now work the guns from the centre of the boat and have arranged a

canvas hood forward in the shape of a hurricane deck, which keeps a lot of water out in bad weather.

What I had better call her armament consists of two breech-loading punt guns (by Holland and Holland), one shooting 2½ lbs. and the other 1½ lbs. of shot, a 4-bore, an 8-bore, and two 12-bores. The 4-bore and 8-bore are very useful when there are two shooting, for, in really hard weather when the feed gets frozen at low water time into solid ice, the next tide floats it and drags the grass bodily off the mud. This is carried by the wind and tide into deep water, and the continuous chafe and wash of the seas breaks up the ice, leaving huge masses of feed, round which, I do not hesitate to say, thousands of brent geese and other species of wild-fowl collect. Well, if you are lucky enough to find one of these patches so tenanted the odds are you get a good shot with your big guns, but the fun does not stop there. Leaving your cripples till later, you get hold of the shoulder guns, and the birds, being very loth to be driven away from their food, will circle round and give you some of the finest rocketing shots imaginable, and there is no prettier sight than a real tall goose crumpling up. This of course does not go on as long as a hot corner at pheasants, as you are lucky if you get two or three chances; after this you turn your attention to the cripples with your 12-bores. It is quite extraordinary the amount of shots water-fowl will take and the difficulty one often has in picking up wounded birds, especially if there is any sea on. I also carry a berthon canoe, which is very useful for cripples when they get into shallow water.

Now as to the good and bad days with a boat of this description. Of course really wild sport is an uncertain quantity at all times, but your chances are greatly minimised by having to use a contrivance of this sort to get at your birds. However, in spite of all drawbacks, I have had some excellent days' sport with her, although I must own that the bad days predominate, but, no doubt, this fact makes one appreciate a good day all the more when it does come. Merely to show what can be done with weather conditions in one's favour, the

following is the result of the best day I ever had in her, *viz.* :—114 head; this was in the winter of 1891-2, with my brother to help me, and it was certainly a day to remember. We started from the old yacht I use as a house-boat, about an hour before day light, and had the greatest difficulty in getting into open water at all, as we had to charge enormous floes of ice three and four times before we could break it sufficiently to open a passage through; this went on for quite two miles out to sea, and we had given up all hopes of either getting out or getting

A Safe Shot.

home more than once. However, obstinacy is a great thing sometimes, and the sight that met us on looking back I shall never forget, as our house was on the other side of these Arctic regions, and it looked like a night or even two, or a week, perhaps, before we should be able to get back. Ever since then I have been able to picture to myself the grandeurs and terrors of the Arctic seas, as this was certainly a very good miniature picture. The ice forms very quickly on these huge mud flats, and floating off at every tide gets piled up in miniature icebergs, one floe resting on a mud bank, whilst another is

W. A. Beauclerk.

being whirled along by the tide, and layer upon layer is piled up in an incredibly short time, with the most fearful grinding and cracking and reports, which one can hear for miles in the still air. By the time we were free of the ice, or, rather, we had got lanes of open water, the sun was well up, and our amusement began. We got so hot with the work that we had actually to take our clothes off and go at it in shirt sleeves until, with a great shrinkage in the ammunition and a feeling that a fire would be comfortable after sunset, we turned the boat's head towards home about three o'clock. I forget the actual particulars of the bag, but the brent geese predominated; of these there were 93, and I know there were 5 hooper swans, the result of my opening shot. The rest of the bag was made up of duck and mallard, widgeon, pochard, shieldrake, etc., making as pretty a show for variety of colouring when laid out as I have ever seen. This, of course, was a red letter day, and by no means what one would expect as a rule. Wild-fowling is not a sport for large bags, although one knows of tremendous individual shots, but that is entirely confined to punting proper, and then they are quite the exception and not the rule. However, one has always the very satisfactory feeling that whether the results are large or small they have been well earned by an exercise of dogged perseverance and pluck in overcoming innumerable difficulties that are not found in any other form of sport.

THE "HORNET," R.N.A.V., HOVE TO IN THE NORTH SEA.

YACHTING.

CORINTHIAN YACHTING & CORINTHIAN YACHTSMEN

IT may be said that the first beginnings of the sport of Yachting—*Navigation de plaisance,* as the French aptly term it—are obscure and unrecorded, though there can be no doubt that the sport itself is of even greater antiquity than the Corinthian branch of it. Still, the latter can be traced a long way back; and we may include in the somewhat brief catalogue of Charles II.'s virtues that he was the first amateur we know to have taken the helm in a race; while Peter the Great, whose residence when in England was opposite to the house where the writer of this article now lives, seems to deserve canonisation as the Patron Saint of single-handed sailing, from his exploits on the Zuyder Zee, and also on our own Thames, where we are told "he carried too much sail on his little boat," a performance still emulated occasionally by the Corinthians of that river.

The subject naturally divides itself into the two headings of Racing and Cruising; and as to the rise in popularity of amateur yacht and boat racing, the circumstances and dates of the foundation of the various "Corinthian" Yacht Clubs afford most information. The first club established with that title was "The Corinthian," founded in 1872, and still usually so-called, though in 1892 it graduated into the more august ranks of those honoured with the prefix of "Royal."

In the early days of this Club the racing appears to have been principally confined to yachts of 10-tons and under, while the open and half-decked classes were well catered for. The 5-tonners next formed a strong class, with Arrow, Diamond, Adele—and later on—Alouette and Freda. Then came the class between 10 and 20 tons, such as Nadejda, Sweetheart, Averon, Surge, Dione, and Dryad, which were always sailed with only one professional on board; and we call to mind one specially hard sailed race in 1875, when the six just mentioned were the only yachts under way in the river, with the exception of the Commodore's launch, which had to put back after accompanying the yachts as far as the West Blyth buoy. Dryad and Dione were dismasted after rounding the Nore, and every yacht in the race had a mishap of some sort, but the Corinthians came through it all well.

After this the 10-ton class had a run in the Club for two years, Juliet, Florence, Chip, Lily, Koh-i-noor, Mildred, Preciosa, Merle, Assegai, Maharanee, and the celebrated pioneer of the clipper bow, Buttercup, who in turn gave way to Ulidia; both of them collapsed before Queen Mab and Ulerin, but neither of the latter raced in Corinthian races on the Thames, so far as is known to the writer.

The next fashion in the Thames was the 3-ton class sailed entirely without professionals; and much keen sport resulted from the meeting of Merama, Venilia, Naiad, Primrose, Mascotte, Snarley Yow, Muriel, Chittywee, and Currytush, the last named proving herself the best boat of the season.

Class racing then languished awhile in the London river until the formation of the 21-foot class, which had an uninterrupted run of five years before it lost its popularity, and comprised Mehalah, Nyleptha, Fancy, Narwhal, La Cigale, Tottie, Eva, Diskos, Magnolia, Dorothy, Grey Mare, &c., &c., and these were also always sailed without professional assistance. This class is even now often alluded to as the best that has been on the Thames. A small class of half-decked boats, called "Dabchicks" was next started, with every prospect of success,

no fewer than twenty men building to the same design; but, as the said design was an unballasted type, and one to which the Thames men were unaccustomed, mishaps occurred and the class had but a brief run. Those most in favour at present are the restricted 24-foot and 18-foot classes which have been well supported by the Members of the Royal Corinthian and London Sailing Clubs respectively. As these classes are now in evidence it may perhaps be as well to refer briefly to the doings of the individual boats composing them.

In the 24-foot class, when started in 1897, only four boats

"Dabchicks," 20 Feet by 6 Feet.

were built, *viz.*, Chittabob, designed and built by Sibbick, Paketa and Mousme, designed by Linton Hope, and built by the Thames Yacht Building Company, and the Growler, designed and built by her owners, H. J. & A. G. Ashcroft.

At the outset Mousme appeared to have the legs of the fleet, but both she and Paketa on being confronted with the official measurer's rule came out over measurement, and, as is well known, whenever a vessel is over tonnage by the present Yacht Racing Association rule it is next to impossible to get back into the class without spoiling the ship's performances. We believe

that some 4 cwt. of lead was taken off the keel of both vessels, and this crippled them in breezes, Chittabob thus coming out well at the top of the tree. Growler, built to carry out a pet theory of the owner, was never in it with the others, and only raced about three times in the class. The old 21-foot Eva, so successful in her day, was fitted out with a new suit of sails and

THE "PAKETA," THAMES RESTRICTED 20-FOOT CLASS.

competed in the class in some races on the Medway, and in a light breeze to windward led the others. However under different conditions she was manifestly inferior to the other three boats, and was not persevered with.

The season of 1898 saw two new boats constructed for the class, *viz.* Spillikin, built by Sibbick, and Hochelaga, designed

and built by Payne. Paketa and Mousme were both altered to stiffen them up, but while the alterations to the former brought her out the best hard weather boat of the fleet, those to her sister boat Mousme did not come up to expectation, and though she was admirably handled she failed to secure a flag. In the Medway, Spillikin did very well, but Chittabob again came out the best boat of the season. The reputation earned by her owner, Mr. A. E. Sparks, in home and continental racing, has been fully borne out by this success of the Chittabob during the two past seasons. Paketa won a race or two in hard weather. Hochelaga proved herself to be a good all-round boat, was always well placed at the start, and throughout the season was well handled. At a meeting lately held in London, by owners and others interested in the 24-footers, it was decided to recommend that the class should be continued unaltered for another three years, *i.e.*, until the end of 1902, and five new owners were announced for 1899.

It was also considered advisable in view of the increasing number of races and boats in the class, that a paid hand should be allowed. This seems a pity, as the purely Corinthian element in these races has always been an attractive feature. With so many practical hands on the muster roll of the Club, one cannot help thinking that amateur crews could be obtained for any number of boats, if the owners would only take a little trouble to train them and not expect, as some seem to do, that they can be picked like blackberries from the bushes on the way down to race. However, it is an age of ease, and if men cannot be got to sail without a paid hand to get their boats ready, we fear the clubs will have to bow to the inevitable.

In addition to class racing the Corinthians have always been keen on handicaps for cruisers up to 40 tons or more, and the races from Southend to Harwich this year secured a typical entry, Norman, Merrymaid, Thele, Vanity, Rossetta, Waterwitch, Wavelet, Chula, Lucina, Doreen, Naiad, Geisha, Nora, Sybil, and Chiquita, all starting and finishing, the helmsmen all being amateurs and no extra paid hands being allowed on board.

Before leaving this Club we should perhaps state that after 27 years at Erith, it has been found necessary to go further afield, and a new site has been selected at Port Victoria, where the good work of encouraging amateur sailing will be carried on consistently and on an increased scale if possible, and the Corinthian Yachtsman will be enabled to while away the intervals between cruising and racing, in the handsome and useful club-house now in course of erection at that Port.

About the same time as the Royal Corinthian was founded, a small boat club at Hammersmith, called the LondonSailing Club, was established with the object of encouraging amateur boat-sailing; its races were contested on the fine open reach between Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes Railway Bridge.

In the year 1885 the Club erected a club-house on the Lower Mall at Hammersmith, but it was soon found that the crowded waters of that part of the River Thames did not afford sufficient scope for the energy and enterprise of the members.

Accordingly, in the year 1893, a branch was established at Burnham-on-Crouch. The branch proved a success, and a few years later it was decided to establish the headquarters at Burnham and to abandon the old station at Hammersmith.

In the small boat racing the Club claims to have followed a consistent course in advancing class racing as opposed to what are known as handicaps.

Previous to the year 1888 the races were sailed under a special rating rule which had been devised by the Club, and the hull of the boat only was measured and the sail left untaxed, with the result that on Hammersmith Reach unwieldy crafts were frequently seen of not more than 17 feet over all, carrying 500 or 600 feet of canvas. All that, however, is altered now, and the races are held under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association with the following restriction, that no entry is accepted from a boat for a class race of less than 17 cwt. displacement without crew on board, or of less than three-eights of an inch thickness of deck or planking. These restrictions were imposed some few years ago and were partially followed

by the Yacht Racing Association when they passed a rule refusing certificates of rating to any craft of less than 15 cwt. displacement.

Some notable boats have at different times taken part in the Club's races, and amongst them may be named the Ruby, which for nearly ten years succeeded in capturing all the principal prizes on the River Thames. Then the celebrated

THE "OPAL," THAMES RESTRICTED 18-FOOT CLASS.

1-rater Sorceress, designed and owned by Linton-Hope, fairly astonished the yachting world, and she was followed by the half-raters Lotus and Kismet from the same board, both boats of the skimming-dish type, with their displacement cut to a minimum. These boats, from their very undesirable nature, led to the present type of 18-footers, and this fleet may, with

every justice, be classed as the best that ever sailed under the flag of the Club.

During the past season two boats have particularly distinguished themselves in this class, namely, the Inyati, which captured, by winning six prizes in succession, the cup for the best average in the Burnham week, and also the cup for the best average for the season, thereby establishing a record. Another boat, My Lady Dainty, has also shown remarkable speed, and won the cup for the best average in the Royal Corinthian week at Burnham.

So well satisfied are all the owners of this class that resolutions have recently been passed extending the class for a further four years after the season of 1898.

One other club, the Southport Corinthian, founded in the year previous to the Royal Corinthian, appears thus to have a prior right to the style, but as far as can be ascertained, this is an old club re-named later with the distinguishing word "Corinthian."

However, in order to find amongst existing Yacht Clubs the earliest instance of one specially founded for the promotion of, and dedicated to, amateur Yacht Racing, we must go back to 1857, when the Sister Isle led the way with the inception of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club, at Kingstown. That unique organisation has preserved to this day the purity of its original constitution, whereby the whole of its funds are devoted to providing sport, and neither club-house nor paid officials are indulged in. Even the largest yachts of the racing fleet sail in their matches with amateur helmsmen, and with about two-thirds of their usual complement of paid hands ruthlessly marooned on the quay, the vacant places being filled by members of the Club. In the present year no difficulty was experienced in finding sufficient capable and practised amateurs amongst the "Alfreds" to man a fleet of four 52-footers, each one requiring some eight of them, and that too at a single day's notice.

As regards other clubs which have taken a prominent part in the fostering of Corinthian sailing and racing, the same

"Waterwags," Kingstown.

year that witnessed the birth of the Royal Corinthian on the Thames was also the one in which the Munster, now also raised to the Royal Munster, first saw the light at Cork, a city which boasts also the oldest Yacht Club in existence. On the Clyde, the Mudhook Yacht Club was instituted in the next year, 1873, and has always been noteworthy for promoting amateur helmsmanship. Three years later the Clyde Corinthian came into existence, being the second club to bear the distinctive title of "Corinthian," and has ever since thoroughly lived up to its name. This was followed next year, 1877, by the Royal Plymouth Corinthian, and in 1880 by the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian, which latter still holds races in which even the large racing yachts must be steered by amateurs. The Forth Corinthian dates from the same year. In 1888 the Orwell Corinthian arose from the ashes of the old Orwell Yacht Club, and but for an abeyance of some years' duration would take a high position in the lists of precedence, as the original organisation dated back to the 'forties. The Castle Yacht Club (Calshot) also deserves honourable mention, having done much to popularise amateur helmsmanship among the higher ranks of society, and especially in the small classes. In 1889 the Minima Yacht Club was founded, as its name implies, for the

benefit of the owners of the very smallest craft, and has made great strides, now numbering about 700 members, and having branches at several points round the coast.

Mention should also be made of the Sailing Clubs, whose members have in many cases graduated from the day of small things to that of great; of these the oldest of note is the New Brighton, in whose races, on the Mersey, some of the smartest

THE "CLYDE," 23-FOOTERS.

and best known Corinthians now living have been initiated into the sport.

The Dublin Bay Sailing Club was not instituted until 1884, and in 1886 the Bembridge Sailing Club, the first on the Solent, started its career as the Isle of Wight Corinthian Sailing Club, followed in 1889 by the Island Sailing Club at Cowes.

One club alone exists for the promotion and encouragement

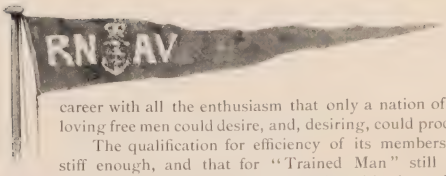
of cruising pure and simple amongst its members, this being the Cruising Club, started in 1880, which has done really good work in the way of issuing charts and sailing directions of little known localities, and calling attention to the amount of interesting travelling that can be done in quite small crafts.

It is curious to find of the two arms of the service that the military one supplies by far the greater number of devotees to Corinthian Yachting, and on the Medway the Royal Engineers' Yacht Club has been in existence ever since 1846.

Many of the oldest traditions in connection with amateur sailing are connected with the Thames, the period of modern history commencing with the matches which were frequently sailed in the first quarter of this century by quite large craft in the reaches immediately above London Bridge; thereafter followed famous classes of 7-tonners and 25-tonners below bridge, and in all reports of this primitive racing we find mention of the prominent part taken by owners and amateurs in the steering and handling of the craft. A few, indeed, out of the enthusiasts of those days still survive; and the Royal Corinthian are proud to honour at the present time one of them as Commodore, Mr. Robert Hewett, whose name we may find in the racing records of the year 1851, and whose experiences and recollections go back even further.

After the impetus which the sport generally received from the inception of International contests yearly in the 'fifties, the Thames became a hot-bed of Corinthian yachtsmanship, and to this day there is no centre in which the professional skipper has so little chance to earn renown, and where the paid hand is so little in evidence. Out of the enthusiasm for amateur seamanship, and favoured by the healthy spirit engendered by so manly a sport, grew a movement, strong in patriotism and common sense alike, which culminated in the formation of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.

This force was duly constituted by Act of Parliament in August, 1873, and started upon its short but not uneventful



career with all the enthusiasm that only a nation of sea-loving free men could desire, and, desiring, could produce.

The qualification for efficiency of its members was stiff enough, and that for "Trained Man" still more so; whilst its officers were expected to hold, and in the majority of cases did hold, a Master's Certificate in Navigation, and were

SERVING A SHROUD.

given, and accepted, opportunities to qualify themselves in torpedo work as well.

It took about three years for a new member to become a really reliable "hand" in all the subjects of rifle, cutlass, heavy gun, and boat work, and in addition many men devoted all their holidays, Easter, Whitsuntide, and annual, to perfecting them-

selves in seamanship and adding to that knowledge of sea-craft of which no man may flatter himself he knows too much.

The discipline under which members served compelled them to acquire a knowledge of minutiæ and detail (such as of knots, bends, splices, &c., and their application) which a man not supervised may, and often does, allow himself to ignore or treat as of small importance.

Yachtsmen joined as gunners and several worked up to commissions. On the other hand, many a yachtsman of to-day would never have thought of becoming such, had he not received his initiation in the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.

On the Foreyard.

Without doubt Yachting men formed the backbone of the Corps, and the efforts of certain of them, commissioned officers and otherwise, deserve to be recorded as public services of no small value. When officers found and fitted out yachts entirely at their own expense and put them in commission year after year, solely for the purpose of giving that practical education in seamanship without which Yachting degenerates into the lounge chair and pipe-clay style of diversion, it must be claimed for them that the gratuitous expenditure and the devotion of all their leisure time to so worthy an object entitles them to the scanty acknowledgment that they, as representing the Yachting

world, did all that could be done to make the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers a success.

Under such tutelage it was astonishing to see how rapidly your novice graduated. From a raw youth who "didn't know a grasp-rope from a windsail" he shortly became handy enough to tackle anything that an amateur could be expected to tackle, from peeling spuds to reefing and furling foretopsail; and what is more he had learned to do what he was told.

Readers who can recall the cruises of the Hornet to the Baltic and to Gibraltar and the African Coast, of the two Dawns, owned and maintained by Mr. Walter Klein, with old Dodd, as boatswain, of the Diligent, Themis, and, last but not least, the Steadfast Brigantine, will admit the usefulness of the work done, the public spirit of those who so generously gave their money and time in providing vessels, and the incomparable self-negation and subservience to discipline that the "hands" invariably showed on board ship. The Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers were disbanded on April 1st, 1892. Enquiry and research will fail to satisfy the curious why it should have been so. No adequate reason was ever forthcoming. However inexplicable the cause of the disbandment may be, one effect is, at any rate, very patent, and that is that there is one tie the less between Yachtsmen and the Royal Navy.

Space will not admit of a lengthy list of those who in the past and present have made worthy names for themselves and their craft in the records of the Thames. Commodore Hewett has already been mentioned: his famous old 10-tonner, Buttercup, with one of the first "overhangs" ever seen on the fore end of a cutter, was in some ways an epoch-making craft. Some ten years ago the 21-footer class on the river was in full swing, showing remarkably keen sailing, the most noteworthy feature of which was the perfect handling of the Watson-designed Tottie by the Simpson Bros., who are still in the lists with their 24-footer Mousme. In the 'seventies, too, there were notable amateurs afloat, and a boat, whose Corinthian crew many will recall, was Dan Hatcher's great 15-tonner, the Ildegonda. As

boats grew more seaworthy, and amateurs more seamanlike, matches round the land and across Channel were instituted by Thames Corinthians, as, from Sheerness to Ostend, Ostend to Portsmouth, Portsmouth to Havre, &c., &c. ; and six years ago the late Mr. A. P. Corry presented in his will a valuable cup to be sailed for with amateur helmsmen from Ramsgate to Boulogne and back ; this was won by the Gardenia.

Of late years nearly all the larger amateur racing in this

The "Dawn," R.N.A.V.

district has been done in handicaps. It is to be hoped that with the establishment of the improved facilities for reaching the lower part of the river, at the mouth of the Medway, we may see class racing on a larger scale than the 24-footers successfully carried on throughout the season. The mention of the Medway, which with the recent move of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club may be considered as now annexed to the Thames, calls to mind a notable amateur residing on that river, and one whose keenness for the sport of sailing is coupled with not only a true love

of all sights and circumstances maritime, but also a happy genius for rendering them on canvas for the delight of mankind, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., whose most recent achievement has been to beat, with his wife at the helm and five other Medway amateurs as crew, the champion boat of Sydney Harbour, manned by from twelve to sixteen Australians. Free from the professional element as is Thames and Medway racing, nevertheless it is regarded with the heartiest goodwill by those seeking their bread on the waters, and there are few bargees who will spare any trouble to avoid the least chance of hampering a boat competing in a race, large or small.

It is very natural that the small classes should be in the main the scope of the amateur; for it is there that it is usually possible for him to have the most complete mastery over craft and crew; and in them he will soonest learn the rudiments as well as the fundamental principles of the sport. The great majority of Corinthians can never attain the experience requisite for the handling and working of large racing craft, while others again, and these a large number, have a firm conviction that the best sport and most enjoyable racing is to be had in quite small craft. But to a few it is given to possess the opportunities for practice in the handling of large vessels, coupled with the nerve, patience, accuracy of judgment, and quickness of decision which go to make up the successful helmsman; and these few will, I am sure, agree with me that the handling of large racing yachts is a truly grand sport, while that of the small craft is a fine one. Let the Corinthian graduate in the school of the small fry, but, if he be physically qualified for it, let him never take his eyes off the possibility of one day realising the grand sensation of handling a large and speedy yacht.

It is not easy to call to mind any well-known Corinthian yachtsman successful in the large classes who did not first make his name in the small ones. Mr. W. Jameson, whose experience of big boats is certainly unrivalled, Mr. Richard Allan, Mr. Frank Jameson, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. Philip Percival, Messrs. Harold, Leonard, and Walter Simpson, Mr. Wm. P.

Burton, &c., &c., all commenced with small craft before they were seen in the larger boats.

Before leaving the subject of Corinthian yacht-racing, attention may be called to a recent development which seems likely to increase, *viz.*, the International small-boat matches. This began with the Seawanaka Cup; and, after an English attempt to win it, which failed, the Canadians were more successful, and now, not only hold it, but have twice successfully

THE "TOTTIE," 21-FOOT CLASS.

staved off efforts to win it back to the United States. Inspired, no doubt, by these matches, we have this year seen an Australian boat brought to English waters and raced against a boat specially built to meet her; it is to be hoped the results of this race will not discourage fresh efforts on the part of our cousins. These matches, and the increasing popularity of small classes everywhere, should cause an influx of new blood into the sport, which will supply ample material wherewith to work up a set of real

Corinthian yachtsmen, who will be worthy successors to the present exponents. With the encouragement given by the German Emperor to yacht-racing, and the likelihood of increased International racing, we shall require all the good yachtsmen we can muster if we are to maintain our supremacy for long years to come

THE "IREX" AND "MAID OF KENT."

A development of amateur yacht-racing in the last few years has been the extension of the enjoyment of the sport to the gentler sex, who, no longer content with occasionally gracing the proceedings with their presence, are now frequently to be seen at the tiller, and ample dexterity has been shown by them to fully warrant their position. To refer to any by name where

so many excel might be unkind to the remainder, but mention cannot be omitted of the fact that, in the recently decided Anglo-Australian matches, the British boat was steered by a lady, Mrs. W. L. Wyllie, and with the greatest possible success.

Of the pleasures and benefits to be derived from Corinthian yacht-racing nothing need be said. For, if it be admitted that the sport of yacht-racing generally is a manly, healthful, instructive, and useful one, the more Corinthian the method of enjoying it, the more certain will the individual be to secure a large share of those benefits; and the admission must be made, because the man, be he ever so rabid, who would decry yacht-racing *in toto* has yet to be discovered.

With equal force the same train of reasoning may be pursued with regard to cruising. Whatever be the delights and benefits of a cruise to the yachtsman, they are enhanced by his being a Corinthian; and if toil and hardship in moderation be incurred in the pursuit of them, the mere fact that this is so renders the recompense doubly sweet, while the very hardships themselves become pleasures in retrospection.

The general field of Corinthian cruising is too wide to be even briefly surveyed in this short article. The sport is now so widespread that where there is water there are amateur yachtsmen to a certainty, whether owners of quite large craft, navigating their own vessels, and many of them holding certificates from the Board of Trade, or in varying degrees of humbler scale down to the owner and crew of the single-handed cruiser and day-sailing boat. This permission by the Board of Trade for owners to be examined and granted certificates has been of very great service in promoting a higher standard of navigation than usually prevails in mere coast and channel work, and, as a further encouragement, the examination for Extra Master has lately been thrown open to them also. Lord Brassey was the first yacht owner to whom a certificate was issued to command his own yacht, in 1873, and the number now reaches close upon one hundred, comprising also among well-known amateurs the Marquis of Ailsa, the Earl of Dunraven, the late Sir William Forwood, &c.

AUGUSTUS G. WILDY.

A very remarkable development of Corinthian cruising has been the growth in popularity of single-handed craft, the idea of which originated with the Rob Roy yawl and canoes of the late John Macgregor, and was fostered and spread by his fascinating histories of his voyages in them. His most enthusiastic disciple was the late Mr. R. T. Macmullen, whose many plucky and interesting single-handed voyages came to a peaceful termination a few years ago, when his last boat, the Perseus, was found in the Channel sailing herself, while the body of her owner lay in the cockpit, life having evidently quietly passed away from one whose love of boat, sea, and sky, wind, wave, and life afloat has not often been equalled.

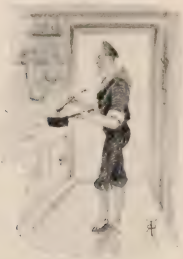
Some very fine amateur seamanship has been shown by a gentleman whose exploits in all parts of the world in other and sterner circumstances are becoming familiar stories, and who has very recently returned from some thrilling adventures in Cuba, where his yachting experience stood him on some occasions in good stead. This is Mr. E. F. Knight, who has twice crossed the Atlantic, depending mainly on amateurs for his crew, besides having accomplished other daring voyages, which his happy facility with the pen renders valuable to the world at large; so that the good results of so much pluck and enterprise are not entirely thrown away.

A not unimportant consideration in connection with Yachting is the valuable recruiting material the paid yacht hand affords for the Royal Naval Reserve, to which many of them belong; and the desirability should be urged on all owners of giving men

On Wroxham Broad.

belonging to this body the preference when engaging crews, a practical method of encouragement which would, if widely adopted, work wonders in a year or two. With our rapidly increasing Navy, it is to the Royal Naval Reserve that we should have to look, should we in time of war find the *personnel* of the Navy, which does not seem over redundant even in time of peace, running short. Another suggestion to owners, especially of racing yachts, in view of recent lamentable accidents, is to never ship a man if possible who is unable to swim. The fathers of the rising generation of professionals will thus have more inducement to see that their sons do not neglect to learn this useful art. It is one of the most striking differences between the Corinthian yachtsman and the professional that the former is usually a good swimmer, the latter rarely.

Augustus G. Wildy



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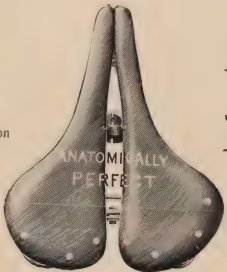

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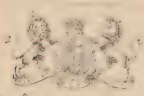

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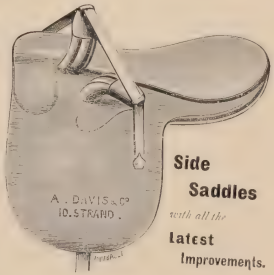

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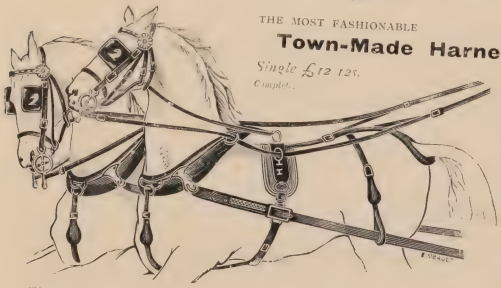

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